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Chicago and New York



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The MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE NATIONAL MOVIE WEEKLY

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Edited By ROY S. HANFORD

CONTENTS

COVER PHOTOGRAPH	Ethel Clayton	
<i>Photoplay Stories and Features</i>		
THE DERELICT AND THE MAN	Bruce Westfall	19
THE WORLD'S GREATEST WAR		16
MODERN WAR IMPLEMENTS AND FIGHTERS		17
AUTOMOBILES AND WAR		18
PHOTOPLAY FEATURE PRODUCTIONS		
"The Call of the North"		22
"The Million Dollar Mystery"		23
<i>Special Articles</i>		
A STAY OF EXECUTION		5
Taggart Escapes Death as a Spy		
LOS ANGELES—THE MOVIE MECCA	Minerva Martin	8
HELPS TO THE SOLUTION OF "THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"	William J. Burns	10
"EXTRAS" THE SUPES OF THE MOTION PICTURE STAGE	Richard Willis	12
<i>Serials</i>		
THE MAKING OF AN ACTRESS	William Curry	14
THE MOVING PICTURE GAME	Frank M. Wiltermood	24
Elevating an "Extra" Girl to Rank of Star		
<i>Departments</i>		
WEST COAST STUDIO NOTES	Richard Willis	31
EAST COAST STUDIO NEWS		33
INFORMATION		34

NEXT WEEK

"A Camera Man's Adventures in Newspaperdom"

"DAVID GRIFFITH—The Greatest Producer of Them All"

"CLEO MADISON—
The Dainty 'Trey o' Hearts' Heroine"

And an Article on
Trick Pictures and Double Exposures

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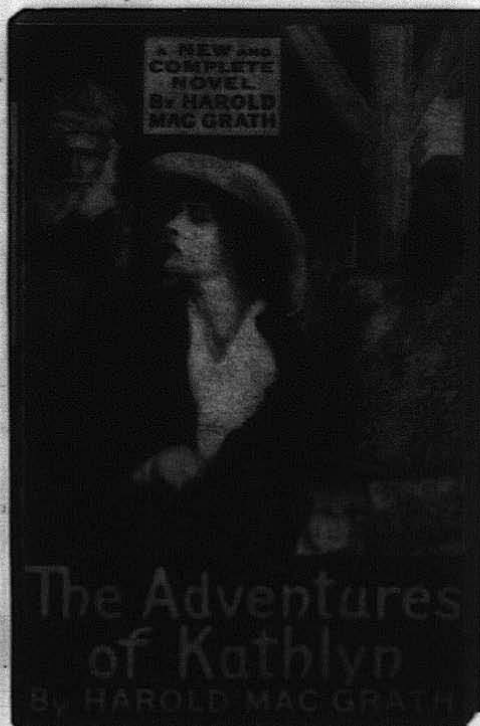
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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1914

NUMBER 18

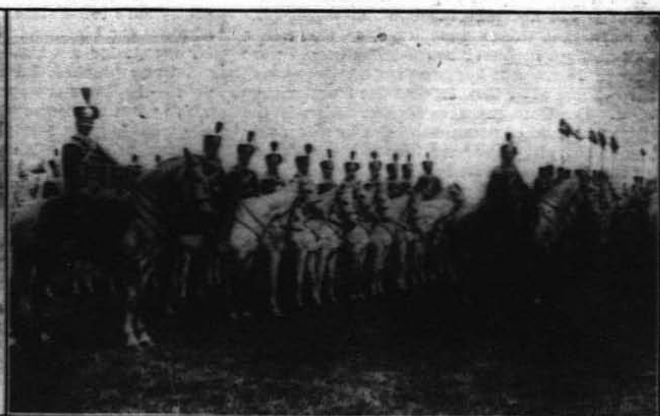
A Stay of Execution

Taggart Escapes Death as a Spy

Photos © Underwood & Underwood and International News Service



The Picture Showed the German Uhlans Riding Straight Toward the Camera



The Famous German Black Hussars—the Pride of the Vaterland

EDITOR'S NOTE:—If you read "The Time—The Place—and the Man" in the MOVIE PICTORIAL of August 22, you know Clem Taggart; if you didn't you missed one of the best true-to-life stories you ever read. Here is the second adventure of this dare-devil motion picture director. It took much persuasion to induce the author, a man high up in moving picture circles, to consent to write a series of stories about the exploits of his head director in Europe, but at last we succeeded and now our readers can enjoy one of his fascinating stories as often as the "Big Boss" hears from Taggart.

I DIDN'T start this war, did I?" complained Billy Reynolds, bitterly and distinctly. "They can't prove I shot any crown prince, can they? Well, then—what for are they treating me as if I had done the whole thing—eh? That's what I'd like to know."

"Oh, cheer up," said Clem Taggart, pleasantly. "You'll have some work to do pretty soon. We'll be making some pictures. Like the ones we got on the Drina, when the Servians licked the Austrians."

"Yes, and I suppose you won't be happy, then, either," said Billy Reynolds, who was a perfectly good camera man, but not gifted with an imagination. "You get ace high with that Serbian general, and, instead of having us both shot at sunrise he has you made a commander-in-chief or a duke or something—anyhow, they give you a little iron star that must cost eighty cents a dozen, wholesale. And they let you take a lot of pictures—fine pictures, stuff that's enough to make every exhibitor in the U. S. A. go mad with joy. Is that enough? It is not!"

Taggart only laughed. He and his camera man had really done a good deal already. A pure hunch, sheer guesswork, that prophetic smelling out of trouble to come, had sent them abroad. They had followed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand to his death at the hands of a Serb assassin at Serajevo, the kindling of the fire that was to sweep all Europe. Wonderful pictures of that tragedy had been taken by the impassive Reynolds; later, Taggart's skill, and his fore-



Just in Time to Catch the Fall of a Monoplane

thought in arranging a code with the home office that looked like the plainest of language, had enabled him to arrange to get the film to Antivari, on the Montenegrin coast, and thence, by means of a yacht owned by a friend of his chief, to America.

And then, instead of calling it a job well done and scuttling for home, Taggart had done still more. He had waited in Belgrade for the fighting he was sure would come; thence he had gone to the banks of the Drina, where the tiny Serbian army had gathered to oppose the Austrian army. His camera, with its all-seeing eye, had detected an Austrian flanking movement that the Serbian scouts had not discovered; his reward was a remarkable battle picture, and a decoration from the King of Serbia, together with safe conduct to Constantinople through neutral Roumania and Bulgaria. Thence he had shipped his films on one of the last British ships connecting at Genoa with an English liner for New York.

But he and Reynolds had not taken that liner. Instead they had made their way, guided by Taggart's knowledge of the country, to Rotter-

dam, still neutral territory, even after the declaration of war by England and Germany. Holland, though she feared that she would share the fate of Belgium and Luxembourg, and be invaded by the German army, striving to reach its hereditary enemy, France, had not yet been drawn into the general conflagration.

"Now—this ain't a bad town," said Reynolds. "There's lots of good stuff here, too. And there's bound to be more. All these refugees, for one thing. Why, I got a picture yesterday of a guy that can draw his check for half a million at home—and he was beggin' some one to lend him carfare! Why wouldn't this be a good place for headquarters? Eh, Clem?"

"We start to-morrow," said Taggart, impassively. "I've doped out a way to get up to where there's some real fighting."

"Oh—well—huh—that's different," conceded Billy. Billy didn't have Taggart's utter indifference to danger, perhaps—except when he was actually at work. Then nothing could take his mind from the scene before him, and he handled his camera with a view to getting all that was in its range. But Taggart had noticed, with delight, that all of Billy's complaining, since the day they had left Vienna for Serajevo, had been done in periods of inactivity.

"I got tired of trying to get permits," Taggart went on. "I tried the German headquarters, and the French. And the English didn't even answer me. I even tried to get with the Belgian army, and all they promised me was that they'd arrest me on sight! So we're going it alone. If these people think I'm going to take any more orders than I can help, they've got some more thinks coming."

Which explained the silent hegira of Clem Taggart, Billy Reynolds and the things that are needed for making pictures, from Rotterdam. Their course was not that of the ordinary traveler. They had a motor car, it is true, but they were not motor tourists. The picturesque scenery of Holland was not what they were looking for. They were simply making the best time they could. And as soon as they had crossed the Belgian frontier into Luxembourg they

knew that they were near their goal—or some goal.

"Are you heading anywhere in particular, Clem?" asked Billy.

"I am not—I'm just looking for trouble—and the woods are full of it," answered Taggart. "Right here it's quiet. But we're within a few miles, more or less, of where there's been some of the heaviest fighting that was ever known—and where there's going to be a lot more. We're not far from Sedan, my boy—and from some place that's going to make Sedan look like a place where there was a skirmish! It doesn't know it yet—and neither does anyone else. Some little place you never heard of before is going to be historic before winter, and don't you forget it. And it's up to us to be there—or thereabouts!"

In the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg progress was at first fairly easy. That country is independent; it is so chiefly because France and Germany have both wanted to control it, and each has kept the other from doing so. It is really a toy country; its army is so small that the New York police force would require only to wave a few nightsticks to disperse it; its police force can always use coin of the realm.

But it did not take the two Americans long to learn that things were far from being in a normal state in Luxembourg. The people were scared. Nor was it hard to discover the reason. Three hours after they crossed the frontier they knew. The Germans were abroad. Already the distant sounds of firing had been heard; panic was in the air. And, not far from the French border, Taggart suddenly whipped out his field glass, stopping the car.

"Gee!" he said. "I thought so!"

"What's wrong now?" asked Reynolds.

"See that hill—away over there, to the right? I remember that—it used to be covered with trees. See any now? No—you bet you don't! But do you see that bunch of men there—on horseback?"

"Yep. What of them?"

"Uhlans! German cavalry! Good soldiers—with an unpleasant habit of shooting first and finding out who you are afterward. They are simple souls—they run along on a perfectly good theory. If you're wearing a German uniform you're all right—if you're not they probably ought to shoot you."

"If they shoot me I'll call a cop," growled Reynolds. "How about them? Want a picture?"

I can get a few feet. With that telescopic lens—a great stunt, that, Clem."

"Yes—get a few feet. Here—they're heading this way. Quick. They may not have seen us yet."

So Reynolds unlimbered, and in a few moments he was turning his crank. When he stopped he had a film showing German Uhlans, riding straight toward him—a film, by the way, not likely to have many duplicates taken in time of war! And the finished film would not indicate that the Uhlans had been some miles distant when it was taken. That was made possible by the new device Taggart had invented. He hadn't even patented it; he and the other directors of the Climax company used it under a personal arrangement between Clem

and the big boss of the Climax brand. But Clem got what was coming to him. Even if the big boss hadn't been disposed to be fair, Taggart was worth too much to take any chance of making him sore.

"All right," said Taggart. "Now hold tight, Billy—this road isn't my idea of an automobile highway just now."

And he drove straight through a gap in a fence into a field lately covered with a crop of some standing grain. There was stubble in it now, owing to a hasty harvest, and the going was rough. But it wasn't complicated by Uhlans, who, knowing that their commissary department could use automobiles, would probably have enjoyed pot shots at the tires—or, on the theory that tires were worth more than strange men, at the driver.

It was risky work after that. Three times, emerging on roads, they found friendly Luxembourgish, who warned them of the neighborhood of German troops. But they evaded them successfully. By nightfall, however, Taggart, reluctantly, decided that he would have to change his plan.

"I wanted to work into France, down toward Sedan—which is in a corner where there's pretty sure to be some fighting," he said. "I'm afraid it can't be done. We've got to dodge regular troops for a while—on both sides. If I've got to be pinched, I'd rather have the French do it—they're more sympathetic! With them we've got a chance to put something over. But the trouble is we're right in the middle of the German advance. They've thrown a cavalry screen over this whole country we're in—and the infantry and guns must be pushing along right behind. No—our best chance is to outflank 'em—and beat it for another theatre of war. Billy, how are your feet?"

"Sore," said Billy, flatly.

"Well, if they weren't, they would be soon," said Taggart, philosophically. "So cheer up. We'll run back and around with the car—and as soon as we get to a safe place we'll cache it and take to our feet. I've got a new scheme."

He propounded his new plan. All it involved was a movement right around country recently traversed by the German Army of the Moselle, now in Luxembourg! But details meant nothing to Billy. If he saw a fair chance of getting good pictures he was willing to do anything. He liked to growl and complain, but he could do that in one place as well as in another. So it

didn't matter whether he went here or there.

They got out of Luxembourg and into Germany. Simple words; they represent a task that was full of the most appalling difficulties. One reason Taggart and Reynolds got through was that they didn't even begin to know how dangerous and difficult what they were doing really was. Another is that no German officers or troops could possibly have imagined sane men taking the risks that were involved! Napoleon won battles on that same principle. He would deliberately do something so utterly opposed to all the rules of warfare that the skilled generals who opposed him knew that he couldn't be doing anything of the sort and, by the time they found out that he had invited destruction, it was too late to destroy him—because he had gone into the destroying business himself on a large scale!

Taggart's plan was really Napoleonic. He got through the chain of guards that covered the German rear, and into the still peaceful valley of the Moselle. Here, except for the railroads, all was well. Taggart groaned at the sight of the vineyards.

"All going to waste!" he said ruefully. "The greatest wine in the world, my boy! And this year's crop—Lord, what a shame!"

"Sparkling Moselle!" said Billy. "Huh! I've drunk that! Good stuff, too. Tastes something like champagne!"

Taggart groaned. But it was no time to worry about things like that. They went on their way. They saw soldiers, when they were near railroads, but they eluded them. And all the time they were drawing near territory that had once—once! a dozen times!—been fertilized with blood. Alsace was ahead of them now. Their chief danger now was from above, and they lay hidden by day—in haystacks, or in ditches. By night they moved. All day long the air above was filled with a humming like that of great bees. Aeroplanes were on the wing constantly. And once Billy got a perfect picture of a great Zeppelin dirigible in flight, a swarm of swift aeroplanes hovering about her to protect her in case of attack by similar machines from the French side.

"Isn't this great?" said Taggart. "That airship is from Metz—see? She's been scouting over the border, toward Verdun. You see, on this side the Germans have Metz—the great fortress they got in '70. And to match that the French have Verdun, on their side of the line. There's about

forty-two miles between them—that's all."

"Won't there be fighting here?" asked Billy.

"May be some—but not right away. Verdun and Metz are too strong for attacks. They'll offset one another. I want to work down into Alsace—past Strasbourg. A long way past it, too. I think the French will come through the passes of the Vosges mountains. That's a great cover for them, if they should get licked. And they can move down from Belfort, and keep the Germans busy."

They began to suffer from an embarrassment of riches now. They had only a certain quantity of film with them; Taggart wanted to save enough for the picture he was hoping to make, of actual fighting between French and German



The Citadel at the De Jambes Bridge in Namur, Which Guards the Approach to the Belgian City. The City of Namur, the Second Fortified City in Belgium was First Attacked by the Germans on August 10th, Shells Being Fired from a Distance of about Three and a Half Miles. The Shells Flew Harmlessly Over the Circle of Forts Which Encircle the Town. The French Repelled the First Attack and Compelled the Germans to Retreat about Four Miles. A Study of the Picture Will Give Some Idea of the Defensive Strength of this City

troops, on a fairly large scale. And, for sentimental reasons, which would enhance the value of the film, if he ever got it, he wanted that fighting to be on the soil of Alsace, of the lost province that France has mourned incessantly since Prussia tore it from her in 1871.

"Billy!" he said. "You don't know how those Frenchmen feel! I can see how that film will go in France—Lord! After the war—they'll want a picture of their troops striking the first blow in their revenge. That's what they've talked of ever since '71—La Revanche! We can't get any idea of it at home. But suppose the English had licked us in a war, after we had things going. And suppose they'd taken Maine away, and Vermont, and all the upper part of New York state. We'd have wanted to get all that back, wouldn't we? Well—that's the way the French feel about Alsace-Lorraine. Elsass-Lothringen—that's what the Germans call the provinces. They've tried to Germanize them—but they haven't done it. Those people still want to be French. They skip out every year and join the French Foreign Legion, rather than do their turn of duty in the German army. They're as patriotic as the French people are themselves."

As they worked their way southward Taggart and Reynolds got more and more of the scent of real war. Daylight travel they found utterly impossible; even at night the risks were great. Firing in the distance was almost constant, but Taggart, who had been one of the unhappy tribe who had tried to extract news from the Russo-Japanese conflict in Manchuria, shook his head, appraisingly.

"Skirmishing, that's all," he said. "Believe me, Billy, when there's a real fight it'll be different. All there's been so far, that we've heard, is clashing of outposts. There hasn't been that steady thunder sound of big guns getting into action. I guess we'll be in time. By the way—if the French catch us, we're English."

"I'm damned if I am!" growled Billy. "Why?" "Because the English are their allies, you poor fish," said Taggart. "They'll probably throw their arms about our necks and kiss us—whereas, if they find we're Americans, they'll put us in jail."

"Huh! Well—there's worse places than jail," said Billy. "Still—you're the boss."

But it was not the French who caught them. For, just as the long and dangerous trip was nearing what promised to be a successful climax, disaster overtook the two movie men. Taggart's plan had been simple, in one way. It was certain, he felt, that if the French invaded Alsace—and political reasons, including the arousing of a greater enthusiasm at home, made that almost inevitable—they would strike from Belfort, through the gap in the Vosges range of hills known as the Trou de Belfort.

He intended to take up a safe position, near or just over the Swiss border, not far from the city of Basel. There it would be easy to follow the sounds that would indicate the joining of battle; in the confusion of a real fight he should



The Men of Russia Have All Been Drafted into the Army with the Result Shown Above. The Women and Children are Left to Care for Themselves as Best They May. While Their Husbands and Fathers go to Battle for a Ruler for Whom They Have No Love—No Feeling of Loyalty—Surely Never Were Truer Words Said, "War is Hell."

be able to get his pictures and slip again over the Swiss line. Thence it would be possible, even if it would not be easy, to get his films to the sea, by way of Italy, and so to America.

The plan was good. But, while he had not forgotten the German frontier guard, he had underestimated the difficulties of eluding it. Within five miles of Switzerland and the temporary shelter he craved, he was halted by the sight of a covey of scouting aeroplanes flying over the wooded heights of the Vosges.

"Get busy!" he cried, to Reynolds. "Look—they're firing at them!"

Billy did get busy—just in time to catch the fall of a monoplane, wounded by a German bullet. From that moment developments were rapid. There was a sharper outbreak of firing than any they had yet heard, and in the distance large bodies of men, evidently in retreat, appeared, moving toward them, but stopping, at regular intervals, to fire a volley.

"It's the French advance—they've started. They're driving in the German outposts!" said Taggart. Suddenly he looked around. "Here—it's time to beat it!"

From the direction in which they had come a troop of Uhlans was riding. They started up. But they were too late. Other Uhlans cut them off. To fly or to show fight was alike useless. And so, instead of reaching neutral country, they were brought ignominiously into Altkirch, on the Rhine-Rhone canal, the base of the mobile German force watching the Trou de Belfort. There a Prussian colonel, temporarily in command, greeted them stiffly.

"You will develop your films," he said, in excellent English. "They will probably prove that you are spies. You will then be shot."

"And if we don't develop them?" said Taggart.

"Some one else will have to do it—later," said the colonel. "And—you will be shot at once."

Taggart decided that the films should be developed. He put it as gracefully as he could. And he spoke in German.

"We are not spies, my colonel," he said. "We are American moving picture men. If the films are of use, we shall be glad to serve you."

The colonel gave his orders impassively. A young lieutenant was assigned to accompany them. Like most German officers, his English was admirable. And he seemed very calm, rather amused, as smoking a cigarette, he took them with him.

"You fellows were very foolish—but quite brave," he said. "I'm sorry, you know. But—war is war. I rather admire spies, myself. I was one, once. I rather think I could tell the English General Staff a few things they ought to know about the land defenses of Portsmouth!"

"Well—you'd better put our your cigarette," said Taggart. "Or else shooting won't be necessary. Moving picture film is highly inflammable stuff you know."

"You are to have the official photographer's dark room," said the lieutenant. "Hur-

ry, please—I am anxious not to miss the fun. The French are driving in our outposts, you know. Of course, I don't suppose they'll really come anywhere near us, but they might—one never can tell. There isn't more than a brigade of them, though, and we are a whole regiment."

It wasn't boasting. It was the quiet confidence of an officer of an army that has been taught to consider itself invincible. In modern times no German army has ever been defeated, except for temporary checks—Danes, Austrians and French have tried and failed. And in this youngster's bearing Taggart got a sudden revelation of how it was that Germany, supported only by Austria, had dared to war on practically all of Europe.

Billy Reynolds worked, with the prospect of being shot when he finished, quite as coolly as if he had been making a test in the Climax studio at home. Perhaps he didn't hurry; that didn't seem necessary. And Taggart, hearing the steady and continually louder sounds of firing in the distance, began to cherish a slender hope. The lieutenant grew more and more uneasy. And suddenly, at a particularly loud explosion, not far away, he turned to Taggart.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said. "I shall lock you in. Don't try to get out."

"Go ahead," said Taggart, sympathetically. "That was a shell, wasn't it? Perhaps the French are foolish enough to have pressed on, after all."

The next moment they were alone. They were on the top floor of some sort of a public building; a school, probably, Taggart thought. The room was darkened, of course, but Billy had finished with his developing now, and Taggart stripped the covers from the windows. At once he gave a cry of delight.

"Here's a piece of luck!" he said. "There's a ledge outside—I believe we can get to the roof! Come on!"

They were on the ledge in a moment, Billy clinging to his camera. And Taggart soon found a means of reaching the flat roof. Once there he looked out and shouted.

"Look at that—camera, Billy—camera!"

(Continued on page 30)

Los Angeles--Movie Mecca

By Minerva Martin



Photos by Graham Photo Company, Los Angeles

After the Land Boom and the Oil Boom. When Los Angeles was in Danger of being Stranded between San Francisco and San Diego, Someone Invented Motion Pictures. Through Them Los Angeles Has Come into its Own.

LOS ANGELES—Losongleze to the effete who pour in hordes out of the east to its indefinite borders—lies in the southern part of California. It has been suggested by unimpressed visitors to the Mecca of the Pharisees that everything in California lies, but Los Angeles has certain points of preference besides its distinction of having put the "I" in California. It is a great city, not only because it says so, which it does on the average of twenty-four times a day, but because it has kept on making the remark until it has forced the fact upon those who came to scoff. Remaining to pray, they have become "boosters" of a force and volume only second to that possessed by the Native Sons.

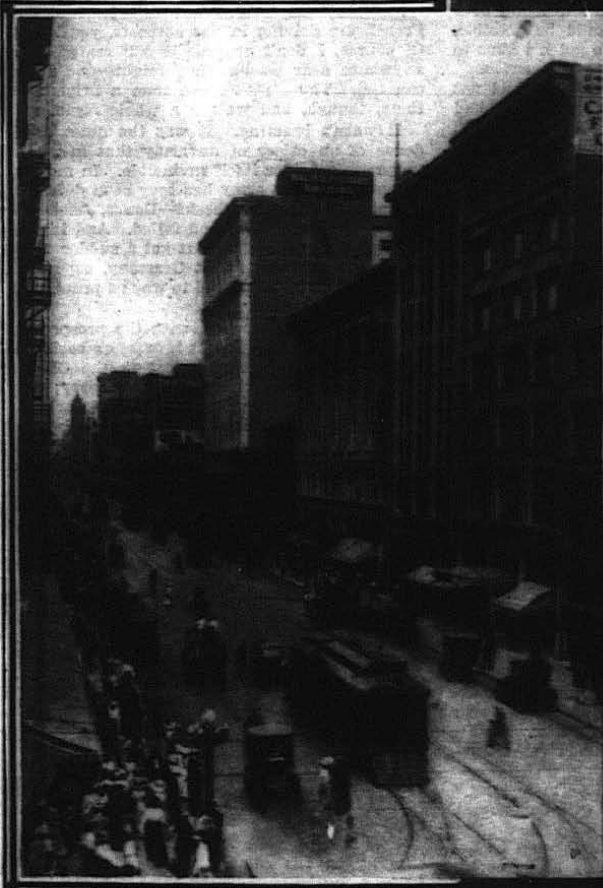


There are Jetties and Landing Stages, a Harbor with Ships of All Sizes, Breakwaters and the Homes of Shipping Industries and Ship Building Yards All Ready to the Producer's Hand

dations. The first boom sent it high among the towns of California. Its distinction is that when one boom dies, another is born. The land boom wasn't in its grave when the oil boom spouted to high heaven and wells were dug all over the city. Then the oil boom threatened to die on the doorstep and leave Los Angeles stranded between San Francisco and San Diego, later to be famed for expositions. But Allah was kind to his children on the edge of the desert. Some one invented motion pictures. Through them Los Angeles has come into her own. She is once more the City of the Angels, but these angels are of the sort that finance theatrical companies, and the companies are all made up of motion picture players. There are more motion pictures made in and around Los Angeles than anywhere else on earth.

As that statement emanates from Los Angeles it will require proof. Atlanta and Savannah and Boston and New York and Chicago can make ample statements without controversy, but a fact coming out of Southern California has to be supplemented by affidavits and alibis. Therefore be it known that the figures appended are not from the pen of a promoter, a fiction

The Surrounding Country Abounds in the Stately Old Mission Buildings Which Have Furnished the Background, and, Indeed, Suggested the Story for Many a Photoplay



The City Itself Furnishes All That could be Desired in the Way of City Sets

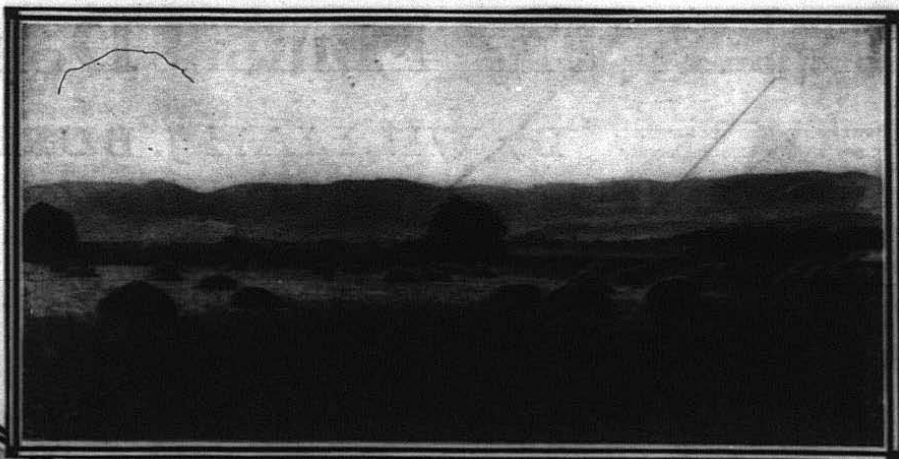
writer, or a manufacturer. They have been compiled by Arthur W. Kinney, Industrial Commissioner and member of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Los Angeles. Mr. Kinney has computed that:

Between sixty and seventy per centum of the pictures made in the United States are manufactured in and around the City of Los Angeles;

There are more than seventy-five companies working every day except Sundays throughout the year;

The industry supports thousands of people, undoubtedly a number in excess of ten thousand, not including scenario writers;

The revenue derived by the city from the forty concerns which control the seventy-five companies is not less than four mil-



In the Manufacture of Motion Pictures, Variety of Background Is as Essential as Diversity of Plot. For this Reason Alone Southern California Has Offered the Film Producers Exceptional Advantages

has become the Mecca of the Movies, drawing scores of companies and hundreds of players across the desert and the Rocky Mountains to a permanent abiding place in the principal city of Southern California.

"Climate," saith the prophet, "is the principal factor that has brought about the hegira." One of the necessities of motion picture making is sunshine. In California—meaning, of course, Southern California—the sun shines during a large part of the day for the better part of the year. Even during the rainy season it is not unusual for the sun to appear, between showers, giving a chance for some work to be done. The number of days when no pictures can be made is relatively very small.

With this as a basis, it is possible to build and maintain outdoor studios, which are the finest for the making of good photographs. The judicious use of canvas diffusers makes any sort of light possible for interior scenes under sunlight conditions. A good camera man can always regulate his pictures according to the prevailing sunlight out of doors.

Although the one-time contention that the native-born of Southern California do not know the sound of thunder nor the flash of lightning has been disproved by

The Adjacent Sea Coast Varies from the Gay City of Long Beach to Wild Stretches of Shore Line and Inaccessible Rocks

lions of dollars a year;

The money invested in studios, grounds and buildings constitutes another four millions of dollars.

The investments in motion picture plants come from the east and are therefore clear profit to the community.

Thus far Mr. Kinney.

But the Native Son goes farther in explanation of the reasons why Los Angeles

The Cultivated Parks around the City Furnish Acres of Lawn, Sunken Gardens, Lily Ponds, in Fact, Just about Everything That the Most Fastidious Producer Could Desire



At More Seber Santa Monica There are Cliffs and a Great Concrete Pier as Well as Magnificent Sea and Mountain Views

jealously alien weather bureau statisticians, nevertheless the fact remains that electrical storms do not come often enough to seriously disturb picture-making. The air is remarkably free from the static electricity which is so ruinous to films.

The division of the weather into wet and dry seasons is also remarkably favorable to the making of motion pictures. Even where a relatively large amount of sunshine might be secured during the course of the year the state of the weather is always a factor that film producers have to consider and upon which they can never count. A company that has been engaged for a special picture may be held for days, under salary, to be ready for the making of the drama. In Southern California the certainty of sunshine in dry weather makes it

(Continued on page 27)

Helps to the Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF TENTH EPISODE: Her past still a blank, Florence wandered around the seashore, and seemed to associate the water with her misfortune. Shortly after her rescue, a stranger came to the village, presumably on a vacation. One day, while swimming, he was seized with cramps, and Florence swam to his rescue. The man was Vron. He recognized the heiress, and lost no time in imparting his knowledge to Braine and Olga.

Norton and Jones conferred frequently relative to Florence's disappearance, and at a railway station they were recognized by Braine and other members of the Black Hundred, one of whom, to carry out a well-laid plot, walked briskly past them. Norton shadowed the man, and the pursuit led into the hallway of a house on a back street. Norton approached a door, and while listening, a secret trap was sprung in the floor, and he was precipitated to the basement. Unconscious, he was carried to a steamer bound for Norway. Thus "shanghaied," Norton was removed from the scene. Braine hastened to Newfoundland, disguised as a prosperous business man past middle-life. Assuring himself of Florence's pitiful mental condition, Braine demanded her of the fisherman, claiming to be her father. Instinctively Florence clung to her protector, and Braine was thrown from her side with considerable violence, but Braine was not to be dismissed so easily, and shortly afterward kidnapped Florence, taking her aboard a private yacht. This boat caught afire, and the party was rescued by a passing steamer, which proved to be the one on which Norton had been shanghaied. Sight of the reporter restored Florence's memory, but Norton cautioned her to pretend to not recognize him and to maintain her blank stare. Keeping his hat drawn over his eyes so that Braine would not see his features, Norton managed to get into the hold, and as Braine descended, to complete plans for leaving the ship with his captive, Norton struck him over the head, rendering the villain unconscious. Changing clothing and assuming Braine's disguise, Norton was able to get away in a small boat, and he and Florence were once more free from the clutches of the Black Hundred.



Money-maddened, the Black Hundred Members May Readily Conspire Against Their Leaders

her visit of inspection at New Rochelle, I decided that she was the type of girl who could make a young man tell pretty nearly all his mind might harbor. In the films she is the same girl—not a different one. But—there are some amazing contradictions. Let me name them for you. I want you to have the benefit of my own experience, of my intimate knowledge of affairs of mystery, and of my fortified understanding gained by visiting the scenes of the plot.

Jones has already cautioned Norton against Olga. Jones knows that the Countess is not trustworthy. Why does Norton still blunder into her schemes? Why did Norton permit Olga to work a ruse on him, under any pretext, that could either result in his capture or his separation from Florence? Norton is undoubtedly in touch with Hargreave. Jones and Hargreave, I am positive, are in close communion, either in person or in some other intimate manner. And in the face of all this, Norton goes on apparently blindly, and Florence remains in such doubt as to her father that she puts her head in many a noose that she might avoid. She still believes in Olga—although those around her, whose sworn and blood duty it is to protect her, permit her to fall into Olga's hands.

These, you must admit, are seeming inconsistencies—and still the plot has been remarkably consistent. Therefore, we must assume that they are intentional inconsistencies, and that it is vitally necessary that Florence be used as "bait" for the undoing of her arch-enemies, the Black Hundred. No other answer would seem to suffice.

Probably you have felt that Norton was lacking in perception, or that Jones was brutally negligent in his protection of Florence. You will wonder still more at Hargreave. Why does he, above all others, permit Florence to fairly thrust herself into Olga's hands, when even her life may be endangered? I am going to tell you why, and point out a depth to the plot that you have likely never suspected: If Florence did know the facts about her father and the million dollars—if she knew that Olga belonged to the band that had brought her so much trouble—like any young girl, she would show resentment. If she displayed suspicion and ill-feeling, then somebody had been talking to her. Who would that somebody be? Certainly, that

person would be an individual in possession of inside facts. Then Florence would cease to be merely a subject to be used as a hostage; she might be tortured and maybe murdered if she did not reveal the truth. It is because Norton does love her that he fears to tell her the truth he possesses. It is because Jones loves her—in a much different way—that he suffers her to take these long chances. Even in the great risks she runs there is more safety than there could be in her knowledge of the facts!

But back of all this is still a deeper channel to the plot: Not only is Florence's safety dependent on her continued ignorance, but the undoing of the criminal Black Hundred also depends on that same ignorance on her part. She represents to them the point of least resistance. She is the only real hope they have of getting at the truth—and because of her the members continue to come out into the open. They attack

her in broad daylight; they assail her on country roads, in lone manors, in apartments, on the street, everywhere. They show themselves—and often other members, who have remained in the background, reveal themselves. One by one, every face is becoming known to Jones—to Hargreave—to Norton. No longer do the Hargreave forces operate in the dark. Through Florence, as a vehicle, they are procuring tangible truths that will enable them to strike hard when the moment for the great, crushing blow arrives.

When Jones escaped from the House of Mystery with the treasure-chest, in that spectacular manner disclosed in the fifth episode, he brought others out from cover—and looked into their faces—and accomplished something else: He made Braine appear before members unmasked—he compelled Braine to be a marked man when the time of malcontent on the part of the underlings should come. They would know whom to avenge themselves on!

Underlying all this is still another sub-chamber of the plot: I am convinced, as I have intimated previously, from every clue that has been presented to date, that Hargreave, or somebody close to him, is within the fold of the Black Hundred, hearing all plots regarding himself and Florence, except those hatched in the apartment of the Countess—and probably getting some of those in the 'round-table whispers in the Black Hundred rendezvous.

If the Hargreave million, to be distributed among the Black Hundred, can force them to do such terrible things, then any money, sweetening the spirits of members of that band, can buy them as they have always been willing to be bought. Persons who form an unholy alliance for the purpose of gain through robbery or murder, have not shown any great fealty to one another because of that illicit co-operation. They have merely displayed their criminal weakness for money. Therefore, they can be bribed against one another—will turn criminals against their own pals as readily as they would turn criminals for them. Knowing the acts, thoughts, plans of their compatriots, they are better fortified to undo them than would be possible were the traitors outsiders.

Until such time as you feel that you have reason to believe otherwise, assume that Hargreave is represented inside the Black Hundred

IF EVER a man would be tempted to tell his sweetheart secrets that would comfort her, Norton stood in that position after both he and Florence had passed through so many tribulations. I believe that Jim Norton knows the facts about Hargreave; that he has conferred frequently with Hargreave; that he is an essential agent of the millionaire. Surely, the uppermost thought in her mind must have prompted Florence to ask her lover if he had word from or knowledge of her father. A man might hold back many facts from his wife—but he generally tells his sweetheart all he knows—and a little more. Was Jim Norton made of different stuff? Did his great bravery shield his mind from the effects of the intoxication of love? It is scarcely natural. This much Norton has likely said: "Your father is safe. I see him—talk to him. He sees you—watches over you. For your own sake, he dare not tell you where he is, because that knowledge might endanger you. Obey Jones and all will be well."

When I interviewed Miss La Badie during

—that through this connection he will be able to operate, and bring to bear all the skill at his command; genius that is made more dependable because of vast moneyed interests.

You may ask if I have altered my opinion about the *thought force* of the Hargreave interests coming from the Hargreave mansion. I have not. In Jones I still see the plotter—the originator—the master intellect. But—which is Jones and which is somebody else, I am not prepared to say. I am not sure that it is not Hargreave himself—nor am I satisfied it is. If one man could have two bodies and a single soul, and transfer that soul from one body to the other at will, he could do what Jones does, or what Hargreave does. We see two persons operating through *one mind*—a most extraordinary circumstance. It is not uncanny. It is not improbable. It is not even unreal. But these two men—and which is which must puzzle us all for the time—are working like *one piece* of thinking mechanism, with the power to strike from two points at once; from the Hargreave home, and from outside the Hargreave home; quite likely from inside the Black Hundred!

Were I not so certain that Hargreave lives, and is near at hand, I would say that this strange condition could be answered only by purchased information from members of the Black Hundred, and likely, to a considerable degree, it is.

Let us not overlook the million dollars itself. The box is at the bottom of the sea. It should not be easily recovered. It was a nice clean chest, as I remember it, *without any windings or adjuncts*—just a box, with Stanley Hargreave's name painted on it—and nothing else on it. If Jones had only thought to tie a rope or fasten a wire on it, or affix some sort of float to it, then maybe he could rescue that chest from the sands beneath the water. Maybe he does not care to get it—but hopes it will still do duty as a *blind*. Jones has pressing duty at the home—and only some tragedy could force him to desert the house. Maybe if he were *obliged* to leave it he would take the million dollars from its hiding place and carry it with him! That would be a very good idea. Then if any one robbed the house during his absence, he would *have* the money on his person. If he went away protected by a body-guard, or with faithful detectives trailing near at hand, he could carry that money with reasonable safety.

Do not permit other events to divert your mind from the million dollars. That Florence jumps from a ship's side is thrilling; that Norton is shanghaied lends color to the story; that they meet again in so romantic a manner is entertaining—but the award is not particularly dependent on the mere romance of these situations. It hinges on Hargreave's fate, on the million's hiding place—on these two things more than on anything else.

Hark back to the first episode, and you will

recall that the packages of money did not total any large volume. Hargreave carried them in his hands and placed them in the safe; the hands that withdrew them took them from the safe—all in a single operation. Distributed in coat pockets, these packages should not cause the garment to bulge unduly. Hidden in the back of the Hargreave portrait, they should not crowd the space. I repeat, that if Jones should

leave the residence for any considerable journey, he would likely carry the money with him.

Presumably, the troubles of Florence are not over. It is still the fore part of the story, and the Black Hundred will continue to direct their venom against the girl until some more rational line of procedure presents itself—such as the sudden appearance of Hargreave. And if they saw Hargreave, they would probably try to kill him. They are wrought up to that pitch. The reason they do not attempt to murder Jones seems to be because they are satisfied that he came on the scene some three years after Florence, as an infant, was left at the boarding-school. The Black Hundred surely must be blinded by some sinister influence within their own councils. They are being thwarted by some designing intellect that is keener than their minds combined.

For the time being, watch Jones to see if he touches that money. He may. Jones is the logical custodian. He "hangs around" the Mystery House altogether too much to simply answer the door-bell. He is alive to some mighty magnetism that is apart even from Florence. She goes; Jones still remains close to the scene—near the home—ready to pounce upon anybody who gets within reach of that money. You may wonder why I assume such belief as to its being hidden in the house. I will explain: It is incumbent on the weavers of this plot to show us the place where the money is hidden. They must not hide it in

some building or receptacle that we have not seen. Nor could it be placed, in fairness to Mystery patrons, in some place that has been shown only incidentally. Wherever it is, it will be handy for sudden flight, if the time to escape arrives. It must be procurable within a few minutes—a few seconds, perhaps. It must be where it will help Florence if all the others are killed. That is why I still point to the Hargreave portrait as the



Their Quest for Florence Compels the Black Hundred Members to Run Risks in the Open

most logical hiding place for matter like this.

I presume all the points I have given you up to now have been noted in your "field book" which I suggested that you keep from the beginning. Even with that, your task is not finished. You have seen ten episodes. There are twelve more to come. The remarkable number of adventures we have viewed to date will be *more than doubled* before we are finished with the story. It is possible that *all—or many of—our* deductions will take wing—that new ideas will present themselves; that revelations will be made that will answer and explain away many doubts—only to build new ones in their stead.

If there was ever a time when we have to be vigilant it is *now*—in the mid-period. In the next few episodes the Thanhouser folk may take advantage of our smug assumptions, and catch us napping. It is like waking a man from his deep slumbers in the early morning hours. His brain and nerves are numbed; he is inert—unable to calculate clearly; and quite likely a miserable coward. That is why so many burglars prefer to wait until two or three o'clock before perpetrating their raids.

And right now, we are "easing" through the middle of the story. We do not dare be too secure. The Million Dollar Mystery may switch around so *suddenly* we would lose the thread of the clues if we did not watch carefully. Let no detail escape your attention or thoughts because there are *twelve more* episodes in which the mystery may deepen itself.

And there is one more thing I must again mention: Many letters have been written to me asking me to divulge secret clues. I can not reply to these letters. My offer to write these articles had to embody the same fairness to one person as to another. Everything I have to say regarding The Million Dollar Mystery will be said in these columns, and nowhere else. Some persons have kindly agreed to *divide the spoils* with me if I would tell! One person offered me seven thousand dollars out of the ten thousand—a very liberal sort of chap, you see! Remember that the award will be decided by a board of judges, consisting of Lloyd Lonergan, Harold MacGrath and Mae Tinee. Of all persons on earth I keep away from it is these three. Messrs. MacGrath and Lonergan are undoubtedly determined to make the work hard for you and me.

Some one will submit a solution that will point out things that may not have occurred to them. That ten thousand-dollar reward is *cheat-proof*. To persons of dishonest, or over-enthusiastic, tendencies I issue this caution: Do not waste your time looking for "inside information."

If you will defraud in one thing, you will cheat in others. If you are dishonest enough to ask me for personal help, you would be dishonest in any position of trust. While it has been my life-work to hunt down criminals, I believe in crime's prevention.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)



Kept in Ignorance of Olga's Character, Florence Becomes a Decoy to Work on Her Father's Plans

"EXTRAS" The "Supes" of the Motion Picture Stage

By RICHARD WILLIS



ally cost him his place. On the other hand, he has to meet the anxious faces of people who really need the work, unsuited though they may be to its requirements. If he's human, he becomes a philosopher.

One employment bureau autocrat has acquired a knowledge of "extras" that is a gold mine to any one interested in the types who seek to keep on the fringe of motion picture making. Sometimes he waxes loquacious upon the topic of the types. At half-past eleven in the morning, when the last extra for the day has been engaged, he will sometimes fall into talk.

I happened upon him on the day when he had furnished nine companies with extras, some of them with picked performers—"types"—and others with soldiers, society folk, some frenzied operators for a stock exchange scene, and some sailors to go to San Pedro for a naval scene. He leaned back in his swivel chair, put his feet up on the railing, sighed in relief at his respite from labor, and spouted like a Yellowstone Park geyser.

"It's a funny life," he said. "You can get an idea of certain

phases of human nature right here in this office all right. I had no idea there were so many stage struck people in the world until I took up this job. Did you see that middle-aged woman in black, without any figure or good looks, the one who just said 'Is there anything for me today?' and then went out? Well—she will come in for another week or two and then drop from view. She aint strong enough to do regular work and thinks she can go into pictures and get enough to live on. I've told her straight that she can't, but she won't believe it and will just come along until she finds out that what I say is

The Day is Rare, Indeed, When the Employment Bureau does Not have to Pick Extras for a Battle Scene

THERE must be a hundred thousand persons in Los Angeles working at regular employment, but the fact is difficult of realization to the man who has occasion to see the long line of men, women and children in front of the desk where an employment clerk

Lots of the People Who Apply to the Studios for Work have to Be Turned Away Because They haven't the Clothes for a Scene like This and Can't Get Them



Infinite Pains was Taken to Secure Just the Right Girls for This Boarding School Episode in the Million Dollar Mystery

The Extras for a Photoplay Such as "Jane, the Justice" have to Be of a "Special Type"

chooses "extras" for most of the big companies that operate in and around the California city. A day at the agency, which has been established for a clearing house to save the individual directors the work and worry of choosing from the constant crowds of applicants and which has proven a boon and a blessing to the companies, if not to the agency clerk, is likely to give an observer the impression that the greater part of the population of the city is seeking employment in the moving picture game.

The clerk whose duty it is to select men, women and children for the parts required at the studios where extras happen to be in demand that day, has to be an executive of a high order of ability. To choose courtiers, soldiers, society belles, mourners, strikers, miners, from the motley crowd that besieges his office every morning is a task worthy of a Belasco. If he sends unsuitable candidates to the studios, the directors will register complaints that may eventu-



true, and then she'll stop coming. If I sent her to any director he would come and tell me to stop kidding him. I wish that class of woman would keep out of here. I've got my feelings like the rest of 'em and they get on my nerves.

"Gee, you'd laugh at some of them though. I think that the hardest type to deal with is the mother with one or more kids that she wants to get into the movies. Some of these women try and get their kids on so that they can make money out of them and not do anything themselves. I can generally tell them and some men are just as bad. I know of two husbands and wives who don't do a thing but live off the earnings made by their children. One of 'em is one of the cleverest little girls in the movies and the other is a small boy, a regular wonder in his way. It's all right from their point of view I guess, but I think it's low down myself."

The clerk paused a moment to light the cigar I had offered him and then went on.

"I keep cards of all the people who call, you know, and there are so many that although my memory is good, I make little notes at the bottom of each card so that I can readily recall the applicant. Here is one. I have dotted down, 'Big, aggressive woman,



A Group of Extras Who Look Entirely too Amiable to Put on the Realistic Fight between "the Blue and the Gray" for Which They Were Engaged



stop her, but I finally got rid of her and later on I met the director she had tried to corral and he told me if I ever sicked either of those kids or the mother on to him he'd have me put off the lot. Well, that woman came in and interfered with my work for several mornings after that and finally I had to call her down good and hard, and she gathered her family together and gave me a parting shot like this: 'I will never come here again and I wouldn't let my children work in such a place anyhow—we will go to some other studio and perhaps you'll be sorry when you see what a hit they make.' I didn't

(Continued on page 30)

This View of Humann's Chicago Studio, Snapped During the Production of "The Elder Brother" is Interesting and Self-Explanatory

awful talker, from Kansas, girl too big and bony and boy impossible.' When this woman first came in she handed me a line of talk about like this:

"Are you the young man who does the engaging? Yes, then I guess I'll have to talk to you, but I didn't want to. I don't believe in going to clerks, but like to talk to the bosses—yes, I suppose you are the boss here in this office all right, but I mean that I want to talk to the men who are going to hire my children and find out just what they are expected to do. I spoke to Mr. — (naming one of the directors) and he was quite rude, wouldn't listen to me at all. Told me to come to you, and I insisted upon his seeing the children and then he turned away and said something that I didn't hear. Come here Amelia, this is the man who engages the children, this is my eldest and she—" and she went on a blue streak and I couldn't



The Companies do Not Provide Modern Evening Dress, So the Extras in a "Society Play" are, Generally Speaking, Not as Hard Up as Those Used in a Mob or Strike Scene

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

VERA gasped at Forster's prophecy of the consequences of her thoughtless and impulsive revelation.

"Oh!" she cried. "Heavens—I never thought!" In the swift reaction that came with the discovery that Forster, far from being dead, was not even seriously hurt, she was touched with hysteria—the stress and strain of the whole experience with Forster naturally had its share in producing that condition. It was this which accounted for her next words—doubly unfortunate ones, they were, as it proved. She reverted, not unnaturally, to the Vera of Gudge and Bartlett's store, who had, in the last few days, been almost entirely disappeared and merged in the new Vera of the movies.

"Oh!" she cried, again. "I'm so sorry—I never thought! But—you know I'm not used to being a public character—no one from the papers ever cared anything about me before—!"

Forster caught the shrill note; weak as he was he recognized the hysterical touch and seized her hand.

"Keep quiet! Don't say anything more," he urged, in a low whisper. "I know that reporter, damn him! He'll make all he can out of this, anyhow."

And Forster was right. While policemen and trolley-men, aided by the crowd that seems always to spring up by magic at such times, did what they could to clear up the debris of the accident, while waiting for the coming of the wrecking crew, the reporter came over.

"Hello, Forster," he said. "Sorry. Not badly hurt, are you?"

"No, thanks. That you, Deane? What are you doing up here? Thought you were one of the lucky ones who worked Broadway?"

"Well, this is Broadway, isn't it?" said Deane, cheerfully. "I was sentenced up here for falling down. If I get a good story or two, though, I guess I'll get back to the real doings." His voice dropped and he spoke confidentially. "Say, be a good chap, Forster. What's the lady's name?"

"Miss Smith—Mary Smith, of 458 West Eighty-ninth street," said Forster, promptly. "And say, don't mention her name, Deane. I'll take it as a favor—"

"Pretty smooth—but it won't go," said Deane, chuckling. "Miss Vera Hayes sounds a lot better, and I've got a hunch she told the truth, too. Come across, Forster. What's the dope? Who is she? You know, you're sup-

posed to be engaged to Miss Brewster."

"Go to hell!" snapped Forster. His nerves, strained, as Vera's had been, by the scene with her, snapped suddenly—and no wonder. A man who has just been through an automobile accident is in no condition to submit to heckling, something that Deane knew and had counted upon. Deane had no thought beyond getting his story. He needed the story to rehabilitate himself with his paper. Its effect on Forster, on Vera, on anyone, indeed, but himself, was something that did not interest him at all.

"Oh, it's like that, is it?" he said. He drew back a little. "I'm sorry, Forster. This seems to annoy you a lot. I've noticed that a good many men are mighty willing to do things—and then, when they get caught at them they expect the papers to hush up the facts for them. I'm not in that business, and neither is my paper. We're out to print the news."

Forster swore savagely, but he realized that there was nothing more to be said or done. Deane taking this stand was amusing, to one who knew him. Ordinarily, he would have been good fellow enough to fix things so that the accident would have had only trivial mention—which, indeed, as a news story, was all it deserved. But now, seeing a chance to square himself with his city editor, he would make as much of it as possible, especially because no other newspaper men were present. He could

dress up the facts almost as he liked, short of inviting a libel suit.

Vera was far from understanding why Forster was so angry and disturbed. She didn't know what Deane could do. For that matter, neither did Forster. But he could guess that it would be something decidedly unpleasant. However, since it could not be helped, it must be endured.

When the ambulance arrived, with the white coated surgeon from the Fordham Hospital, Forster gritted his teeth and managed to get on his feet. For a moment his head swam, and he thought he was going to faint—something he had never done, and which he, manlike, dreaded more than a really serious wound. But in a moment the dizziness left him, and he was able to take stock. The surgeon washed and dressed the cut over his eye, stopping the flow of blood, and he found it was not at all serious. His shoulder was rather badly wrenched, so that it gave him considerable pain to move it, and one ankle was sore—a ligament was pulled a little out of place, the surgeon said. But, on the whole, he had been lucky, while Vera's escape had been almost miraculous. She had been badly shaken, and when she had time to notice it, she found that her dress was torn, and that her hat was crushed. But she had not suffered even a scratch.

"All right," said the doctor. "You were playing in big luck. Queer sort of accident. Pretty

hard luck, I'd say. Better get home as soon as you can. How about your car?"

That, it turned out, was temporarily out of commission, though it had suffered no injuries that could not be quickly repaired. A chauffeur on the trolley car volunteered to look after it and to see that it was towed to Forster's garage, and an errand taxicab, coming up from the subway terminal on the chance of picking a fare from the excitement, provided a substitute in which Forster took Vera home.

"I'm—you don't know how sorry I am for blurting out our names that way," she said.

"Forget it," he said, more cheerfully. He had had time to recover his balance, and his normal, joyous outlook had been restored to him. "Heaven knows what will happen. It's apt to be a plenty! But it's not your fault. That cuss Deane would have found out, anyhow. That's his business. Chances are it would have been worse if he hadn't got it the way he did. Can't blame him so much.



"Come Across, Forster—What's the Dope? Who is She?"

either. I suppose it means a good deal to him with his rag of a paper."

"Just the same, I'm sorry," said Vera. "Oh, I'm such a fool! I want you to promise me something. If Miss—If Miss Brewster makes a fuss, let me stand for whatever happens. Will you?"

"This isn't Miss Brewster's party," he said, rather grimly. "I suppose I'm unreasonable, but I'm getting just a little bit tired of being tagged as her pet dog, you know. You quit worrying, Vera. I got you into this fool mess, and I'll get you out, too. Think you'll be able to report for work to-morrow?"

"Sure," she said, brightening immediately. "You think I'd better? Really?"

"I think you've got to—if you can stand!" he said. "There'll be talk enough, anyhow. If either of us isn't there it'll be that much worse. When there's a knockers' convention assembled, with you for the knocker, always be there, early."

"But—surely—you're not thinking of working to-morrow!" she cried, aghast. "You're really hurt. You must stay in bed and look after yourself! Didn't that doctor say so?"

"Maybe he did, but he doesn't know it all, you know," said Forster. "You bet your boots I'll be there. Wouldn't miss it for a farm, even if I could, which I can't. Oh, cheer up. It'll be all right. Here we are at your place. Get to sleep if you can. Better take a good hot bath. Nothing like it to brace you up and steady your nerves so you can sleep after a shock."

She stopped him when he would have left the cab to help her out.

"Stay where you are," she said, pressing him back.

"Vera, you're the gamest little sport I ever saw!" he said. "I—I take back everything I said to-night after dinner! You were right and I was wrong. I was a skunk, too. You're a corker!"

Then she sat down in the machine for a moment. As he looked at her he was thrilled by her courage, and he took her hand.

She flushed a little, and leaned forward.

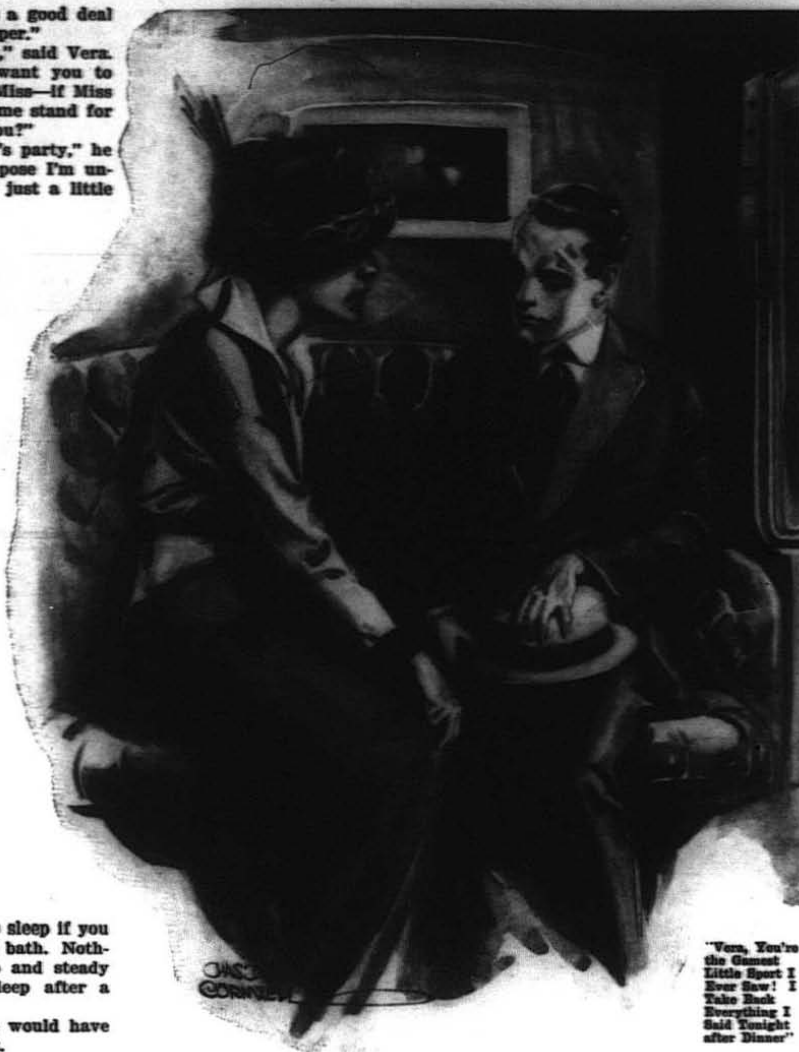
"You," she said, unsteadily. "You—oh—you're rather a dear!"

On a sudden impulse she leaned still further toward him. He felt the soft touch of her lips on his cheek. Then she was gone.

"Vera!" he cried, and made as if to follow her. But the door slammed, and he sank back, conscious of the fact that he still needed repairs before he could make sudden moves. He gave the cabman his address, and nerved himself to the jolting and bumping of the ramshackle taxicab.

Vera took her hot bath—and sank, as soon as her head touched the pillow, into the deep and untroubled sleep of youth and perfect health. She had had a shock, but it was not a serious one. And her constitution, good in the beginning, and replenished, of late, by decent work and decent food and decent ways of living, generally, was able to throw off a worse shock than this one. Then, too, a factor in her ability to sleep was her utter ignorance of what Deane might do, and her lack of the imagination needed to surmise his actions. She had no way of reasoning about him, and so she did not think of him at all.

But with Forster the case was different. He was more seriously affected by the accident than Vera, in the first place, and he was, though strong enough physically, possessed of a far more sensitive nervous organism than she. Also, on the subject of Deane and the story he



"Vera, You're the Gamest Little Sport I Ever Saw! I Take Back Everything I Said To-night after Dinner"

would write, his imagination was decidedly active.

Arrived at his bachelor apartment he went, not to his own rooms, but to those of a doctor resident in the building, one James Syme. Syme pronounced him all right.

"A week in bed will fix you, old top," he said, cheerfully. "There's a special providence watching you motormaniacs!"

"What d'ye mean—a week in bed?" said Forster, indignantly. "I've got to be on the job to-morrow morning, at the studio, at nine A. M."

Syme was a friend as well as a doctor. Therefore he took that statement at face value, and frowned. But he did not throw up his hands and talk about disobedience of orders.

"That's different," he said. "H'm! All right. Come on over to the Turkish bath. Apt not to be many people there to-night. I guess we can do business. I'm going to hurt you like the devil," he added, cheerfully.

Which he did. But massage, skillfully directed, and certain pullings and kneadings of displaced ligaments and muscles, together with the beneficent effects of the hot room and the steam room, did wonders. Under the merciless fingers of Syme and a burly ruffian devoid of human qualities, who was supposed to be a rubber, Forster suffered the tortures of the damned. But he emerged clear eyed in the morning, with only a patch over one eye and the slightest of limps as trophies of his experience. He had had two hours of blessed sleep, the by product of sheer exhaustion, when he stepped into the restaurant of the bath for breakfast at seven o'clock. And there he had the pleasure of reading Deane's story.

It was worse than he had imagined it could be—which is saying a good deal. There were pictures—of himself, of Beatrice Brewster, and of Vera—this last the photograph of the Crown Princess of Germany, slightly altered. But the

paper's readers, of course, didn't know that, and, never having seen Vera, it was just as good as a true portrait of her. It was purposely blurred, too, in printing.

There was a picturesque account, with a moral worked into the tale, of what was described as a frantic joy ride. And there were speculations on the conduct of Miss Brewster, unblushingly described as Forster's fiancée.

But that was not the worst. Forster ground his teeth at the discovery that Miss Brewster had been aroused from her beauty sleep and had talked at length over the telephone to a reporter. She had expressed regret at the accident. Miss Hayes? Yes, she knew her. A little department store sales girl. Mr. Forster had very kindly interested himself in her. Their relations? Well, didn't this ride, with its almost tragic conclusion, speak rather plainly for them? Was she engaged to Mr. Forster? She must decline to answer! Would this affect the engagement, assuming one to exist? Again Miss Brewster must decline to answer! But naturally, the public and the newspapers could appreciate her feelings.

It was diabolically clever, all of it. Assertions of facts were few; suggestions and innuendoes were many. There was nothing upon which Forster or Vera could seize as the basis of a suit for libel, and yet their reputations

were wrecked as surely as if definite accusations had been made. And Beatrice Brewster's hand in the trouble was only too plainly to be seen. She had evidently been made furiously angry by what Deane had told her; she had supplied him with hints, evidently, that had bolstered up his cleverly contrived story.

Syme joined him as he finished his fruit. He had a copy of Deane's paper in his hand; as he saw the angry frown that distorted Forster's face he smiled, slightly.

"Don't take this too seriously, Harry," he said. "No one else will. Everyone knows this rag. And I seem to recognize the fine Italian hand of the man who wrote it. I thought they had fired Deane?"

"No, only exiled him to the Bronx, where he was all ready to be on hand when that fool car got in my way!"

"Well, I see why you wanted to be fixed up for this morning," said Syme. "You were dead right. It's up to you to face the music. Well, good luck!"

Forster was on hand earlier than any of the company at the studio—which gave him a considerable advantage, and, indirectly helped Vera as well. Everyone had read the story, of course; equally, everyone wanted to talk about it. But Forster's busy, unconcerned presence made the gathering of little, chattering groups impossible. He replied briefly to questions about the accident, minimizing its importance.

"I don't look as if I were very badly hurt, do I?" he would say. "Miss Hayes? She'll be here to speak for herself. The whole thing was grossly exaggerated. Forget it, please. We've got work to do here to-day, you know."

Vera came in precisely on time, neither early nor late. In three minutes she was at work, with everyone else. And the studio presented a scene of considerable animation when Beatrice

(Continued on page 32)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WAR



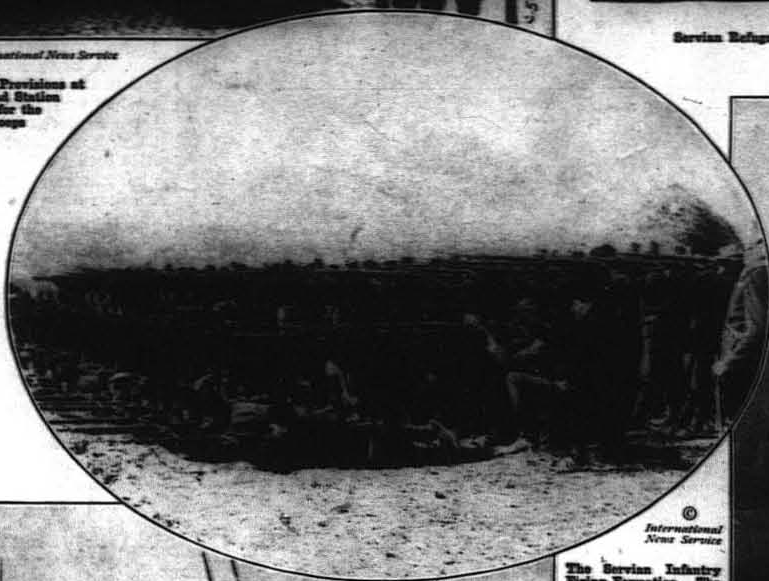
© International News Service

Unloading Provisions at the Railroad Station at Namur for the Belgian Troops



© Underwood & Underwood

Serbian Refugees Leaving Belgrade Shortly before Their Capital was Bombarded by the Austrians



© International News Service

The Serbian Infantry Firing Formation. The First Row is Lying Down, the Second is Kneeling, While the Third is Standing



Austrian Troops Constructing a Pontoon Bridge to Aid Their Advance into Serbia

Photo by International News Service



© Underwood & Underwood

A Magnificent Chateau Perched on a Rocky Cliff Overlooking the Meuse River near Dinant, Belgium. Dispatches Say that the French Troops Used this Chateau and Others as an Aid in Repelling the German Attacks



© Underwood & Underwood

German Jack Tars Lowering Their Wounded into a Ship Hospital between Docks



© Underwood & Underwood

Many of the French Sky-Cruisers were Built to Carry Sharp Shooters and a Rapid Fire Gun, and this Combination has Wrought Much Destruction, Especially among the Big German Dirigibles

MODERN WAR IMPLEMENTS AND FIGHTERS



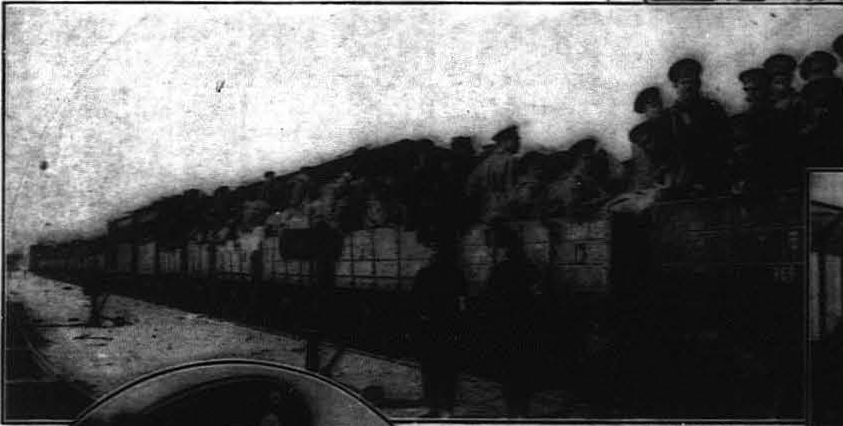
Photos by International News Service

One of the Large Austrian Balloons Used in Scouting along the French Border



Underwood & Underwood

In the Top of This Tower is the Bell, Which for Centuries Has Called the Belgians to War. The Tower Stands on One of the Main Streets in Ghent, Belgium



Underwood & Underwood

A Train-load of the Czar's Soldiers Departing for the Front to Resist the German Invasion



Photo by International News Service

The Crown Prince of Germany Who is at the Head of 80,000 Men, Forming a Part of the German Invading Army



Underwood & Underwood

English Soldiers Guarding the London Bridge Railway Station, One of the Principal Stations Used for Transportation Purposes

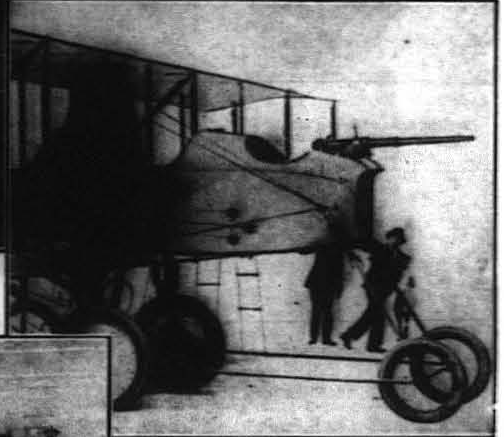


Photo by International News Service

One of the New French Aeroplanes, on Which is Mounted a One-inch Rapid Fire Gun, the Recoil of Which is Absorbed in the Bunch, and Does Not Affect the Flight of the Machine



Underwood & Underwood

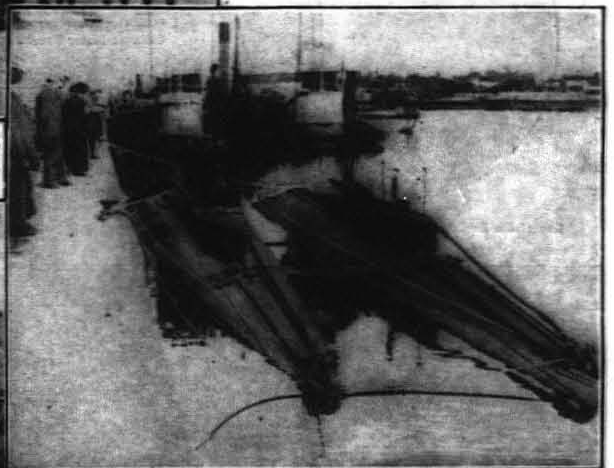


Photo by International News Service

English Submarines Shortly Before They Departed to Blockade the Kiel Canal

Czar of Russia (in Center Wearing a White House) Saluting One of His Regiments Passing in Review Just before the War Submarine for the Front

Automobiles and War

**How Motor Vehicles
are Proving Their
Worth in Europe**



Photo by International News Service
A Squad of Army Trucks Carrying Aeroplanes, to be Put Aboard
Transports for Belgium

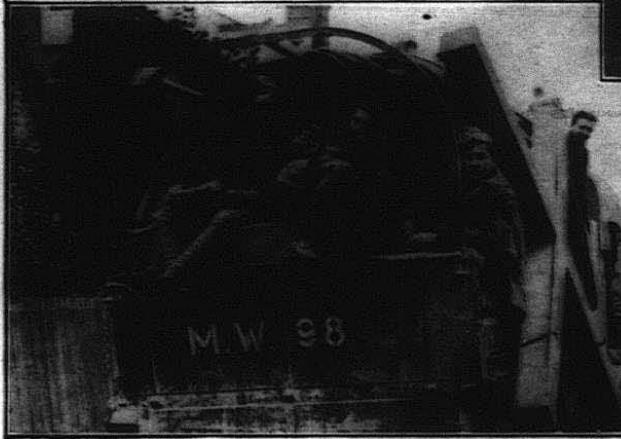


Photo by International News Service
English Troops Leaving for the Front. Aeroplane Propeller in Its Case Strapped
on the Side of a Motor Truck

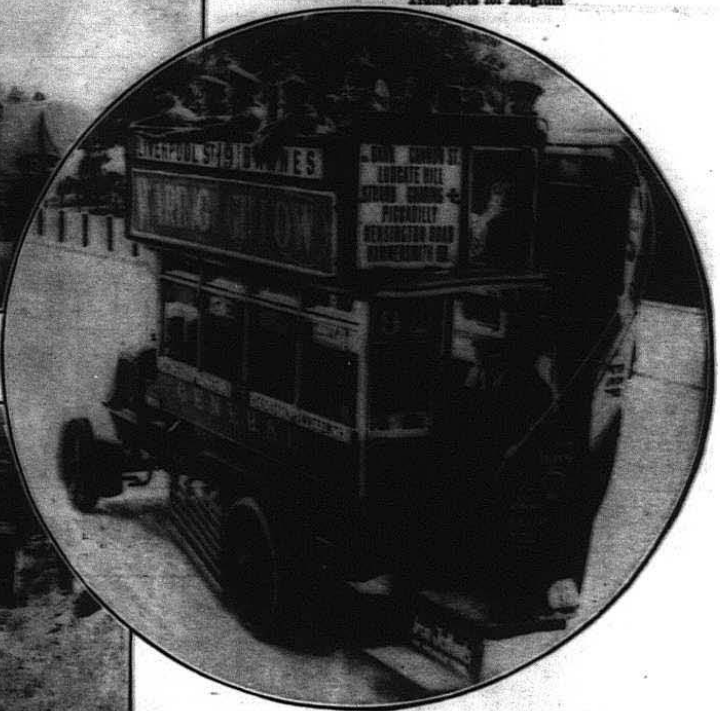


Photo by International News Service
The British War Office Requisitioned Practically all the Motor Buses in
London for the Transportation of Troops and Ammunition
During the Recent Mobilization

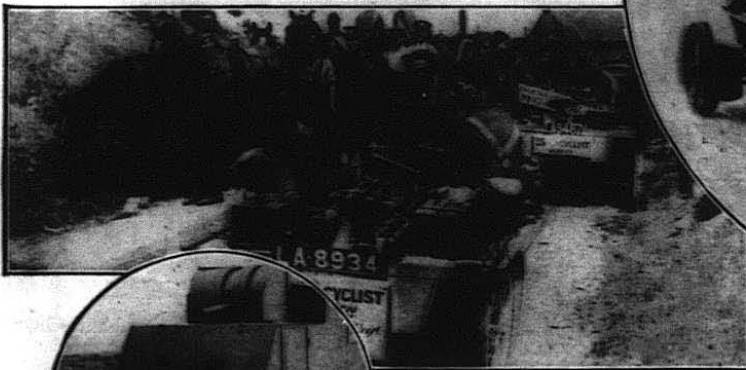
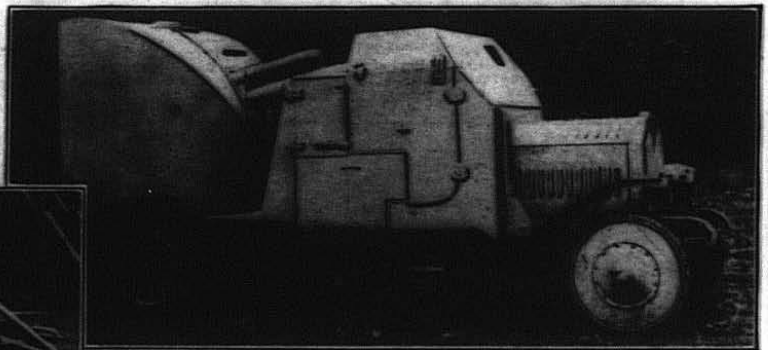


Photo by International News Service
The Twenty-Fifth Cyclist Battalion of London with Maxim
Guns on Motor Trucks on Their Way to the Front



Photo by International News Service
One of the British Army Autos, Equipped with a
Deadly Aeroplane Gun



An English Auto-Truck, Which was Dismantled and Sent to Belgium with the First Expedition,
is Seen Above. The Photo at the Left is the Same Machine, After it Had Been
Stripped of Its Armor Plate at Dover.



Photos by International News Service



As He Was Dragged Away, He Saw Mary Warren Clinging to Her Husband

The Derelict and the Man

"I WISH you were going too, dearest," said Warren.

He looked at his wife with the deep affection he felt for her showing in his eyes. They were married lovers, these two; nothing more serious than a lover's quarrel had ever come between them to mar a happiness their friends were wont to speak of as ideal. She was packing his last bag now; she looked up from the task with a little smile that tried, unsuccessfully, to mask the real sorrow that lay behind it.

"So do I," she said. "Ah, Frank, you must know it! But I can't go—can I? With things as they are—I owe something, after all, to my father. And he is an old man."

"I know, dearest," said Dr. Warren. "I am sorry—for that reason as well as many others—that I must go myself. Still—Mason is good—as good as I am, certainly, and probably a good deal better. I've explained your father's case to him thoroughly. He knows it now as well as I do myself. You can depend upon him utterly. He will do everything that I would do myself. I don't believe there's any cause for immediate anxiety. But—your father is not a young man. And in his illness there is always the danger of a sudden complication. An emergency may arise at any moment, but Mason is just the man to meet it."

"He isn't you," said Mary Warren. Her lips trembled a little. "But I'm selfish—just as you are going! I know you must go, Frank—and it's wonderful that things are as they are! To think that the long struggle just to make a living is over—that you can afford, now, to do the sort of work you have always wanted to do! That you are going to be able to give up your time to research! Oh, I'm so happy over that, that I can give you up for this voyage!"

"It is wonderful," said Warren, a light coming into his eyes. He looked up from the papers he was examining for a moment. "I care very little for money—except for your sake, my dear. But this means so much more than money. It means that I can be of some service to the world—that I can leave behind me the name of a man who has done something that will help others. Dear, I'm

By **BRUCE WESTFALL**

ADAPTED FROM THE SCENARIO OF CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE VICTOR FILM

nearer than anyone believes to the discovery of the cause of cancer—and if I find the cause the cure will follow. We can always do that. It won't make any difference whether I'm the one who happens to strike the cure. It's when we don't know what makes the trouble that we're so helpless. And to think that a man I've never seen should leave me this money!"

"He knew all about you. He's probably watched your career," said his wife, jealously. "People call such things chance—they'll say you were lucky. But such things don't come by chance. This uncle of yours hadn't spoken to your mother for years—had ignored her existence, and your own. And yet—in the end, he leaves you this great fortune! Of course he knew all about you, my dear! I can forgive him for everything—even for taking you away from me now—for what he makes it possible for you to do!"

It had been agreed between Warren and his wife that their farewells should be said at the house, and that she should not go to the pier to see his steamer sail. They had never before been separated for more than two or three days since their marriage, and it was hard for both of them, even though his trip was to be a short one. He was to go to England, proceed with the necessary formalities of proving his claim to his uncle's estate, and return as soon as the matter was settled. With luck, he reckoned, a

month would see the whole business disposed of, and he would be back with Mary, ready to turn over much of his general practice to an assistant and devote himself almost entirely to the research work that was his absorbing passion and his life work.

And so he sailed away, looking back wistfully at the skyline of New York. He did not expect to enjoy the trip. And yet there was every reason why he should do so. He had plenty of money, and would have much more, for he would be a rich man now, no matter how much his research work might cost. He was a passenger on one of the finest vessels of the fleet of ocean greyhounds, and everything that could be devised to add to the comfort and the luxury of its passengers was in evidence. And the comfort and luxury of it all, the sheer joy of knowing that there was no work for him to do, had its effect on Warren after the first two days. His life had been a busy one; he had taken few vacations. And here, on the ocean, he had the feeling that he had utterly escaped, for a brief breathing spell, from his work.

It was on the fourth day out that he noticed the man Dow. His first sight of him startled him. Warren was glancing at his tie in a mirror, as he made his way toward the deck, when the man's face was reflected beside his own. And—it was his own face that he saw! His own face, as it might have been—seamed, distorted in some vague and terrible way. Though the general effect was startlingly different, in certain ways, every feature was the same. Warren turned, with a start, to look at the man himself, and found Dow regarding him with a

fixed stare. Dow wore a steward's uniform; he had the servile look that went with it. And yet, as their eyes met, that disappeared, and the resemblance between them became even greater. For the moment they faced one another, man to man.

"Why—why—? you look like me—you're my double!" said Warren.

"Yessir," said Dow, servile once more. "Beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure—hope you'll excuse the liberty, sir."

Warren laughed, a short, sharp laugh, of annoyance.

"Don't be a fool, man," he said. "It's not your fault, is it?"



As He Took Her in His Arms, He Knew That He Was Safe

By God, this is curious! Here, when are you off duty?"

"Ten o'clock, sir," said Dow.

"Then meet me on the upper deck. If there's any rule against it I'll speak to the purser. I want a talk with you, my man."

Through dinner he pondered over the strange resemblance. It caught and held his imagination. And, with the scientific mind he tried to explain it, to analyze it, to account for it. He waited with suppressed impatience for the meeting.

"Tell me about yourself," said Warren, when the steward met him and had taken two empty chairs.

"It's a short story—soon told," said Dow, with a touch of bitterness. "I'm a rotter, I suppose. I'm no good. My family was all right—though I don't know what it was!" He laughed—an ugly laugh. "My father—you'll understand?—didn't own me. He looked after me, though, even when he wouldn't give me his name. I went to school—even to college. Then I was turned loose, with twenty-five thousand dollars for a start. Fair enough—for a man without a father! And—I drank and gambled through it. I had the rotten strain in me. I went from bad to worse. Then I pulled up—stopped drinking. But I'd gone too far. This was the best work I could get—I, a college man!"

Warren sucked in his breath.

"Nonsense," he said, abruptly. "You say you quit drinking? Man alive, do you know how many men can do that? Not one in a thousand! That's fine—that's splendid! The rest will come. I'll help it come, too—and be only too glad to do it."

He paused for a moment.

"You know," he went on, reflectively, "such resemblances as ours are never accidental. Nature doesn't do things that way. When men are doubles there is a tie between them—consanguinity. That's invariable. You and I spring from the same stem, somewhere. It may be a long way back—it may be recent. You might be my cousin—once or many times removed. Some kinship there certainly is. And chance has made me successful, rich—and you a—"

"Say it—a derelict!" said Dow, bitterly.

"We'll have to stick together, now that we've met," said Warren, ignoring his tone. "There's a sort of obligation. I've had more than my share of the luck, you see. So you'll be all right after this, Dow. I'll see that you get your chance. After that it will be up to you again. But I think you'll make good—this time."

"I hope so," said Dow. "Excuse me if I don't say much, will you? This is—well, it's rather a knock out, isn't it?"

Warren smiled—as much at Dow's reversion to the talk of the class from which he had slipped, as at anything else. Here was a quick and sudden shifting from the mental attitude of the steward who had apologized so humbly for presuming to resemble a passenger! It gave him a trifling insight into the man's character, too. He cherished no illusions about Dow. The man had been battered; he had grown bitter as a result. He blamed the world rather than himself and with some justice. And yet, unless he had invited it to do so, the world would not have treated him so. A dangerous man, this Dow; one to be helped with discretion, and to be watched carefully. And yet one he must help, by all means. For there was no sort of doubt in Warren's mind that this man's veins and his held the same blood.

They talked on, after that, in a fashion more or less desultory. Warren, more to put some element of ease into the conversation than for any other reason, talked of his home, of his wife—this, with enthusiasm and flashing eyes. Dow, too, told more of himself. When they parted for

the night each man knew the other pretty well. It was agreed, moreover, that Dow should leave the ship at Queenstown with Warren and go to London with him. Then further arrangements could be made. To meet and talk further on board would excite too much comment.

And it was here that fate intervened. The world knows the tragedy that was lurking in the fog off the Irish coast. It knows how the ship was splintered on a rock; how she sank before her wireless call for help was heard and how hundreds perished. So terrific and overwhelming was the disaster that all details were engulfed with the steamer.

Fate intervened again. She willed it that Dow, cast up in a rocky cove, should have seen a body tossing about, just within his reach—the body of Warren. He drew it in; a glance satisfied him that the doctor was dead. He cursed with blasphemies such as he had never dared to voice before. As he looked down on the man who had held out the hand of hope to him he was minded to join him in death. For now his last chance was gone. But then, suddenly, inspiration came to him with his sight of Warren's face, so like his own. For a moment he stood trembling. Then: "By God—I'll do it!" he cried.

Shuddering a little he went through Warren's pockets. He found papers, letters of credit; all he needed to establish himself as Warren. Warren himself had told him those personal things that he needed to know; such lapses as there might be he felt himself clever enough to provide for. Not for a moment did he dream of a long continued deception; he wanted to impersonate Warren only long enough to feather his nest, to provide for his future.

And that he seemed sure to do. The lawyers in London accepted him, on the evidence of his papers and a photograph they possessed, without question. He cabled to Warren's wife; she returned an overjoyed answer. And, within two weeks, he was on his way back to America, plentifully supplied with money, and with the assurance of the lawyers that, as soon as certain formalities had been complied with, several hundred thousand dollars, the first installment of the estate of Warren's uncle, would be

forwarded to him. He would wait for that; then he would disabuse Warren's wife and vanish. After all—was he taking more than his due? Warren had meant to help him—probably he was as close a relative of the dead uncle of the money bags as Warren himself. Might he not be closer, indeed? Might he not be his son?

Mary Warren's anxiety after the news of the wreck had been mercifully brief. For a few days she had endured untold agony; then the cable had come. Her father had definitely recovered; he seemed sure now to live for many years. And Mason, the doctor to whom Warren's patients had been turned over, had gone away. He had tried to comfort Mary when the news of the wreck came; he had not been present when she received the cablegram sent by Dow in his double's name.

And it was, therefore, a dreadful shock to Mason when he returned to find that Warren was hourly expected. For—in Warren's death he had seen his chance. He had grown to love Mary Warren; he had known, however, that while Warren lived there was no chance for him. With Warren dead he felt that he might win her. And the revulsion was too much for him. Feeling that he was sure of her, his whole nature was undermined by the discovery that she was more remote than ever. And in that moment he determined to get rid of Warren. He might never have reached such a desperate determination had not the interval in which he supposed Warren to be dead given him a vision of happiness. Now, however, his mind was made up.

Dow, meanwhile, returning, was torn by a fearful doubt, a dreadful anxiety. He had succeeded incredibly so far; could he hope to continue to do so? Could he hope to deceive Warren's wife? There was the test. He dreaded it; yet, to gain all he hoped for, he must face it boldly.

She waited for him in the garden of their lovely house. And as he took her in his arms he knew that he was safe. She did not suspect him. But, even in that moment of triumph, the ghost of failure haunted him. For, even while he held Mary Warren in his arms, he saw, over her shoulder, an evil face, peering at him from the bushes. With a suppressed start he recognized it. It was a man with whom he had been associated in the days before he had made his great effort to reform—a pickpocket, named Swain. He had caught a glimpse of the man near the pier.

What had happened was all too plain. Swain, recognizing him, seeing him prosperous, had followed him! As soon as possible he got away from Warren's wife and went back, alone to the garden. And there Swain waited for him—with two others of his kind.

"We're on to youse," said Swain, without prelude. "We've got your game spotted, cul. An'—we won't split. Not if you treat us right. I've got the whole lay. Ten thou. apiece for us—and we're mum!"

Dow was not lacking in grit. In a moment he made up his mind.

"You can go to hell!" he said, savagely. "You're crazy—and you'll never dare split. I won't pay a cent. And I give you thirty seconds to get out of here!"

They slunk away. But there was that in their eyes that might have warned Dow. True, they dared not betray him. But they were the sort to strike in the dark. And, indeed, strike they did. For a week later Dow was brought to Warren's house, suffering from a dangerous wound, inflicted by a knife. He had been stabbed in the abdomen; his escape from instant death was remarkable. Mason, called in, showed the deepest concern; he said, however, that he thought there was no danger. In his secret heart he



They Fought Their Way Out of the Room and Down the Stairs

knew the truth; that the man who stood between him and the woman he loved would never leave his house alive. If the wound was not enough Mason knew what he would do.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, came Warren himself! He had not died. Fishermen had found him, just as his senses were returning. He had been stunned, not dead, when Dow had left him. But his mind had been a blank. Only the chance that had kept Dow from finding one paper, a letter from the London lawyers, had saved Warren from an asylum. They had answered the call; had seen at once his resemblance to the man who had come to them, and had seen to his care until he could account for himself. He had guessed

Dow's hand in the affair at once. And he had sailed for home, enjoining strict secrecy upon the lawyers, planning to catch Dow red handed.

Mary Warren, hovering over Dow's bedside, supposing him to be her husband, had seemed to the wounded man an angel. And, knowing himself near death, he had been moved to confess. He told her everything.

"I—I've been decent to you," he said, feebly. "You've wondered why I was so cold—but—"

She fled. She wanted to be alone with her grief, doubly terrible now, doubly hard to bear. And flying downstairs, she was in time to hear



"Frank", she cried, "Is it You—This Time?"

a servant scream:

"The master! And him upstairs!"

She started. Then she flew to the hall. And there was Warren, her own husband!

"Frank!" she cried. "Is it you—this time?"

In his arms she knew that she was safe at last. And then she told him of Dow, and of his confession and of his present danger.

"Poor devil!" said Warren. "He's weak—that's the worst of him. He confessed, you see—and he's done no great harm. I must go."

He went upstairs, quietly. And, as he en-

tered the room, he stopped. The wounded man was lying with his face turned away. By the bed was Mason. And as Warren looked he saw Mason furtively pour a few drops from a phial into a glass of medicine. A faint, pervasive odor came to Warren, and he started with horror. Then he saw Mason's face in a mirror. In it there was a look of such concentrated malice that Warren, all at once, understood. Mason thought he was lying there; he was trying to poison him.

"Here, old man—take this," said Mason. "It'll—"

With one leap Warren was at his side. He struck the glass from his hand. "You murderer!" he cried.

Mason shrieked once. Then he must have seen the truth. He seized a

chair for a weapon; the next moment he would have brained Warren with it. He was mad, stark mad for the moment. But it was Dow, the derelict, who received the blow. He had seen the danger; he intercepted the terrific blow. And then Warren, seeing that Mason had killed Dow, went mad with rage, as mad as Mason himself. They came to grips; they fought their way out of the room and down the stairs. Now Mason sought only to escape. But he was helpless. Only the coming of the police saved him. And, as he was dragged away, he saw Mary in her husband's arms.

Los Angeles--The Movie Mecca

(Continued from page 9)

possible for a company director to count absolutely upon the sunshine requisite for picture-making. The saving of money in this way alone must run into hundreds of thousands of dollars every year for the companies. One must add to this also the fact that constant employment is a notable factor against that demoralization of film companies, such as has been known to occur when several days of idleness have thrown scores of people out of the working mood.

In addition to the advantages of its climate Los Angeles has other advantages to offer to the motion picture makers. The existence of these points of preeminence has already brought the manufacturers out of the east, so that their enumeration here is not a lure, but a statement of facts already weighed in the balance.

But Los Angeles possesses many other advantages. The city itself furnishes about all that could be desired in the way of city sets. It has big hotels, sky scrapers, alleys, tenements, busy streets and huge stores. In the suburbs, Hollywood, Pasadena, and Glendale, can be found mansions of every style of architecture, Italian, English, Scotch, French, Eastern—what you will—from the millionaire's residence to the bricklayer's humble cottage.

A little further out—a short automobile ride—and the necessary settings for farm, ranch, river, waterfall and mountain scenes can be had. Even snow-capped mountains are at hand at almost any season. A few hours' ride brings one to desert scenery, to desolation enough to satisfy the most exacting director. Forests

there are too, any number of them, of every variety of tree and there are miles and miles of vineyards, wheat and alfalfa fields, and of truck gardens, of orange and lemon groves, olive and apple orchards.

Not far from the city are old Indian dwellings and caves which were used by the red men in days ago and there are the quaint and genuine old mission buildings which have furnished the background and, indeed, the story for many a photoplay.

A short journey in a steamboat and picturesque islands await the camera man and his victims, and it is not such a far call to the entrance to the Golden Gate, the oil fields and the gold and silver mines.

There is another feature of life in Los Angeles that the motion picture makers have found of immense value to them. There is no other city of its size in the United States that has this "local color" that Los Angeles possesses in its cosmopolitan population. Even New York lacks the Oriental element that makes for picturesqueness, even though it causes diplomatic complications. The Los Angeles Chinatown has grown, especially since the San Francisco fire, so that it is now quite as much a feature of the city as was the San Francisco Chinatown of the city farther north. Japanese are also common in Los Angeles and they, too, have their colonies. In California, also, so many of the Chinese wear their native costumes that their appearance is much more vividly picturesque than it is in the eastern states. East Indians,

some of them clad in the white robes and the turbans of their native country, are not uncommon on the streets. Mexicans, wearing wide, silver-braided sombreros and silver-braided coats, with clanking spurs and rattling silver watch chains, may be seen loitering around the street corners. Indians, no longer in war paint, but none the less alien, pass through the highways and byways. Russians there are, too, a large colony of them. And Southern California is the paradise of the Latin who comes to America.

Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, southern French, they find the climate of Southern California more suited to their temperaments and their habits than the colder places of the north. Throughout the state they are scattered, though they are more numerous in the vicinity of Los Angeles where access to market is easy from the small farms which they are cultivating.

The utilization of all these elements have made possible pictures that might actually have been taken in Italy, in France, in Poland, in Russia, even in China and Japan. One of the greatest pictures of Alaska ever produced was taken in Southern California with a truthfulness to Alaskan shore scenery that deceived even travellers familiar with the "last lone land."

With all these advantages it is easy to understand that unless an earthquake buries the city or the climate alters completely, that Los Angeles will continue to be the Mecca of the Manufacturers of Motion Pictures. In the course of time I fully expect to see most of the companies possess complete laboratories in Los Angeles and simply ship their positives to New York for distribution. Already several prominent companies are doing this and one at least is shipping its positives to Europe and it is quite in the realm of possibility that in time many of them will distribute their positives direct from their plants—in Los Angeles.

"The Call of the North"*A Wild Tale of the Snow Country*

FIVE-REEL LASKY FILM, FEATURING ROBERT EDISON.

WHEN Galen Albret, the factor at one of the trading posts of a great fur company in the northwest, married Elodie, daughter of one of the traders, he married the betrothed of Rand, a trapper and trader. And Rand, unable to revenge himself in any other way, poisons Albret's mind against his friend Graham Stewart, making him believe that Elodie and Graham love each other. Albret, who is absolute lord of the post, condemns Stewart to *La Longue Traverse*. This means that Stewart must start out, without food or gun, and try to reach the nearest settlement, five hundred miles away. Stewart knows that it is a journey of death and, before he starts out, sends his five-year-old son to his people in Montreal. And it is this son, grown to manhood, who comes back to the northwest twenty years later, lured by the desire to live in that wild country, and with the purpose in mind of discovering how his father had died. The laws of the company about trespassers are very severe, and Ned Stewart is a trespasser and as such is caught and brought before the factor, Galen Albret. The factor condemns him, as he did Ned's father, to take *La Longue Traverse*, the journey of death. In the meantime, Albret's daughter, Virginia, has fallen in love with young Ned Stewart, and pleads with her father for his life, but to no avail. But Rand, at the end of twenty years, confesses his crime. Albret tries to make amends by consenting to Ned's and Virginia's marriage.



Robert Edison Plays the Part of Young Ned Stewart



When Ned Meets Virginia, the Factor's Daughter, It is a Case of Love at First Sight



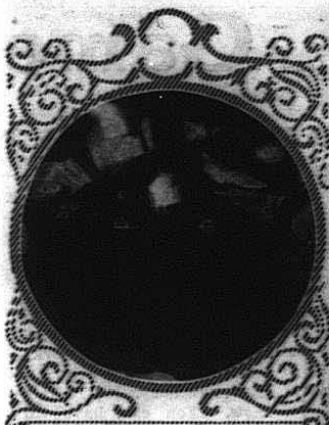
Ned Stewart Has Secured a Rifle and Has Only Just Started Out on His Journey of Death When He is Overtaken and Captured by One of the Factor's Indian Guides



Without any Hesitation, Galen Albret Condemns His Friend to Start Out on *La Longue Traverse*, the Journey of Death



The Company's Laws about Trespassing are Severe, and Young Ned Stewart is a Trespasser and is Therefore Taken Captive



What Black Abyss Now Shelters the Treasure-Box?



A Heated Discussion That Consigned the Box to the Hungry Sea



Florence's True Aim Had Driven Braine to Cover



Startling Information Confronted the Arch Villain



The Man at Jones' Side was Marked for Fate

"Million Dollar Mystery"

Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE 12—THE ELUSIVE TREASURE-BOX

CAST.

Stanley Hargreave, the millionaire... Alfred Norton
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter... Florence LaBadie
 Jones, Hargreave's butler... Sidney Bracey
 The Countess Olga... Marguerite Snow
 Braine, leader of the Black Hundred... Frank Farrington
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter... James Cruze
 Susan Farlowe, Florence's companion... Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS.

AS THE anchor arises from the water, a sailor on a tramp steamer, due to sail for the Bahamas, notices a strange box suspended from the iron prong—climbs down the chains—takes it from its uncertain position. As he smuggles it to his room, he wonders at its painted inscription: "Stanley Hargreave." Arrived at their destination, he attempts to take the box ashore—quarrels with a fellow sailor, and the box slips into the sea! About this time a mysterious stranger calls on Jones. Who is he—twin, double or—who? As Braine and Olga watch through the shrubbery, Braine raises his pistol to fire. Florence, through her window above, sees him, grasps a revolver, fires—Braine's right arm drops limp at his side! Upon the sailor's return, he talks volubly about the treasure-chest. Vroon hears—calls into service a man with a wonderful deep-sea diving record—and at the Bahamas the box is rescued from the sea. Brought north, it is hurried to the Black Hundred rooms. They crowd around it to view its contents. The lights go out. The box is gone; with it three Black Hundred members vanish! Who were the traitors?



An Ordinary Clothes-line was to Unveil Black Hundred Secrets!



The Tropic Seas Were to Tell Their Tale of Waiting Wealth!

The Moving Picture Game

V--Elevating an "Extra" Girl to Rank of Star

ENTERING the scenario house the next morning, I told the head of the department,

Bronzel, and the other office employees that I had found a purse near the studios and that if anybody made inquiry concerning it to send him to me. And then I fell energetically to work at my new task of reading and appraising manuscripts. The morning mail soon arrived, adding about 100 scripts to the several hundred lying in stacks on a table near my desk.

Referring now to the diary I then kept to record my experiences as an amateur in playwriting, I find that among the first scenarios I read that morning was a drama, accompanied by a letter from the owner of a brewery, in which he offered to pay a considerable amount of money to the company if it would produce his photoplay and ingeniously introduce in several of the leading scenes a bottle bearing the label of his malt product. He stated he desired to advertise the beer among theatre-goers. His idea was to have several score of film prints made and allow exhibitors everywhere to have free use of the film for several days. I referred his screed to Bronzel and he passed it on to the company heads who, I learned later, simply returned the script to its author as "impracticable."

Another scenario which I read was penned by an artist in La Belle France, and was illustrated with several dozen artistic water-color drawings of the costumes and most important scenes, which bore mute witness to the fact that the author had undoubtedly expended a great deal of time and labor in painting the cards. His drama depicted episodes in the life of Madame Pompadour and, as I did not care to reject it on my own initiative, I put the manuscript aside for Bronzel's scrutiny.

Shortly after 9 o'clock that morning Bronzel ushered into my presence a young woman, saying:

"This is Miss Brent. I believe she is the loser of a purse," and withdrew. Realizing that the champion cowgirl equestrienne of New Mexico and Arizona had come to claim her property, I looked up with eager curiosity and discovered a girl about twenty-five years, tall and well built, though she gave an impression of slimness, dressed in the loosely fitting outdoor garments. She was good-looking, slightly thin-faced, her eyes large, brown and clear and her skin brown and smooth. She wore a short khaki skirt and her hat, of gray felt, was decidedly mannish. Her appearance suggested a young woman who had lived much out of doors and could easily take care of herself, her dignity and her conscience in almost any situation.

I liked her at once and, desiring to "make" conversation, I asked:

"The purse you lost, what did it contain?"

"Mostly bills from people I owe money to," she answered, laughing. I opened a drawer in my desk, took out the purse and handed it to her. After she had thanked me I managed by a few friendly questions to get her to talk about herself.

"You see," she said, "I am an 'extra' girl here, but lately the directors have not been plugging on any Westerns and I haven't been able to get more than one or two days' work a week. I have my widowed mother to support. We live in a small cottage in the city and things have gone so rough with me financially that last week I had to sell my riding saddle for about half

By Frank M. Wiltermood

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY E. VAN NICE

what I paid for it two months ago. If you could help me in any way to get more work in the pictures, I and my mother would be very grateful."

She told me a



She Wore a Short Khaki Skirt and Her Hat, of Gray Felt, Was Decidedly Mannish

good deal about her mother and even more about her work; of her prowess as a horse-woman, of how she had made a pet of one of the company's steeds, "Jimmie," and had trained him to do all sorts of clever tricks.

Her frankness and her need aroused my sympathy and when I finally shook hands with her and she withdrew, I promised to see what I could do. A few minutes later, Bronzel, Hartman, manager of the studios, and Bruce, a director, came in hurriedly and Hartman said to me:

"This is Mr. Bruce, looking for a good three-reel Western or Indian-military to begin work on. His leading woman, Miss Heaton, fell ill last night, tying up the picture Bruce has been making the last five days and we can't go on with it until Miss Heaton recovers. Bronzel is writing a four-reeler and can't stop to aid Bruce. Now I want you to leave off reading scripts and dope out a feature. And say, there are about thirty cowboys and twenty Indians here, on the company's payroll, and these fellows board and lodge with us. There have been no pictures put on lately that required their services to any extent. They are eating their heads off—at the company's expense. Write them all into the drama you fix up for Bruce. Make 'em work. We'll use the old stage coach—and all the horses, too."

"Sure," I answered, smiling, nodding my head. "Sit down, Mr. Bruce," I continued, "and we'll talk it over."

As Bruce seated himself beside my desk, Bronzel and Hartman departed, unmercifully abandoning me to my fate as an emergency performer in rapid-fire scenario composition. Bruce asked me if I had any first class Indian-military melodramas on hand for him to look

over and get some good ideas. "Why no," I answered, hesitatingly, "but I think I might be able to write a scenario of that kind. You can give me a couple of days on the work, can't you?"

"Couple of days nothing,"

Bruce answered, impatiently. "I've got to get to work at once, to keep my actors and actresses busy. It's 10 o'clock now. You can have three hours to dope out the script. What sort of a story will it be?"

While Bruce rattled on I was sub-consciously remembering that greatest of all warriors against Red Men, Custer, and I replied slowly, almost nonchalantly:

"Oh, I'll write it around General Custer's exploits in Nebraska, in the River Platte country, and ring in everything I can about stage coaches, soldiers and cowboys fighting Indians and all that. Come back at 1 o'clock."

"Fine," said Bruce, rising. "I'll round up all my people, tell the Indians and cowboys to be ready at 1 o'clock and I'll make 300 or 400 feet of film yet before dusk. So long."

Bruce walked hurriedly out of the library. I leaned back in my swivel chair, lighted a cigar and gazed absently out of the nearby window at a flock of birds on the lawn, and meditated, as Mr. Pick-

wick once mused, on "the mutability of human affairs."

On the wall over my desk a large old clock ticked loudly and I fancied it was calling to me, "Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up; write it, write it, write it!" Staring out through the window, I noticed a young woman hurrying across the lawn, Lottie! An inspiration seized me to make use of her talents by putting her and the trick horse, "Jimmie," into the melodrama. Having had fifteen years' experience as a newspaper reporter and editor before becoming a scenario student, I had learned to make quick decisions and so I resolved that in the work confronting me I would do all in my power to help Miss Brent liquidate those debts she owed, by making her a star.

Hurrying from the room to the lawn, I beckoned to Miss Brent. She came quickly to my side, and I said:

"Miss Brent, I have arranged for you to play the part of an Indian princess in Bruce's next picture, on which he will begin work at 1 o'clock today. Go to the costume house, select the best outfit on hand and tell the head of that department to phone to me for an O. K. on the order. Dress yourself at noon, get the horse, 'Jimmie,' and be here at 1 o'clock ready to start in. Remember, you are to be the daughter of a Sioux chief—and don't plaster too much makeup on your face; simply stain it a light brown. Get a nice black wig and beaded head band, a la Hiawatha—you know the style."

Miss Brent's mouth involuntarily opened, her eyes dilated and she stared at me with a look half of surprised glee and half of dreamy disbelief.

"You aint kidding me, are you?" she queried, smilingly, wonderingly.

"Do as I tell you," I said, earnestly. "Be here at once."

She hurried away. I returned to the library. Calling into the room the most expert stenographer in the scenario department I began the composition of the film play. We worked silently, and at a rate of speed that I don't care to "put on" very often.

For Miss Brent I created the role of an Indian princess and made her appear prominently in almost all of the 165 scenes in the scenario. The story showed how the beautiful daughter of a Sioux chief was befriended by the white hero, one of General Custer's military lieutenants, how she grew to love him and rode madly to warn the whites of an impending attack by the Indians.

For the climax there was a battle between the Sioux and the soldiers, the latter being aided by a band of cowboys. The stage coach was featured, as were also several running fights between mounted whites and Indians. The blowing up of a river bridge by soldiers, while the structure was crowded with many fighting Sioux, formed a feature of the second reel.

When noon arrived the melodrama was two-thirds completed, and I asked the stenographer to forget about luncheon until the photoplay was finished. At a quarter to 1 o'clock Bruce came to the window, peered in at me and asked:

"Ready yet? Can I have what you have written of the script and the synopsis and cast?"

"Yes, here they are," I replied, raising the window and handing out the sheets. Bruce grasped the pages eagerly, sat down near the window and read the text. I quickly wrote the concluding part of the scenario, making the final, fade-out scene at five minutes to one. I called to Bruce as he entered the library. He asked, rather testily:

"Who is this Lottie Brent you've got starred up close to the camera in nearly every scene?"

I looked out across the campus and, there sure enough, was Miss Brent garbed as a Sioux beauty and astride of "Jimmie."

"There she is," I answered, boldly confident. "She is the best woman rough-rider in the country and I want you to give her this part. I wrote it for her and I know she will make good."

"You've got a lot of assurance," said Bruce, smiling cynically, "to cast people for me. How do I know that the girl will screen well?"

"Screen well?" I faltered. "What do you mean?"

"Why," Bruce answered, "a woman or man might be handsome, have the physique of an Apollo or a Diana and still, because of the color of the eyes and the general individual appearance, not look well on the screen. But it's too late now. I'll take a chance on Lottie. Thank you for your quick work on this script. Come up the valley this afternoon and see me grind off the film. Bring the 'order of scenes' with you. So long."

At 3 o'clock that afternoon I told Bronze that I would like to spend the rest of the day watching Bruce and his players make scenes in my rapidly-created photoplay. He told me to go ahead and enjoy myself, cheerfully adding that he would have another "scenarioist" employed in the department read the scripts piled up in the library. As I strolled up the valley, between the scenario house and the hills, I heard the sound of rifle cartridges exploding and I realized that Director Bruce was actively earning his salary of \$150 a week.

Guided by the noise of the conflict, I made my way into a somewhat rocky ravine partly covered with brush and trees and here I found the company at work. A road traversed the bottom of the canyon and this thoroughfare allowed the actors and horses enough room to portray episodes in the melodrama. As soon as Bruce espied me he came forward and I handed him the "order of scenes."

"How are things going?" I asked.

"Good," he answered, earnestly. Everyone was ready for work at a quarter to 2 and we got on the first location within ten minutes. I have 'shot' about 150 feet of film already. Don't you want to play a part for me, the colonel who rides to the fort with a company of troopers?"

"Sure," I answered, "lead me to it."

Bruce had one of the cowboys ride swiftly to the costume department and get a colonel's uniform, boots, sword, spurs and revolver. The cowboy returned in fifteen minutes, I quickly donned the suit, mounted a horse and Bruce rehearsed a company of cavaliers and myself in a scene where we were to ride down the gorge, discover a dying white man in the brush and convey him to the fort.

"Come on, fellows, we'll make it!" Bruce finally shouted, "ride up the ravine and come down when I give you the signal."

Having gotten into position up the canyon, we waited for Bruce's command.

"Get ready!" he yelled and then followed his running fire of shouts throughout the entire filming of the scene:

"Camera, one, two, three, go! Come on,



colonel. Ride in behind him, you soldiers. Keep a looking into the brush, fellows. Now raise up, you wounded white man and call to the soldiers. Look, colonel, you see him, jump off your horse and speak to the dying man. Roll your eyes, you, act like a man really dying. Now, colonel, tell your men to pick him up and put him across a horse. Good, that's good. Look out, you'll drop him. Lay across the horse, you dying man. Now come on, colonel, on to your horse. So, so. Now all of you ride right toward me and past the camera. Fine, that's out. How many feet, Mr. Camera man?"

"I got you fifty-seven feet on that," answered the machine operator.

Bruce covertly gave me a nod to come to him and we walked away from the throng. Bruce whispered to me, saying, "I guess I'll have to retake that scene. You showed too much horror on your face when you walked up to that dying man. Don't overact. Remember that you are a colonel. Why, you're a warrior—you've seen a million dead men. Show non-chalance next time. Now get back on your horse."

"I'll retake that scene," Bruce shouted, "it is good stuff."

Never stopping work until 7 o'clock in the evening, when the sun deserted the horizon in a typically glorious and golden Californian sunset, Bruce and his players worked like Trojans in feeding the ever-hungry camera with dramatic provender. The last scene filmed that day was "shot" in a deeply colorful sunset glow, to get silhouette effects around the cooling and billing of the white hero and his Sioux admirer, the beautiful Loeleetha, in private life, Miss Lottie Brent, the champion equestrienne of Arizona and New Mexico.

Two days later I watched Bruce direct the soldiers and Indians in their battle at the bridge, an old, condemned framework bought from the county. When the structure was crowded with Sioux, Bruce stopped the scene, made all the Indians get off the bridge and then the twelve dummy Red Men were propped up into standing positions at various places on the bridge floor. The soldiers meanwhile fixed a lot of powder under the structure and everybody moved back about 125 feet, to avoid explosion effects. The camera man had his machine partly shielded by a tree trunk.

Bruce gave the word, an electrician pressed a button, sending a current through a wire running to the explosive. With a mighty detonation the entire bridge framework was reduced to splinters and the dozen Sioux dummies, some of them rendered armless, legless or headless, went sailing in all directions. One of the make-believe Indians, apparently seeking stellar honors, hurtled himself straight toward the camera and, greatly mangled, fell hard on the spot

(Continued on page 30)



"Now Raise Up, You Wounded White Man and Call to the Soldiers"

Fortunes in the Movies

**Scores of Millionaires
Created by Craze for
Motion Picture Plays**

**Enormous Profits From Films
Made by Closely Held
Private Corporations**

**U. S. Court Decision Now
Opens Way for Others to
Share in Golden Harvest**

**Lewis Film Corporation Organized
to Establish Exchanges and
Manufacture Films**



A TYPICAL MOVING PICTURE AUDIENCE

Public Offered Chance to Enter Profitable Field Under Advantageous Plan

Among the business romances of the world none equals in vivid interest and astounding success the history of the growth and development of the moving picture industry, which, in half a dozen years, has created a score of millionaires and which is still in its infancy.

It is a matter of congressional record that over \$1,600,000 is paid in to the moving picture theatres of the United States alone every day of the year, or \$574,000,000 a year.

There are to-day approximately 25,000 moving picture theatres in this country. These charge prices ranging from 5 cents to \$1—and the majority of these are good paying theaters. That a number of them do not pay larger returns is due to the system which prevails in the marketing of the films.

With such an enormous field and such tremendous receipts it is only natural that the men behind the moving picture business should be doing all in their power to centralize the business and keep outsiders from entering the field.

Last year alone it is estimated that the leading motion picture companies cleared net profits of over \$50,000,000. Conditions have prevailed until recently which made it possible to centralize the power of these great firms. But the recent release of patents and the decisions of the United States Court of Appeals have made it possible for competing firms to enter the tremendously rich field.

NEED OF EXCHANGES FELT.

The great obstacle at present is the inability of independent concerns to market their films except through the three great distributing agencies. These are the General Film Company, the Mutual and the Universal. These three concerns are owned and controlled by the principal film manufacturing concerns. Under the anti-trust law they cannot exclude outside manufacturers.

These three great concerns provide through their exchanges the film programs for the movie

theatres. Of course, all theatres cannot get first service of films, as the number of weekly releases (as the distribution of new films are called in the profession) is limited. The result is that hundreds of theatres only receive their weekly programs after the same films have already been seen in other theaters and are no longer new.

These hundreds of theaters that show old films need a new exchange. They need new programs; they need attractions that have not been shown elsewhere, perhaps in the same neighborhood, even next door.

To give this new service and to offer an outlet for the dozens of independent manufacturers outside the golden circle has been organized the Lewis Film Corporation. It is the purpose of this new company to organize immediately a chain of exchanges all over the country. As soon as this claim will have been completed, giving a market for full daily programs, the Lewis Film Corporation will begin the manufacturing of films on its own account, meanwhile marketing the best American and foreign films available.

The great profits of the motion picture business is in the exchanges. These secure from the manufacturers the original films at a more or less standardized price. This price averages for ordinary films 10 cents a foot. The exchanges then rent these films to the exhibitors. A weekly service of four films a day for seven days ranges in price, according to the newness of the films, at from \$40 to \$350 a week.

BIG PROFITS IN EXCHANGES.

The average life of a film is about six months; that is, its earning period during which time it remains in good condition to be shown. After that the films begin to crack and show wear. Now, during that period of six months a thousand-foot reel averages in earning power about \$300. This gives an idea of the enormous profits to be made from the handling of films.

In a week it is learned that the General Film

Company, for instance, has cleared \$65,000 through its various exchanges. As this company is owned by ten film manufacturers, their profits are made not only from the manufacture of films alone, but from the distribution of the same through their exchanges. At this rate the General should have earned in a year over \$3,000,000.

The Lewis Film Corporation is prepared to establish a circuit of film exchanges all over the country, beginning with ten in the leading cities.

To do this it is offering to the public an opportunity to invest in its company. Hitherto the film business has been controlled through closely held private interests. The public has not been allowed to share. Every film concern has been a closed corporation with only a few owners. Film companies started on a "shoe string" have been built up into concerns rated to-day at several millions of dollars.

The Vitagraph Company, for instance, is said to have started with a capital of \$10,000. It is rated to-day at several million dollars. All the beginnings have been humble. The Universal was started by Carl Laemmle, an immigrant of only a few years' experience in the United States, who invested his first few hundred dollars in a movie theater in Chicago. To-day the Universal's profits are counted by millions.

Selig, Kleine, Spoor, Anderson, Lubin, Pathe and the dozen other magnates of the film world began with small investments which to-day are worth many millions.

A CHANCE TO SHARE IN PROFITS.

But all these men held to their stock and allowed only such capital to enter as was needed to start the ball rolling and get going.

The Lewis company is offering the general investing public a chance to share in the rich harvest.

The Lewis company is a reorganization of the Chicago Film Exchange, which was formed in 1906 as a distributing agency. At that time the independent film concerns were in litigation of a most costly character with the original film

patent holding company. This litigation, which has at last been settled in the United States courts, opens the way to a resumption of proposed plans for the establishment of an independent film manufacturing and jobbing company.

The Lewis Film Corporation is organized with a capital of \$700,000 under the laws of the state of Maine.

Of this amount \$250,000 is in preferred 7 per cent stock, and \$450,000 in common stock. To establish a string of exchanges will cost on an average of \$10,000 each.

This money is invested in films, a ready, negotiable asset always worth its face value, or nearly so, even under forced sale. To raise the necessary fund to establish these exchanges it is proposed to sell the entire issue of \$250,000 of preferred stock, giving with each share of preferred one share of common stock as bonus.

This common stock is dividend bearing and all earnings over and above the 7 per cent interest on the preferred stock and the sinking fund are payable to the holders of common stock.

PLAN OF REORGANIZATION IS FAIR.

The \$200,000 worth of common stock over and above that given as a bonus to purchasers of preferred stock is accepted by the Lewis company for their interests in the assets of the various Lewis companies which become part of the Lewis Film Corporation and are now owned by this corporation. These include the Chicago Film Exchange and its branches; the Lewis Pennant Feature Company of New York, which imports foreign film negatives and makes positives from them; contracts with foreign film manufacturing companies for their product in this country; films already on hand, lithographs, printed matter, machinery, copyrights, patents, trade marks, good will and other assets, as follows:

Statement of June 30, 1914:	
Accounts receivable due from exhibitors	\$ 18,271.48
Cash in hand and in banks	5,474.27
Organization	737.45
Furniture, fixtures, equipment, etc.	2,214.71
Films and Merchandise, lithographs, printing, machinery, etc.	48,505.11
Exclusive contracts, copyrights, good will, trade marks	120,000.00
Total	\$205,203.12

For these tangible assets the company accepts \$200,000 in common stock, which does not participate in the profits of the new company until the annual 7 per cent interest is paid on the preferred stock, and \$50,000 has been set aside for the sinking fund.

To insure absolute honesty in the financial management of the company, and as a safeguard to the interests of the investors, it has been arranged to retire annually from the earnings of the company \$50,000 in preferred stock. After the dividends have been paid on the issue of \$250,000 in preferred stock, the sum of \$50,000 will be set apart every year to retire at par the preferred stock. This will eventually give the investors their common stock free at cost. All earnings above the interest on preferred stock and the \$50,000 retiring fund will then be divided among the holders of the common stock.

INVESTORS ARE PROTECTED.

The honesty and advisability of this plan is evident.

In the first place, the original founders of the company participate only in the common stock and do not receive returns from their holdings until the holders of preferred stock have received their dividends and the sinking fund has been set aside. In the second place, the investors are protected by receiving back their investment plus 7 per cent interest in a period of approximately five years or less. Thirdly, they retain the dividend bearing common stock, which will receive the earnings of the company after the 7 per cent annual dividend is paid and the preferred stock is retired. This plan comes nearer to being a realization of "having your cake and eating it, too," than any ever offered to the public.

As soon as the string of exchanges has been established—and ten of these will be established as fast as the money for them is realized from this sale of stock—the Lewis Film Corporation will open a plant for the manufacture of films. The producing plant will be located in Southern California, where the conditions are ideal for

the purpose, as it is possible to take pictures there in the open practically all year around. In California very little of the tremendously expensive indoor equipment is needed, as a majority of even the indoor scenes are taken in the open without expense for artificial lighting or mammoth indoor studios. These indoor studios are expensive and are fast being abandoned by producers, who are realizing the advantages of taking pictures outdoors. The Selig Company recently closed its mammoth Chicago plant, owing to the great expense of conducting it, and the example of this big company is being followed elsewhere.

MARKET FOR MANUFACTURERS.

Meanwhile the exchanges will not be lacking in material. There are a dozen or more independent film manufacturing concerns in the United States with no reliable market for their product. These will welcome the formation of this company with enthusiasm and assurances have already been received of plenty of native film. In addition the Lewis Film Corporation has the exclusive American rights to the output of several of the leading foreign film manufacturing concerns.

Mr. Harry Lewis is in Europe at present extending this work and reports exclusive contracts with the Deutscher Biograph, the Wilhelm, the Jokisch, the Dekage, the Werner, and the Monopole, all of Berlin, and agreements (not exclusive with the Milano, the Drankoff, the

inclusive of special feature films. This feature service is extra. Special films like "The Adventures of Kathlyn," "The Million Dollar Mystery," "The Perils of Pauline," and "Lucile Love," are specials and paid for extra.

As soon as the producing plant is equipped and ready for work it will make a specialty of special films of this character. Another important addition will be the organization of a new film service. Already Mr. Harry Lewis is planning for this abroad and negotiations are now on the way to secure such a service in this country. When these negotiations are successful the Lewis Film Corporation will have the finest news feature service in the world. Plans are not sufficiently advanced to make any announcements of this character at this time. But this will be one of the early developments as soon as the string of distributing exchanges is established.

EARNING CAPACITY OF EXCHANGES.

Now as to the earning capacity of the exchanges.

This is naturally a matter of great importance. No exaggerated statements need be made to show how large these can be.

The most conservative estimates are so large that even these can be discounted and still show an amazing chance for profit.

Last year, in spite of tremendous difficulties, due to lack of connecting branches, the Chicago Film Exchange cleared over \$18,000.00.

This one exchange alone therefore cleared enough to pay the interest on the entire issue of preferred stock.

Figuring the lowest possible amount of the earnings of the ten first exchanges at \$5,000 each, we have a total of \$50,000 a year net earnings from the ten first exchanges. As fast as these ten exchanges are in working order ten more will be established, doubling the earning capacity of the company to \$100,000 a year, which will mean that after the dividend on the \$250,000 of preferred stock is paid, which amounts the first year to \$17,500, and the retiring fund of \$50,000 is set aside for the retirement of the first block of preferred stock, the holders of common stock will receive \$32,500 in dividends, or over 11 1/2 per cent dividend on their common stock which cost them nothing.

The second year, with only \$200,000 preferred out at the same ratio of earnings, the dividend would be \$14,000 and the retiring fund \$50,000, making \$64,000 to be deducted from the earnings.

During the second year at least ten more exchanges should be established which would increase the earnings another \$50,000, making a splendid showing of \$150,000 from which to deduct the fixed sum of \$64,000, leaving \$116,000 to be divided among the holders of common stock. At the end of five years, when the entire issue of preferred stock will have been retired, the common stock will receive all the earnings, which by that time should be 100 per cent on the original amount invested, which by this time has been returned, although still earning.

ESTIMATES ARE CONSERVATIVE.

The possibilities of the company are so dazzling that it is with difficulty that conservatism is kept within bounds. And this, mind you, is not based on inflated figures, but on the most conservative estimates. Before the Lewis interests became entangled in litigation with the patents company it had established a little circuit of exchanges. There were eight of them located at Omaha, Washington, Atlanta, Nashville, Salt Lake, Denver and San Francisco. As the litigation drew more and more heavily on the resources of the company these film exchanges were sold to realize cash to meet the heavy cost of legal battling.

During the years 1906, 1907 and 1908, when the film business was still in its infancy, these eight exchanges cleared over \$250,000 in net profits. These earnings are a matter of record on the books of the Chicago Film Exchange.

Max Lewis and Henry Lewis, managers of the Lewis Film Corporation, are pioneers in the film business. They began during 1902 taking the early films on the road and exhibiting them as curiosities in small towns and at country fairs.

In 1904 they first organized the Chicago Film Exchange. It provided film plays for the vaudeville theatres that at that time showed them as a novelty as part of their regular programme. Most people will remember when most vaudeville shows ended with a showing of a short film of perhaps 200 feet. It was



A DOZEN MILLIONAIRES OF THE MOVIES

Left to Right — Top Row: Sigmond Lubin, Theo. A. Edison, Harry E. Aithen, Marcus Loew; Second Row: G. M. Anderson, Adolph Zukor, Geo. K. Spoor, Aaron Jones; Third Row: Carl Laemmle, Wm. H. Selig, Chas. J. Hite, Jesse L. Lasky.

Duskes, the Elko, the Künstfilm, the Measter, the Skandinavisk, the Berlin Vitascopie, and the Ambrosia, all big foreign concerns. These contracts insure a plentiful supply of foreign film of the very highest grade.

The American output of film will be equally satisfactory, as many companies that are now struggling because of lack of market for their product will be enabled to manufacture films at a profit now that the new exchange will afford them a dependable market for their output.

The policy of the Lewis company will be liberal and helpful. It will be in position to give right from the start full daily programmes to any number of theatres that are now clamoring for additional exchanges.

A READY FIELD IS OPEN.

That there is a field for their programmes can easily be ascertained in any city of importance where theaters are in conflict over programmes. Now they are at the mercy of the three big exchange concerns. The number of theatres that can receive exclusive releases is extremely limited in each neighborhood. The others have to take the leftovers and the worked over films that have already been shown in the same neighborhood. The "first release" theatres pay well for this service. The proof of the fact is that the majority of first release houses pay in the neighborhood of \$200.00 for their weekly service, not

a curiosity. Indeed at the time very few, even of the pioneers of the film field, realized the tremendous future of the business, and it is a matter of just at present that George A. Spahr, one of the present great film magnates, used to ignore requests for service from nickel theatres, printing on all of his stationery "Nickel Theatres Save Your Postage."

OPEN FIRST BRANCH EXCHANGES.

In 1907 the Lewises opened a branch exchange in Louisville and found so much encouragement that further branches were opened later in the other cities. In 1912 the Lewises began to see the possibilities of the producer of films. Max Lewis had been a founder and was treasurer of the Melies Company. This company had its own fight with the patents company and the Lewises were drawn into it through their Feature Films Sales Company and the Phoenix Film Company, a manufacturing company of which they were principal owners.

Litigation was of the most bitter character and tremendously expensive, and they were hard pressed, losing most of the profits they had accumulated in fighting what was then called the Film Trust. The final decision which vindicated them left them in bad shape financially but strong in their faith in the future of the business.

It was at this time that the struggles of the independent manufacturers suggested to Mr. Max Lewis the plan for marketing the output of these producers. The cost of producing negative film is figured in a general way to average about \$1.00 a foot. The average standard price of positive film is figured 10 cents a foot to the exchange. Now the independents in order to keep their factories open have been compelled to sell at 6, 7 or 8 cents a foot in addition to having to sustain costly promotional expenditures. These firms will be delighted to make a reasonable profit on their films through the Lewis Film Corporation's exchanges.

The Lewises, Max and Philip, bring to the new corporation the fullest and most complete experience. They were real pioneers in the movement. They know the business from the producing of film to the ultimate marketing of it through foreign exchanges. Their connections abroad are splendid so that films that have been shown here can be sold in foreign countries at a final profit.

Following is a list of films owned by the Lewis Film Corporation, and length of each in reels:

The Fatal Emerald (2); Soul Mates (3); The Stain (2); Twenty Years in Sing Sing (2); Life or Death (2); The Ex-Convict (2); Meyer Josephovits (3); James Patterson (4); In a Thief's Power (3); Blood Will Tell (3); My Boy (4); Tracked by Wireless (3); In a Gilded Cage (3); The Broken Melody (3); The Hidden Message (3); Private Secretary (3); Pawn Broker's Daughter (2); Deceived to Die (3); The Daughter of the Stage (3); The Common Law (2); The Airman's Secret (2); Way of Justice (3); Iron Hand (Int'l Conspiracy) (3); Reconciled (2); A Mountain Rescue (3); A Girl's Atone-ment (2); A Woman's Honor (3); The Master's Voice (2); Siege of Petersburg (2); Living Grave (Written in Blood) (3); Power of Fate (2); The Fatal Mask (2); Dagmar (Incendiary) (3); Death or Divorce (3); Sealed Lips (3); Captain Scott's South Pole Ex. (2); Blood of the Father (4); Apache Bride (4); Theo. Koerner (4); A Race for Gold (Their Lives for Gold) (2); Victims of Alcohol (2); For Her Father's Sake (3); Blindness of Courage (3); Twist Life and Death (3); Four Footed Hero (2); The Unwritten Law (3); The Civilian (2); The Queen's Necklace (2); The Conquest of the Pole (2); Elzommar vs. Nick Carter (4); Garden of Love (3); Fall to Death (3); Big Rock's Last Stand (2); Dare Devil Rescue (3); Mendel Beilla (Terror of Russia) (3); The Land Smugglers (Detective W. S. Burns) (3); When Lee Surrenders (2); Frontier Mystery (2); Carmen (The Bandit's Daughter) (3); A Woman's Path of Sorrow (3); Aviator (Journalist's Wife) (3); Notre Dame de Paris (3); The Loan Shark (3); The Embroider (3); Prison on Cliff (2); When Love Dies (3); Passion Play (3); Arrah-Na-Pogue (3); Her Secret (2); Taxicab 1006 (3); Escaped from the Asylum (2); Ticket of Leave Man (2); When U. S. Was Young (2); Saved in Mid Air (Black Hawk) (3); Mystery of the Main (3); Redemption (2); Nellie the Lion Tamer (2); Balkan War (2); Siege of Calais (Colored) (2); The Shaughran (3); When Woman Loves (3); The Struggle of the Strong (3); His Terrible Secret (2); The Stage (3); Garden of Love (3); Grip of the Usurer (3);

Mystery of Hearts (3); Night on the Atlantic (3); The Wreck (3); Black Thirteen (3); Vanity Fair (3); Sympathetic Strike (2); An Eye of a God (4); When the Earth Trembled (3); Woman Against Woman (4); Justice of Love (3); Faust (2); Woman in Black (3); Master Hand (3); Colonel's Ward (2); Father's Curse (2); Three Five and Flame (3); Green Shadow (2); Slaughter (4); Two Brothers (2); Bohemian Girl (3).

LIST OF SINGLE REELS—Cutty and the Twins; Homestead Race; Reflections from the Firelight; Strip Poker; Cub Reporter Scoop; Willie; Aunt Maria's Substitute; Man or Maid; Discontented Women; Trouble Kiss; Trouble Makers; Bedelia as Suffragette; Fortune Wheel; O'Hara's God Child; Power That Rules; Billy Surrenders; Over the Ridge; Parasite; On the Trail; Traded Thru the Hills; Cowboy's Vindication; Deserted Shaft; Unknown Model; Bound to a Cur; Count of No Account Melody; Frontier Days of Cheyenne; Weapon; Curse Gambling; Blind Man's Tact; Only the Iceman; I Never Said a Word; Adventure Millionaire; His Mother; Message in Bottle; Buffalo Ranch; Dope Head Clancy; Village Rival; Cowboy Fugilist; Leap Year's Comedy; Tripoli; St. Paul; King George's Coronation; Easter Celebrated; Roddy O'Moore; Tangled Courtship; Hickville Epitaph; Sheriff's Punishment; Will of Providence; Girl Detective Race; For Washington; Cure for Pookitis; Dream; Aloy, the Wild Man; Editor; Medicine Woman; Model's Redemption; Land Baron San Tre; Bended Debt; Idol's Eye; Cole Du Rensal; Child's Judgment; Louise Miller; St. Cecilia; The Christian; Resurrection of Lazarus; Prodigal Son; Italian Soldiers Training; North Pole Cruise; Colonel's Errand; Knight Templars Conclave; Queen Elizabeth's Ring; Rendents; Military Tournament; Celebrated Case; Inauguration of Taft; Washington in Danger; Funeral of General Booth; Discontentment Evidence.

CONTROL VALUABLE FILMS.

They already own by right or purchase films of a wide variety. These are all feature films running in length from 2 to 4 reels of 1,000 feet each. The term "reel" commercially now means a film of 1,000 feet. They have therefore already on hand 258 reels of feature film. These 258 reels are of original film. They represent a tremendous asset right at the start. In addition are many new reels being received by the Lewis Pennant Company from abroad. The Lewis Pennant Company, which is absorbed by the Lewis Film Corporation, was organized for the purpose of buying negatives of films and printing from them as many positives as would be required. This is done especially with the foreign films which are brought to this country under exclusive contract. From these negatives are printed the positives which are exhibited in the theatres. From each negative an average of 80 positives is printed at a little more than the actual cost of raw film. The profit from these is very large, as the 80 positives each average a net income of about \$200 apiece. This is another great source of income. Eighty positives averaging in cost \$100 and bringing in \$300 show a profit each of \$200 and the eighty positives alone should therefore earn in the neighborhood of \$16,000 per reel. It does not take long to run into big money, as every week a release of an average of 28 new reels means in the course of a year 10,220 reels a year, all earning an average of \$200 clear before they are worthless. This means that the releases of the year will earn \$2,044,000.

POSSIBILITIES ARE ENORMOUS.

It is these enormous figures of possibilities that make the prospects of this company so great.

In the estimates of the earnings of the exchanges no account has been made of the earnings of the manufacturing end of the business, which will be exploited for all it is worth. It is this combined producing and marketing feature that makes the present offer of stock such a tempting one.

A few of the film concerns market their stocks. These stocks have been issued from the new high capitalizations of the producing firms and generally represent not the capitalized investment, but the capitalized earning power of the companies.

In spite of this fact all these stocks are earning big dividends and are all quoted way above par. This company offers investors a chance to get into a company where every dollar of stock will represent, not earning capacity, but actual assets in tangible property, the same being the films with which each exchange will be stocked.

The board of officers of the company includes as president Mr. Max Lewis, a young man, but

WHAT IT COSTS TO MANUFACTURE AND MARKET THE FILMS

The owner of a studio where actors and actresses are employed, and where the actual films are made, is known as a "producer."

To produce the original negative costs approximately \$1.00 per foot, or \$1,000.00 for the average 1,000 foot film, a standard length. This cost includes the salaries of players, directors, light, rent, etc. The producer then makes from this original film about 40 positives. The "positives" are the films used in the machines which throw the picture on the screens. The Producer sells these positives to exchanges at an average of 10 cents per foot, the cost of making them being 4 cents per foot. For 40 copies at 10 cents per foot the producer therefore receives \$4,000.00, while his actual outlay is \$1,000.00 for the original negative, and \$1,000.00 for the copies, thus leaving him a profit of \$2,000.00 on each film he manufactures. Several producers turn out six of the 1,000 foot films per week.

The exchanges, on the other hand, pay 10 cents per foot for each copy of the original, and then rent the positives to exhibitors for an average rental of \$3.50 per night, so that in thirty days the positive has paid for itself, and still has five months of life, during which time an additional 500 per cent is made. So that for a positive for which it has paid \$100.00 the exchange receives in rent in six months \$625.00, or thereabouts.

one of the powers and pioneers in the film business; Mr. Philip Lewis, vice-president, who has been associated with the Lewis enterprises since their inception and is now the New York manager of the company's interests; Mr. Lou M. Houseman, director, who is the Western manager of the tremendous theatrical enterprises of Al H. Woods, the big New York theatrical producer who has recently produced such tremendous successes as "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Yellow Ticket," "The Crinoline Girl," "Julian Eltinge," etc. Mr. Houseman is known from one end of the country to the other as a theatrical and sporting promoter of great success. Mr. Richard Kann, General Manager of the American Safety Valve Company, the largest corporation of its kind in this country, and a business man of the highest standing, also a director, and Mr. J. M. Handley, theatrical manager, newspaper and magazine writer and promotional advertising expert, as the third director. Benjamin Strasburg, a retired capitalist and business man, will be the treasurer. Herman Waldman, prominent attorney, will be secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS CONTROL COMPANY.

Holders of stock will have full voting power and as they will control the majority of the stock at all times the vote of the stockholders will be deciding in all matters.

The absorbed Lewis companies, including the Chicago Film Exchange, the Chicago Feature Film Company, the Lewis Pennant and the other concerns taken in under the reorganization, will receive only \$200,000 worth of common stock for their holdings, and even when the preferred stock will be entirely retired will control only four-ninths of the voting stock, which leaves the complete control in the hands of the investors, with full power to elect new officers or to determine the policy of the company should its management prove unsatisfactory to a majority of the stockholders.

An idea of the tremendous earning capacity of the films is shown by a recent statement issued by the management of the Orpheum Theatre Company of Chicago for the last year. In 1913 this theatre, which is owned and managed by Jones, Linnick and Schaefer, played to a total of 2,643,571 persons, taking in therefore a total of \$264,357.10, the regular admission being ten cents. And this is a small theatre accommodating only about 500 persons.

The proposition offered to the investing public is recommended because of its safety, its conservatism, its honorable and fair plan of dealing with the investors and the splendid possibilities for superior returns. The stock will be sold at a par value of \$5 a share, each share carrying with it a bonus of one share of common stock, also of the par value of \$5—

so that the stock is actually offered at 50 cents on the dollar.

MONEY TO ESTABLISH EXCHANGES.

The investors' money is to be used in establishing the circuit of exchanges and will be spent for films with which to stock these exchanges. These films will be most carefully selected from those offered for sale by manufacturers and selection will be made with full knowledge of conditions and public demands.

For instance, the trend of the times is all towards short films. The demand for long feature films is decreasing every day. The exhibitors all agree that the one reel and split reel films are the most popular. A split reel is one on which two films are shown in the 1,000 feet.

Ahead, where the taste of the public has overshadowed the policy of American producers, it is said that four or five reel films are no longer popular and that the public demands more variety and action for its money. This is natural. If you enter a movie theatre while a five reel feature is being run and arrive when it is half over you have to sit through two or more reels of a play of which you do not know the beginning and find it hard to understand what is occurring. You then have to sit on to see the beginning and see the play backwards, as it were. It is like opening a new book in the middle, reading to the end and then reading the first part. This is always unsatisfactory.

With one reel, or at the utmost two reel films, you do not have to miss much no matter when you enter the theatre, and always get an enjoyable programme. In following out this policy the Lewis Film Corporation will make up its programme of one reel films, split reels and an occasional specially meritorious two reel film.

FORTUNES IN SPECIAL FILMS.

Big fortunes have been made with special feature films, and once in a while one of these will be made and marketed through the exchanges. These will also be shown independently, being booked like regular theatrical attractions. Some of these feature films have cleared enormous sums for their producers. "The Traffic in Souls" is said to have cleared a net profit over cost of manufacture amounting to \$25,000 the first week it was exhibited. Its average earnings afterwards are said to have averaged \$50,000 a week during the life of the film, with grand total of nearly \$2,000,000.

With the producing and marketing facilities of the Lewis Film Corporation it will be possible to produce feature films of this character from time to time, greatly adding to the income of the company. But the policy of the company will be ever conservative, depending on the steady demand for programmes which exists and which must be satisfied. It is on these earnings alone which the directors of the company are making their appeal to conservative investors. The rest will come later.

It is anticipated that there will be a great demand for this issue of stock, so those who contemplate investment are urgently requested to make their applications at the earliest possible moment. A coupon is attached for those who want to subscribe immediately and one for those who wish to be further informed in regard to the affairs of the company, its projects and its purposes. Fill out either of these coupons and mail at once. The fiscal agents reserve the right, should the issue be over-subscribed, to allot the shares pro rata to applicants so that the greater number may be given a chance to buy this stock.

It is planned to sell the whole issue of preferred stock under this plan without reservations. The common stock will not be offered

for sale separately and the issue of \$250,000 of common stock allotted to the public will all be given as bonus stock to purchasers of the preferred.

GREAT FUTURE IN "MOVIES."

The "Movies" have come to stay. They are growing stronger and better every day.

The great theatrical men of the world are alive to this fact and on the roster of film producers will be found the names of those famous all over the world in the realm of the theatre. Where formerly the "movie" was housed in converted stores and make-shift theatres, they today occupy million dollar theatres on the greatest avenues of business in the world. No estimate can be made of the amount of money now invested in this business. It is believed to be \$500,000,000. Yet the business is still in its infancy, scarcely out of its swaddling clothes.

Today some of the biggest and finest theatres in the world are being used to show moving picture programmes.

Theatres that for ages had appealed only to the rich, with admissions excluding all, but those who can afford to pay well for their amusements, are now catering to the small purses with photoplays.

Every city has its dozens of "movie" houses and every village, no matter how remote, has its picture house if only for a day or two days a week.

Sixty thousand picture theatres in the world are catering to this demand. Twenty-five thousand of them are in the United States alone, and more would spring up if they believed they could be provided with programmes.

Thousands of men and women are working in the new field. Tens of thousands are interested in picture theatres. Great syndicates controlling strings of theatres are being formed all over the country. In New York alone Marcus Loew, who only a few years ago was selling newspapers on the streets of New York, now has twenty-eight picture theatres and is counted many times a millionaire.

Jones, Linick and Schaefer, the Chicago theatre men, began in a penny arcade, showing moving pictures in the box affairs which were operated by dropping a penny in the slot. Today they are rated as millionaires and have taken over several of the biggest theatres in Chicago, including McVicker's, the most historical theatre in the West, and for which they are said to pay an annual rental of \$50,000, the Colonial, one of the finest theatres in the world; the Studebaker, one of the handsomest theatres in Chicago, and a score of minor theatres where they are catering to the love of the public for motion pictures. Above we quoted as a sample of earning power of these theatres, the receipts of the little Orpheum Theatre in Chicago.

NEW MILLION DOLLAR THEATRES.

Two new million dollar theatres have been built in New York within the last year solely for exhibiting motion pictures. These are the Strand and the Vitagraph theatres. Vitagraph features are shown. And the business is only really about six years old. What will it be when it has attained its full growth and the field is covered as it might be? The possibilities are so big that they beggar imagination.

This opportunity for investment offers the general investing public a chance to obtain a share of the tremendous earnings of the business. It offers a safe investment with tremendous speculative possibilities something very few other investing possibilities afford.

The investors are guaranteed by the character of the investment. Their money is not to be spent in speculative enterprises. There is

none of the uncertainty that attends the investment in mining, development, land or other enterprises. It is going into films, into opening up a market for films which exists already and which is crying for such a service.

The films in which the money will be invested are a tangible asset on which it is possible to realize quickly if necessary. The purchasers of these stocks are not asked to pay a big price for another person's business, as the Lewis company's patents, contracts, films, assets are all paid for in stock, not in cash.

In return for \$250,000 in common stock the Lewis companies turn over a going business, not one that needs to be started, and a ready income that is already sufficient to pay the annual dividend on the issue of preferred stock.

As fast as new exchanges are established they will begin earning more. These will all be in charge of competent exchange managers. They will all begin at once to extend the scope of the company's work and every exchange established will soon be on a paying basis and earning money.

There are already on file in the offices of the Lewis company enough applications for the Lewis Film Service to insure this. And every day will see the scope of the company grow. As its activities develop so will its earning powers. And when the exchanges are all running the most conservative estimates made by the Lewis company are that every exchange will earn over 100 per cent on its investment. In making these announcements these figures have been discounted by half to be safe. Even at half the earnings will be great enough to satisfy any investor.

DON'T DELAY TAKING ACTION.

If you are interested fill out either of the attached coupons and mail at once. If desired arrangements can be made to pay for the stock in four installments. Pay \$1 a share down and \$1 a month until fully paid for. Anyone can meet these easy payments out of surplus earnings. This little investment may be the beginning of a fortune.

One hundred shares of preferred stock worth \$500 with the one hundred shares of common stock may in a few years insure you an income for life on which you can live without worry. And in five years you should have received back your original investment, while your common stock will be earning you a comfortable income for life.

This stock is fully paid up and non-assessable. It is all voting stock and every share of stock has its voice in the affairs of the company.

The management of the company will remain vested in its stockholders, and as the majority of the stock will be in the hands of the investors and not in the hands of its projectors, the investors will have the full decision in all affairs of the company.

INVESTORS FULLY PROTECTED.

There could not be a more equitable arrangement for the protection of the interests of the stockholders. Remember not one cent goes to the Lewises for their good will, copyrights, trademarks, tangible assets or property. It is all to be expended in establishing exchanges and securing a plant for manufacturing films.

Of the five directors having voice in the affairs of the company up to the time the stockholders take hold and elect officers, three are independent, giving them the control of the organization, while two are members of the old Lewis firm. This is an added precaution for the protection of investors.

Of these three none has had any previous connection with the Lewis company.

RICHARD KANN,

Fiscal Agent Lewis Film Corporation,
1821 Republic Bldg., State and Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

I herewith enclose \$_____ as _____ payment on

_____ shares of Preferred Stock of the Lewis Film Corporation, at \$5.00 a share, same to carry a bonus of one share of Common Stock for every share of Preferred as per your offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

RICHARD KANN,

Fiscal Agent Lewis Film Corporation
1821 Republic Bldg., State and Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me full particulars of the subscription sale of stock in the Lewis Film Corporation. It is understood that this request in no way obligates me to subscribe for the stock of the company.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

"Extras"

(Continued from page 12)

even try to look sorry and I haven't seen the kids in any pictures yet. Gimme another match, you've got me talking and I can't keep this weed lit.

"We got lots of regulars here as you noticed this morning. All ages too. They come around every morning and let me see they're around, old men and women and young men and girls. I know just what they can and can't do, and whether certain directors like 'em or not, and parcel 'em out where they will fit in best. Sometimes there is nothing for them to do and some of 'em will go home and others will hang around to see what happens.

"I get some real pathetic cases at times. People who have no chance in the world of getting a job and they bring all sorts of tales of woe. Now and again I get a real find, but mighty seldom. You know Miss —? She's making good all right. As pretty as can be and willing and real clever I think. She came in here almost in rags and when I told her she couldn't get a job with that dress on anyhow, she turned round on me and asked me to lend her enough to get a dress she could apply in and I was fool enough to do it. I don't know why, something in her 'way,' I guess. She paid me back long ago and brought me a big box of cigars to boot. She's got a little sister she's sending to school and was just scraping along to keep the kid going. Well—I guess she's all right now.

"Some of the boys get me fighting mad. They stand around and make remarks about other people applying for work and if there is any particularly pretty girl in the place, will josh me about flirting with her. Say, that makes me tired every time. A fellow can't talk decently to a girl without some cuss making game of him. If I wanted to take up flirtations with some of the girls I could do it all right, but I don't and that's why I hold my job.

"One of the regulars is 'Mother —' She came in here a year and a half ago a little wrinkled woman with a timid voice. She told me her daughter was dead and that she was bringing up her grandson, a delicate boy, and she wanted to know if I would try and get him in some picture or get her in so that she could dress him and school him. Director — happened to be in here at the time and he put his arm round her and said she was just the very type he wanted for a scene he was putting on. I remember the old lady wept, but she did right well.

"There is one whole family that work extra here—seem to prefer it to going into stock. They are all good too. The father is a heavy and character man and a useful one at that, and he draws down his five per nearly every day in the year; the mother takes matrons and society dames and is just fair; the daughter is pretty but not much of an actress, but she

gets lots of work as maids and society buds in the background and her little sister is some peach, and gets more than all of the others. She is good for seven and a half a day every time and her small brother gets work quite regularly too. They are a nice family and the kids are well taught and they have to behave themselves, too, you bet.

"We seldom have any real trouble with our extras. Now and again there is a disturbance, but it is always with mobs engaged from outside. Not so long ago there were some strike scenes and the extras themselves 'struck' and said they wouldn't go on unless they got an extra dollar each. The director was no coward and he told them that they would be ready in ten minutes. And take their orders or they could walk home. They were some distance out, too, so he cinched matters by having all the lunches put into the automobiles and instructing the chauffeurs to drive off with them the moment he gave the word. This brought the strikers to their senses and they did their work. But that night they were paid off and told that none of their services would be needed again, and a new lot were engaged for the next day.

"Say—deliver me from the persuasive girl. Believe me, she's too numerous. She will come in and lean as far over the barrier as possible and do the goo goo act with her eyes and will say, 'Oh, Mr. man, can't you get me something today?—you can I know, and you know how much I think of you, I think you are the very nicest man here—you'll give me something, won't you, dear?' When I tell her there ain't a thing she will pout prettily and will try all over again.

"Bribery? Believe me, that if I took all that's offered me I'd have a nice bank account, but my job wouldn't last for long I'm afraid. It would get around in no time. Lots of men and women offer me half of what they expect to get if I will get them a try out and more than once some of 'em have come in after a day's work and slipped a dollar towards me and told me that there will be others if I will look after 'em. Thank goodness, I have never taken a sou yet. I get well paid and it's dangerous anyhow. I know of several of the property boys who have got the sack for accepting bribes and, then where are they?

"The trouble with lots of the people who apply is that they haven't got any clothes worth mentioning, and some of them haven't got the cash to go to a costumer's to get—well, say a dress suit which the company does not provide.

"It's no joke, I tell you, and I wonder why some of them stick to it. Habit, perhaps. I suppose that a lot of people would rather hang around the chance of a pay-by-the-day job than get a steady at something where they'd have to work.

"Oh, well, I should worry. The world was made before I got into it, and I can't make it over."

Which shows the value of an acquired philosophy.

The Moving Picture Game

(Continued from page 25)

where a film hero would have stood to get a closeup view of himself.

"Did you see that dummy?" Bruce shouted to me, laughing heartily. "Why say, some of these dummies are better actors than—but I won't say it, I won't say it!"

I met Miss Brent every day during the filming of the play.

And when it was completed and she found that her work had not only elevated her to the rank of star for that one time but for all time—if only she kept her ambition and her industry up to par—well, I can only say that I was happier than I had ever been in my life when she thanked me. Bruce had told me and had told Miss Brent, you see, that she might consider herself a permanent member of the company.

Even at that time I had no idea of how great my success was to be. And let those who find me egotistical, those to whom I seem overbearing, vain, consider again what I had started with. When I left New York I was a hack writer with no chance to do the writing for

which alone I had had any training. My wife and daughter were spending their days in a four room flat, doing all of the housework, even the laundry work, wearing shabby clothes, eating the plainest food, and spending an occasional evening at a five cent movie show, for their only recreation.

It isn't necessary to tell you just how large my income is now, just as it isn't necessary to tell you how small my income was then—it is absurd even to refer to it as an income—wages is the word for it. It is only necessary to give you some idea of how we live now, for that is, after all, the test. If, with my new income, we were not able to live in such a way as to make us better human beings, then my work, my success, would count for little. But we are better human beings. It isn't only that we are happier than we have ever been before, we are better than we were.

My daughter, who was a rather pale, thin, awkward girl of fifteen when we left New York has changed to a sun-tanned young Amazon, rather thin, still, but not brown and rosy and active. She goes to school, of course, and is being prepared for college where she expects to become—an engineer! That's what the outdoor life has done for her. It has built up her

body, but it has, besides, given her a new vision of the world about her. Not a very wide vision, perhaps, but still it is wide enough to enable her to see that the only way to be happy is to have some satisfying work to do. And I, who have always regretted that I didn't have a son, don't need a son now, for Stella is both son and daughter to me. When she comes across the lawn toward me with her quick, lithe step, in short white skirt of duck, loose blouse, with sleeves rolled to the shoulders, hot and flushed from a game of tennis, or when I see her come galloping up to the house on her pony and slip off, looking like a slim boy in her riding breeches and coat, breathless and happy, why then she's my boy. And when she comes down to dinner, rosy and fresh from her bath, in the flimsiest of white frocks, and with her brown curls tied back with a broad ribbon, why then she's my daughter. But, when she perches on the arm of my chair set in the pleasantest corner of the great screened porch and talks to me of her work, her ambitions, why then she's both.

As for my dear wife. But there—I am in danger of becoming sentimental, and that won't do at all. I can say only what my wife says—and I agree with her—that the moving picture game is the greatest game in the world. That is what it has been for us, and for everyone else who had gone into it with the determination to work, and the ability to win.

And I have worked and have won!

(THE END)

A Stay of Execution

(Continued from page 7)

To the west of the village, in a semi circle covered by a thicket, a ring of faint smoke appeared.

The Germans were holding a temporary breastwork. But now, across the open space, there came a swift rush of red legged troops, the sun gleaming on the steel of their fixed bayonets. They charged silently; there was one volley from the Germans, and then the French were over the works, stabbing at the few who remained. The Germans were heavily outnumbered; they withdrew in good order. But they didn't waste any time! Covered by a battery of field artillery, they made their way back through the town.

"Come on! Hurry!" begged Taggart, waving to the French. "Cut them to pieces—you can do it!"

But the French were satisfied. They rested, watching the German retreat.

"Don't blame them, at that," said Taggart, regretfully. "It might be a trap."

"I guess we don't get shot," said Billy. "I'm just as glad. I'm hungry!"

Taggart stared at him. Then he laughed.

"Jove!" he said. "That's so! I imagine our friend the colonel is legging it pretty fast toward Muelhausen now—or Neu Breischach! I wonder where they will stop. Aha—camera again, Billy! Get this—here comes the French cavalry, to pursue. Dragoons—see!"

For a blissful hour they remained on their roof. They saw—and recorded on the film—the lowering of the German flag. They saw—and millions would later see—the enthusiasm of the townspeople as the beloved tricolor of France, unseen there for forty-four long years, took its place. And then they saw the French troops take up the march again, following the line of the German retreat. Once more Altkirch began to assume its peaceful aspect.

And, very quietly, very unostentatiously, they descended from their roof and slipped across country toward the Swiss border. They crossed it at ten o'clock that night; at half past ten they had negotiated with a peasant for food and a bed, and were eating as only hungry men can eat.

"Call us at six o'clock, bitte," said Taggart—and Reynolds groaned. "We can travel by train—yes!"

"Switzerland is at peace," said the old peasant. "The Herren can travel as they please—if they have money. Switzerland is at peace—and at peace she shall remain, if she has to fight to do so!"

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

FORD STERLING is having a special dressing room fitted up for his use; they call it the million dollar dressing room and it promises to be very bong swagger. Sterling refuses to discuss the scheme of decoration, but admits it will be in sterling silver—possibly.

Jack Richardson and George Field, both heavies at the American, have decided to race their speed autos (Ford brand) next Saturday. There has been so much objection by the authorities owing to the danger to the public and possibly themselves that the contestants have agreed to have a slow race, the one taking the longest time to be declared the winner. Both are in training and do not speak as they pass by. The loser stands a cafeteria dinner to selves and wives—if the wives will stand for it.

Harold Lockwood likes Gotham. He has recently received some handkerchiefs to blow his royal nose on, an umbrella with a silver handle which really goes up and down and a gold cigarette case. Harold can be seen any day now protecting himself from the sun, with a severe cold and smoking one cigarette after another. Such is fame.

Advices from the front: Fred Mace is back. Gay Paree became too blue, too cold to strangers, so he left before the Thaw. Whilst there he was appearing in a piece. Anyhow we are glad he is safely home again. Margarita Fischer, she of the "Beauty" brand, has heard from the "Pleasureites Club" in Milwaukee. They like her, which is good; they tell her so, which is nice, and they request her photo to hang in their club rooms, which they will undoubtedly get, so the Pleasureites will soon be happy.

Out Kalem, Hollywood way, Ruth Roland received a package and, removing the wrapper, disclosed a box with air-holes in it. Ruth scented trouble and called in Miss Gibson, who presides at the Kalem mahogany desk. They debated and finally agreed to remove the lid together and to scream in chorus if anything insectorial jumped out. The lid was flicked off but there was nothing worse than some beautiful artificial flowers, but it is not at all safe to say "Boo" suddenly to athletic Ruth just now. At this selfsame studio Lloyd Hamilton is being featured by Micky Nielan and in one scene is dressed in a nice nightgown and is supposed to fly away to the place where only good people go. Lloyd was discovered trying to play one of the property harps and when asked the reason whyfore he said, "Just getting a little necessary atmosphere, my boy."

William D. Taylor of the Balboa bears a striking resemblance to a certain Pasadena major-domo of great wealth—all except in the great wealth. At a dance the other night a lady mistook him for the other fellow and asked him, "Are you one of the Whatshisnames of Virginia?" "No," said the truthful Billy, "I am a Taylor." "Oh!" apologized the fair one. "I am so sorry, er—and so you are in trade? I hope business is good."

Red Huntley of the Selig forces has been playing an old soak in Ed. J. Le Saint's detective series. He says the part is intoxicatingly exciting and he is glad he has a "reel" part to play.

Billy Garwood of the American has been going out without that nice little cane of his. The publicity man at Santa Barbara says that he is afraid the popular William will be arrested for being without visible means of support. This joke is not entirely new, but will serve in the absence of a better one.

Helen Case has been engaged by Frank Montgomery to appear in his western plays. Helen has been sick for a long time now and everyone is glad to see her back again. If there was ever a deserving case, this Helen is it. I really did not think I was going to get a joke in this paragraph, but I did, you see. I am very bright (?).

Eugene Palette, the handsome juvenile of the Reliance studios, is entered in the men's bathing costume and general appearance contest at Ocean Park. Women will be the judges and Gene is debating whether to use blue or pink ribbons on his suit. Well—a palette should have plenty of colors to choose from.

Also received a nice letter from Edwin, whose other name is August. He says his namesake is very warm this month in New York and hints that there may be a vaudeville engagement before long. He has no intention of deserting the pictures, however.

They still call Fred Kley "Clay." Now Fred is the genial manager at the Lasky studios and is one of the best fellows going. He insists upon his name being spelled right and I quite agree with him. He is no common clay. Scribes please take notice.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, not having enough on their consciences already, have been practicing the Ukalele—two of them, to be accurate. One of them is generally in tune, but I

have not been able to decide which one it is. They each claim the honor. Those who have dressing rooms in their immediate vicinity are not as polite regarding the ability of either as they might be; nothing but rank jealousy, of course.

Scene—Outside the Los Angeles Auditorium. Crowds waiting to get in to see "The Escape." Enter Willfred Lucas and Bess Meredyth in auto. Enter several small boys. Says one urchin, "She's a movin' picture actress; let's give her the once over." They do so and as Lucas wiggles the self-starter one boy hollers out, "Hello, Bess the Detectress!" Business of crowd snickering and giggling.

Anna Little has one scrapbook which she reserves for clippings in which the same joke appears, said "joke" being the reference to her as "little Miss Little." I had just written an article headed "Little Miss Little," and was about to send it off when I saw the book. I crumpled the article up in my pocket and merely remarked, "I cannot imagine how writers can be so insane."

Laura Oakley has now been sworn in as a real live special Los Angeles policeman and her number is "99." She threatens to arrest anyone who has her number or who deducts from it one-third by turning it upside down. Laura the cop! Got to stop now. Herbert Rawlinson and Charlie Murray have just been in telling me funny stories. They have left me so mournful I couldn't crack another joke if I tried.

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The Making of an Actress

(Continued from page 15)

Brewster, for whom everyone, from Forster down, was waiting with emotions varying from a deep anxiety to a simple curiosity, came in. She walked directly to Harry. Her voice, while not high pitched, carried well. And everyone in the studio could hear what she said.

"Harry!" she said. "You shouldn't do such things! Don't you know I'm worried to death about you? Are you all right?"

"Certainly I'm all right," he replied, almost brusquely.

"I don't think you're very considerate," she said, lowering her voice a little, but only a little. "You know a thing like that is bound to make talk—especially after the way you brought the girl here. I don't think I'm puritanical, Harry, I think I'm rather broad. I know you're a man—and I expect you to do the sort of things men do—while you're unmarried, at any rate. But I really think you should have a little more discretion!"

Forster's cheeks were blushing.

"I'm sorry you were annoyed," he said. "I was foolish enough to think that Miss Hayes and I had suffered more than anyone else. I see I was wrong. But, if I might suggest it—Miss Hayes really does deserve some sympathy."

"Miss Hayes?" said Beatrice, curiously. She lifted her lorgnette. Then she turned, very slowly, very superbly, as she could, and her eyes swept the studio. Everyone was looking at her. Vera, half way across the room, smiled and bowed. And Beatrice, very quietly, let her eyes pass on. Not a muscle of her face moved; she cut Vera dead.

"Look here!" said Forster, tensely, anger in his voice. "I—"

"Of course, you quite understand," interrupted Beatrice, "that after this, after the publicity to which I have been compelled to submit, it will be impossible for me to remain in the same company with Miss Hayes?"

"What?"

Forster's voice was like the snap of a whip. He was outraged, and he was fighting, now, oblivious to what the result might mean to him.

"I made myself clear, I thought," said Beatrice. "Either Miss Hayes or I will have to leave this company. I informed Mr. Renshaw of my attitude this morning. He assured me that he understood perfectly, and that he would communicate with you at once."

There was a moment of silence. It was broken by the insistent, shrill ringing of a telephone from the director's room. Some one answered it; a boy. He came toward Forster.

"Telephone, Mr. Forster," he said, in a loud, shrill voice. "The big boss wants you on the wire right away."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Helping Detect Thieves

IT has happened frequently in fiction that the moving picture camera has figured in the recovery of stolen money, but an actual occurrence in Memphis, Tenn., shows that such a thing is possible. A young lady cashier for an auto concern was in the Germania Bank with an envelope containing \$450 in cash with which to buy New York exchange. While she was standing at the counter preparing to fill out the deposit slip moving picture people came into the bank and prepared to make pictures of a bride and groom making their first deposit. The young lady's attention was momentarily attracted and when she turned back to the desk the money was gone. Detectives were put to work on the case immediately, but found no clue.

Publication of the entire incident was made and of the plans to catch the thief. In an hour or so two business men went to the bank, and, taking the cashier into their confidence, returned the money, stating that a young man in their employ had taken it by mistake. Full credit is given to the camera for the return, although there was only a hope that the identity of the thief could have been ascertained in that manner.

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Eastern Studio News

Gossip of Players In and Around New York

HAROLD Vosburgh will soon be seen in the Goldin Feature Film Company's releases. His first picture will be in a five reel production in support of Madame Lippin. Mr. Vosburgh is a popular photoplay favorite having played leads in Selig pictures for the past year, and has hosts of friends both in the studio and among the fans.

Madame Alice Blache of the Solax Company had a narrow escape lately when the large glass tank used in "The Mysterious Bride" gave way under the heavy pressure and scattered broken glass in all directions. At the time of the accident Madame Blache was standing quite near the weak side of the tank but luckily escaped injury. Because of the accident which came so near being fatal in the producing of "Neptune's Daughter" every precaution had been taken to prevent a repetition but it seems that there was a flaw in the glass which could not be detected by the naked eye. After a few hours' work the tank was again in condition for use and the scene was retaken without trouble.

Little Katherine Lee recently gave a "kid" party to all the child players of the different Universal companies on the stage of the Globe Theatre after the matinee. Miss Lee will be remembered as the little mermaid in "Neptune's Daughter." As a hostess the 5 year old "pollywog" is a wonder. Director Herbert Brenon acted as master of ceremonies.

Marie Eline, the Thanhouse Kid, is again back in the East after a several weeks' stay in the South. She was working in a film production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Marie was Little Eva of course. During the making of the scene in which she is rescued from the water by Uncle Tom, a strong undertow drew both beneath the boat. Their rescue by the director and others of the company was difficult, in fact, it came very near not being effected. Marie ends the telling of this incident with the sighing infection, "I'm certainly thankful I'm alive!"

Matty Roubert—of "Matty and Early" fame in Powers pictures—is busy at the Imp studio on Eleventh street, New York. The series is to be known as the "Universal Boy" pictures. Every story will be complete in itself, yet the series will be a continuation of the events that go to make up the events of the interesting life of this interesting boy.

Gene Gauntier sailed for Europe lately with the intention of taking a genuine rest. It is her eleventh trip over the seas and the first on which she was unaccompanied by the motion picture camera. Evidently she misses it, for Warner's office is in receipt of a wireless stating that she is lonesome and may return soon. During her absence the studio has been in charge of Jack Clark.

Marc MacDermott rests easy now that "The Man Who Disappeared" series is finished. His latest thrill was jumping from the upper deck of a Hudson River steamer into the water, a distance of about 70 feet. Previous to this he fought a fist battle on the iron girders of an unfinished skyscraper, and raced a railroad train in a speeding aeroplane. With a record of risks like these it is any wonder that Marc is glad the series is over?

King Baggot is the proud father of a ten-pound boy who recently made his initial bow to the world at the Baggot residence on 113th street, New York. The president and founder of the Screen Club and Mrs. Baggot have been kept busy reading congratulatory letters and telegrams since King the second's arrival. King's many friends are sheltering great hopes for the youngster's future.

A queer line of events precedes Robert Ellis' appearance in Kalem pictures. He was educated for the ministry, joined Hagenbeck and Wallace's circus and became known as their most daring horseman, and later was seen in the Savannah automobile races as the partner of "Eddie" Timmons, the famous chauffeur. He afterwards appeared on the stage and then entered the silent drama, where he is well known as a juvenile portrayer. His latest picture is "Old Man Higgenbotham's Daughter."

During the warm weather Lillian Walker can generally be found at the ocean when it is not necessary for her to be at the studio. If the beach were an hour's ride from the Vitagraph plant instead of just a few minutes, Lillian would be there just the same, for she loves the water and is a good swimmer—not of the "ankle-deep" variety, but a regular swimmer who goes out until she is lost to sight among the waves and then, when her companions have about given up hope of ever seeing her again, returns and, with many smiles and consequent dimples, tells how grand the water is.

Earl Metcalf has quit buying commutation tickets between Philadelphia and New York. Instead the Lubin leading man is making the trips between the studio and the Screen Club in his new Overland. To date he has not been asked to report at the inquests of any barnyard fowl that might have been using the road at the same time as he, but give him a chance. He'll get them yet.

Dan Mason is recognized as the official country sheriff of the Edison studio. Some time ago Mr. Mason received an invitation from the "fans" of a small town to pay them a visit. He accepted and was met at the depot by the mayor and a band, and escorted down the main street in style. All his admirers, which numbered the same as the population, turned out to make it a Mason day.

Herbert Brenon, Universal actor and director, is never balked by a little thing like distance or trouble when he wants to stage a scene. In putting on "When the Heart Calls" recently Brenon learned that the country around Stamford, Conn., afforded exactly the kind of exteriors he needed, so he bundled up his company and proceeded to Stamford without delay.

While a most peacefully inclined girl, Muriel Ostriche, leading lady in Princess films, can become very destructive if a picture necessitates such action. To this Dave Thompson will testify while he traces scratches with one hand and, with the other, takes an inventory of the unpopulated spots where hair once grew. He does not regret the conflict, for the violent domestic argument made a cracking good scene, but he only wishes he had not underestimated Muriel's strength and ability at "mixing" before the scene was started.

Speaking of "film fights," Morrey Foster can give some good information on the subject—the kind that is acquired by painful experience. In a scene at the Thanhouse studio lately several husky fellows were turned loose on Foster with the instructions to "rough it up." They obeyed the command to the letter to the demotion of nearly all the furniture in the set. There were no rules or limitations; Marquis of Queensbury they had probably never heard of. It wouldn't have made any difference if they had, for when the director began shouting for realism they started to create it, and for a few minutes Morrey knew how it felt to be the busiest man in the world. Nothing but the scenery will bear marks of the conflict very long, but hereafter those who saw it will gauge fights according to it.

"Growing Up with the Movies"

by

FLORENCE LAWRENCE



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Information Department

Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

"AN EDISON FAN," CALIFORNIA: Yes, the player you mention is married, but why try to discover to whom? Aren't you just as well satisfied with his acting? Isn't he just as good an actor as ever? Yes, you can buy back numbers of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL. An interview with Marc MacDermott will appear in the October number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Since the "Man Who Disappeared" series began Marc has appeared in no other Edison releases. Guess you wouldn't want to either if you had to go through all the thrilling and hair-raising experiences to which Marc has been submitted. However, now that the last picture of the series has been completed and will soon be released, we know it won't be long until you see him in a number of other interesting dramas.

F. C. S., MELLINGTON, KAN.: What the Question and Answer man doesn't know about writing photoplays would fill a whole library. However, he's willing to give you some mighty good advice. Subscribe at once to PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO, published by the same concern that issues this magazine. A personal letter addressed to Mr. Thomas will bring you a reply that will start you right, and then by joining the Photoplaywrights' Association of America you will be entitled to have your first few manuscripts criticised by an expert.

G. E. P., SPOKANE, WASH.: The man to whom you refer is Charles Chaplin and he is one of the foremost funmakers of the Keystone Company. He is appearing right along in Keystone comedies, so you have a good many laughs in store if you follow the Keystone. The Lucile Love picture was made at the West Coast studios of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, located not a great ways from Los Angeles.

GERTRUDE C., CHICAGO, ILL.: Sorry, but we can't give you that player's name, since we haven't a Biograph cast sheet on that particular release.

P. T. O., DAYTON, OHIO: Harold Lockwood is playing for the same concern as Mary Pickford, but not in the same films. He is now appearing in the New York studios of the Famous Players Company, and Mary is working at the same studio, though in an entirely different drama. He left Los Angeles at about the same time Mary did, and his last picture with her that we recall was "Tess of the Storm Country." Mary did not appear nude on the beach in that picture. Another player was substituted for her in that scene. Yes, Mary in private life is Mrs. Owen Moore.

CONSTANT READER, DETROIT, MICH.: Mary Pickford is married. See reply to P. T. O. of Dayton, above.

MARGARET G., PITTSBURG, PA.: Anne Leonard was Mrs. Rodney in Edison's "Farmer Rodney's Daughter," while Bobby was Robert Lawton. Vivian Rich was Nan, the moonshiner's daughter, in American's "The Trap."

FLORENCE E., SANTA BARBARA, CAL.: G. A. Pulliam was Tom, the express messenger, in Kalem's "The Operator at Black Rock." The other character you mention is not included in the cast sheet the Kalem publicity man furnishes.

THANHOUSEITE, NEW ORLEANS, LA.: The two other "cross old men" besides Riley Chamberlain in Thanhouse's "The Infant Heart Snatcher" were N. S. Woods and Arthur Bauer. Fan Bourke was the maid. Meta White was Mrs. Davis in Majestic's "The Unredeemed Pledge."

LESTER T. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Jack Nelson was Tom Peery in Broncho's "The Silent Wit-

ness." James Cruze made his first appearance in Thanhouse films in "She."

ANNA M., DENVER, COLO.: John Bunny is still to appear in a number of Vitagraph dramas, for he has worked in many pictures that have not yet been released, but his work at the studio is over for a while and John is soon to be seen in vaudeville. He has plans all made for a vaudeville tour of the world. Can't you imagine what a reception he'll get? Perhaps some time this winter he'll play in your city and you can then see him in real life.

LILLIE S., DULUTH, MINN.: Yes, Wallace Reid was the country boy in Majestic's "The City Beautiful," but his wife in the picture was not the Mrs. Reid of real life, but Dorothy Gish, Lillian's sister. We can't tell you what circus it was that gave the local color to American's "The Lure of the Sawdust." Couldn't you get a glimpse of something in the picture that would tell you which one of the big tented aggregations it was?

F. F. C., LINCOLN, NEB.: You certainly have asked a hard one. Without a lot of statistics at hand it is almost impossible to answer you, but along last April the United States Department of Commerce reported that for the month of March something like 23,000,000 linear feet of film was exported. A statement was also made that a continuation of the exports upon the average level maintained for the nine months previous to April last would bring the total for the full fiscal year up to 195,000,000 linear feet. Sorry we can't give you specific information with regard to each company, but the above will give you a few figures any way to think over.

RASTUS, BALTIMORE, MD.: Charles Huber was the bad man in Frontier's "Won By Wire." We haven't the cast sheet for the other film you mention.

BILLY P., DALLAS, TEXAS: The reason that you are able to see Pearl White in Crystal comedies long after she began work for Pathe and you knew she was no longer with Crystal is very easy of explanation. Miss White worked in a great number of pictures while under contract to Crystal and a lot of these were held back for months after she severed her connection.

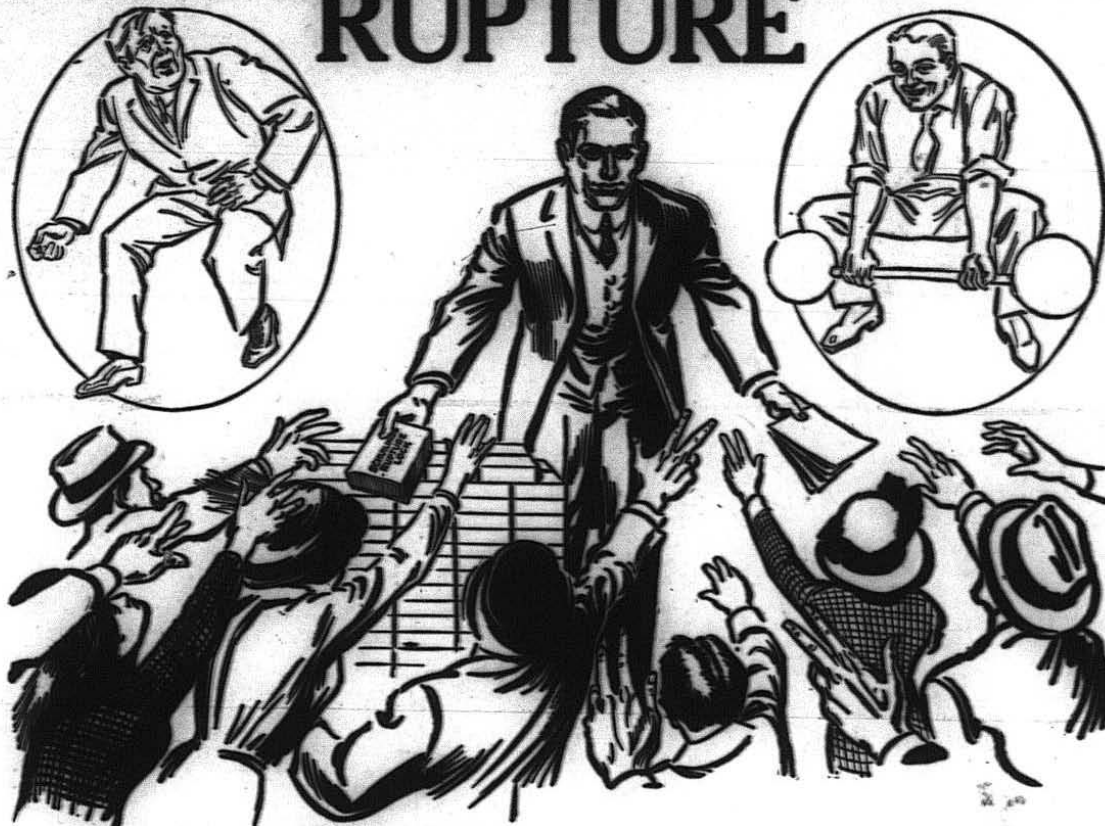
MARY H., ROANOKE, VA.: Frank Lanning and Beatrice Van were Mr. and Mrs. Reed in 101 Bison's "The Hills of Silence." Oh, yes, Leah Baird appeared in other Universal pictures besides the ones you mention—for instance, "On the Chess Board of Fate."

THERESA L., DAVENPORT, IA.: Harry Lonsdale was Dr. Gunn in Selig's "The Ordeal." The corsair in Eclectic's "The Corsair" was Crane Wilbur, though we'll admit he was so well made up that it was with difficulty he could be recognized.

EDNA T., MILWAUKEE, WIS.: The complete cast of Imp's "His Last Chance" is as follows: Bob Reid—Alexander Gaden; Tom Graham—David Lythgoe; The Editor—Charles Eldridge; Carl Ritz—Hobart Henley; Nora Davis—Leah Baird; the servant—W. J. Ferguson.

MRS. L. J. R., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.: Mary Alden was born in New Orleans, not New York. She was educated in Notre Dame College, Montreal, and studied art in New York City. She appeared with Mrs. Fiske on the legitimate stage and was then for a short time leading woman with the Ramo Company. Pathe films led to David W. Griffith and the Biograph, and when Griffith left she accompanied him to Mutual.

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The MOVIE PICTORIAL

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CONTENTS

COVER PHOTOGRAPH	Gertrude McCoy	
Photoplay Stories and Features		
"THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT" A girl saves her father's reputation and her lover.	Harold S. Hammond	5
THE WAR ON LAND AND SEA AND IN THE AIR		18
STRANDED AMERICANS IN EUROPE		19
BATTLE SCENES AND BATTLE GROUNDS		20
PHOTOPLAY FEATURE PRODUCTIONS		
"Ye Vengeful Vagabond"		26
"The Million Dollar Mystery"		27
Special Articles		
NOVEL EFFECTS IN THE SILENT DRAMA	Monte M. Katterjohn	8
THE TREY 'O HEARTS' HEROINE Cleo Madison—Three In One.	William Richards	13
DAVID W. GRIFFITH—GENIUS	Richard Willis	14
HELPS TO THE SOLUTION OF "THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"	William J. Burns	16
CAMERA ADVENTURES IN NEWSPAPERDOM Capt. W. Robert Foran, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.C.I.		21
Serials		
J. R. WALLING—MOVIE MAGNATE X—Meeting Lombard's Test.	Richard J. Henderson	10
THE MAKING OF AN ACTRESS	William Curry	23
Departments		
THE CALENDAR OF PAST PERFORMANCES	Johnson Briscoe	28
FEATURE FILM REVIEWS	Vanderheyden Fyles	29
WEST COAST STUDIO NOTES	Richard Willis	31
EASTERN STUDIO NEWS		33
INFORMATION		34

NEXT WEEK

Beginning "FELICIA OF THE FILMS"
THE LETTERS OF A WOULD-BE MOVIE STAR
ANOTHER THRILLING TAGGART STORY
And THE INSIDE STORY OF THE EDISON
COMPANY AND ITS GENERAL MANAGER

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914

NUMBER 19

THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT A Girl Saves Her Father's Reputation and Her Lover

NATALIE PRESCOTT By HAROLD S. HAMMOND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LUBIN FILM

SCENARIO BY C. A. FRAMBERS

NATALIE PRESCOTT was a young woman who was distinctly a modern product. She was direct; when she wanted a thing she went after it. It made little difference whether what she wanted was a new set of furs, an electric runabout or a trip to Europe. She went after it, with only such variations in her method as circumstances rendered necessary. And, as a rule, she got what she wanted, too. From which it may well be surmised that she commanded money. She did. Her father had the money. John Prescott, banker and man of large affairs, might not have cut a wide swath in New York or Chicago. But in the city that he honored with his residence he was a big man.

The real owner, though not officially so, of the Third National Bank, Prescott believed thoroughly that his dictation of its affairs, which involved the personal use, in connection with his other enterprises, of its assets whenever he considered them necessary, was for the best interests of the bank. In a measure he was right. As long as Prescott himself held absolute control of affairs, nothing could go wrong. But he miscalculated in certain respects. He did not make adequate provision for what might happen in the case of his sudden disability, by illness or by death, and he forgot to allow for the factor created by his necessary dependence upon others in certain matters.

So much for the man who had given Natalie Prescott the habit of imperiousness, of autocratic refusal to realize that there was anything she wanted that she might not have. She was her father's passion; he had never been able to refuse her anything she wanted. And so she had come, very largely, to take his consent for granted. It was unthinkable that he should refuse her anything. In a word, she was completely spoiled. She had been trained, practically, to regard her will as paramount, in any and all circumstances. She thought of no one but herself, because she had never been taught to consider the rights and the feelings of others.

And it says a great deal for her that, in spite of such a handicap, she had preserved a great measure of charm. Her imperious ways had alienated some; men, in particular, however, were al-

ways ready to bow down before her and beg her to put her pretty heels on their necks. Some considered the fortune she was sure to inherit, since her father was childless, save for her. Some, and these the older men among those who admired her, saw the promise of the woman who would succeed the pampered child. The germ of a fine character was in her, but there were those who sighed and said it would never have a chance to develop.

Love was bound to come to Natalie Prescott. And, when it came, it overwhelmed her. As always, wanting something, she was determined to have it. And Teddy Harrison, when she suddenly realized that he was the one man in all the world who could make her happy, was as certainly marked out for her prey as any of the other objects upon which she had set her heart. He was good looking, was Teddy; a nice boy, as women were likely to call him. He had brains; brains of a high order, too. But he had something of the same inconsequence that ruled Natalie herself; possibly it was that that helped to attract her.

He was her father's secretary, and she had

known him quite well for some time before she made the momentous and surprising discovery that she was in love with him. They had flirted, harmlessly; they were good friends. And Teddy, when Natalie, with an unwonted gravity in her manner, told him she wanted a talk, smiled at her, as if this were some new prank she had planned. He was often her ally when it was necessary to persuade her father.

"Teddy," she said. "You're a dear—do you know it?"

"Hundreds of ladies have told me so!" he declared, grinning. "But—what's the idea?"

"I don't want hundreds of women to tell you so!" she said, with sudden fierceness. "Oh—Teddy! We've played together—and I've thought you were just like the rest—but—Oh, can't you understand? Are you going to make me—propose to you?"

Which she had done, of course! Somehow—neither could ever quite understand just how—they were in one another's arms. But after the first moments Teddy held her off.

"Dearest," he said. "Of course I love you—I have since the first day I saw you! But I would never have dared to speak—"

"Of course you wouldn't, silly," said Natalie, contentedly, drawing closer to him again. "That's why I did the talking—shocking, immodest female that I am! They say I always go after what I want—and I want you!"

"But—oh—" He groaned. "Listen, dear—you don't understand! I'm not even like the others. I've no right to think of such a thing. I—"

"Oh, I know you haven't any money," said Natalie, cheerfully. "But I've got lots—and you'll make plenty, anyhow. Dad will have to give you a better job—"

"Listen!" he burst out. "It's worse than that! I'm not only poor—I'm horribly in debt! I—I've hoped—I've wished—I've longed for a chance to ask you to marry me. And—I played the market. I hoped to get enough money so that it wouldn't be so hopeless. But—everything's gone wrong. I've never seen stocks act the way they have lately! I owe thousands—"

Natalie only laughed. "All the more reason for your needing a rich wife!" she said, cheer-



It was All Natalie Could Do to Straighten Her Father and Teddy

fully. "Come on—where does one get married?"

He protested. But—how could he do so with a whole heart? Natalie, you must understand, was not like other young women. She wanted Teddy, and, of course, she had to have him. Moreover, she had to have him right away. It was not in her to wait. She swept him off his feet. And within an hour, which appeared to be the shortest possible time in which the legal formalities could be met, they were man and wife.

"Now!" she said, defiantly. "Aren't you glad?"

He was. Of course he was! But he had a sinking sensation about the heart, too. He felt that he had been disloyal to Prescott—and that at a time when his employer needed loyalty more than he had ever done before. For, only the previous day, it had fallen to Teddy to make a discovery of the gravest importance. He had found that Stephen Jepson, President of the Third National where he was, in a sense, Prescott's viceroy, had taken advantage of Prescott's own manipulations to use certain funds in ventures of his own. He had managed things cleverly; Harrison was almost sure, and had so reported to Prescott, that Jepson had so arranged matters that the blame, if the irregularities became public, would rest, not on Jepson, but on Prescott himself.

He had learned, also, that Jepson had acted in full knowledge of something he had concealed from Prescott; namely, the impending visit of national bank examiners to make the periodical inspection of the Third National. These inspections are supposed to be made without advance warning to the bank involved; the design is to make it impossible for steps to cover irregularities to be taken. There was no positive proof, as yet, that Jepson meant anything crooked; the case looked bad, however, and it had alarmed Harrison. It had also annoyed Prescott, and Harrison knew that Natalie's father would be obliged to prepare to meet an emergency, which, in case Jepson meant to play any trick, would involve alert preparations.

Some of this he tried to explain to Natalie. But she only brushed his fears aside.

"I'll explain to Dad that it was all my fault," she said. "Come on—home,

The Sudden Call

AN industry reflects the character of the men who made it.

The moving picture business—the third largest business in the United States—is as big as it is because it is directed by big men.

And one of the biggest of them was Charles J. Hite, who at the call of the Master of Human Existence, has been taken from out of the midst of his activities and required to give over into other hands the far-reaching enterprises which his magnificent intellect had started on their way.

If there was no other proof of the continuity of existence, it would be sufficient that God takes unto himself the biggest and best among us as soon as they have proved by a high degree of human excellence and achievement their fitness for a greater work.

Perhaps it is also part of His plan that those whom He compels to remain shall be tried by the fire of grief and seasoned by responsibility so that they too may be prepared for the sudden call that lurks in unexpected places.

Meanwhile, somewhere among the majestic solitudes of space—which stretch away to the illimitable reaches of eternity—those who have gone before are still climbing upward toward the Ultimate Destiny.

Teddy. Come home and we will talk to father."

John Prescott was waiting when they arrived. At the sight of Harrison his face lighted up. Never dreaming that his daughter knew any of the facts, he burst out at once with his news.

"Teddy—we've got to do some tall hustling tomorrow!" he exclaimed. "You were dead right! Jepson has skipped—and he's taken pretty nearly all the cash in the bank with him! He's substituted worthless paper for it—and he's got himself clear! I don't believe we can touch him! Anyhow—the first thing is to straighten

of course you'd want me to have my way—"

Prescott groaned. Then he turned savagely on Harrison.

"Still—she's right," he said. "I'll attend to you in the morning—after I've saved the bank!"

Even Natalie was a little frightened, a little abashed, by her father's anger. Judging it more correctly than either of the men, she understood that it was due, in the main, to pressure of business affairs; she was certain that sober thought in the morning would bring her father round. He would find it easy to forgive Teddy's involvement in the market; he was sure to help him out. And she felt he was sure, too, to see that Teddy's character was, at bottom, fine, that he was the sort of man to make his daughter happy.

Perhaps she was right. She was never to know. For, within an hour, Harrison, still busy with certain papers, heard the sharp report of a revolver. He rushed to Prescott's room; the old banker lay, dying, on the floor, and through a window Harrison was just in time to see a man escaping. He picked up the revolver and as he held it, Natalie appeared. The servants were on her heels. Within a minute a policeman was there, too; there was nothing for it but to arrest Teddy. The quarrel, which had been overheard, everything, indeed,



It was Jepson—She Said—Him Go Out with the Policies

pointed to him as the murderer of Prescott. Prescott's death ruined every plan that had been made. The Third National went down in a hopeless crash; Jepson's well made plans were carried out without a hitch. And Harrison, brought to trial for murder, was convicted. Only his positive and unshakable assertion that he had seen a flying figure saved him from the chair; he was sentenced, instead, to life imprisonment. And, as she heard the words, Natalie did not faint. Instead, she sprang to his side.

"You are sentencing an innocent man!" she cried. "I know it—and I shall prove it!"

For adversity had worked the great change in Natalie. The spoiled child had become the woman; she was ready now to meet the world face to face, on any terms, and prove her right to what she wanted, instead of taking it by favor.

But she alone believed that Harrison was innocent. The quarrel; the known fact that he was penniless and heavily in debt; the fact that he had had the chance to fire the shot, convinced everyone. And when, as he was being taken to prison, he jumped from a moving train as it crawled across a bridge, and plunged from the bridge into the river, far below, convinced even the few doubters who remained. It was taken as a confession; those who heard that he had been drowned, while they were sorry, agreed that it was the best possible solution. Only Natalie held out.

"He is innocent," she said. "And he is not dead! If he were, I should know it. He has escaped to get a chance to prove his innocence. And, when he has done it, he will come to me!"

So she believed—and, her faith was great. But Natalie, the new, aroused Natalie, was not one to let words take the place of deeds. She had to face a situation as strange and new to her as it was terrible. She was without money. Her father's affairs were left in a fearfully involved condition by his sudden death. After some years of litigation something might be saved from the wreck; for the time she was penniless. Friends offered to help her; suggested that she resume her maiden name, going through the formality of divorcing Harrison, as a convict. But she refused help and advice alike. She took what money she raised by the sale of her jewels and studied stenography. And later, when she had gained some experience, she went to the head of a famous detective agency, and applied for work. She retained some of her old imperiousness, perhaps; at any rate, she overcame his objections, and was appointed to a place on his force.

In doing this she had a definite object. She wanted to clear her husband and her father. And Jepson, she knew, held the means of proving that her father had done no wrong; she sus-

pected, moreover, that he had knowledge that would help Teddy. On this point she was vague, but she meant to make sure.

She did not neglect the work given to her by the agency. But, as she did this work, she kept her eyes open constantly, and it was not long before she got what she felt was a trace of Jepson. He had changed his name when he disappeared with the funds of the Third National; she discovered, however, that a man corresponding in appearance to him, had, soon after her father's death, opened a department store in a western city.

As soon as she could she went there, and found that it had indeed been Jepson. He had moved again, however, after a fire in which his store had been burned. And soon she learned that she could trace his movements, almost, by such fires. He opened store after store; the misfortune of fire seemed to pursue him. And so she was ready with a suggestion when her chief sent for her one day.

"The Mutual Insurance Company wants us to investigate a series of fires in Western cities, Miss Harrison"—it was so that she was known—said the chief. "Here are the facts. Study them, and tell me what you think. They feel they are being defrauded."

A glance at the papers was enough.

"I know something of this," she said. "I'll be glad to take the case—and I think I can land the man who has been cheating the company. May I go west tonight?"

"Yes," agreed the chief. "You seem to be interested—and that's half the battle in your case. You get what you go after."

Without rest she tracked the man who had had so many fires to his latest stamping ground. And she was in the local office of the insurance company in a distant city when Jepson himself came in!

"That's the fellow, Miss Harrison," said the manager. "Shall we refuse to write him a policy? He's got the nerve to ask for more insurance! You see—he's got now the policies we wrote for the man who sold out to him!"



"You Are Sentencing an Innocent Man, and I Shall Prove It"

"No—give him what he wants," said Natalie. "We'll catch him red handed!"

And—so she did. It was Jepson. She saw him go out with the police. And, having him watched, day and night, Natalie finally caught him in the very act of setting a fire. A slight noise alarmed him; he took to his heels. Outside an automobile was waiting for him; he jumped into it, and was off. Natalie, in a taxicab, gave chase. But the taxicab could never have caught Jepson's powerful machine. Fate intervened, however. Jepson's car was wrecked. And Natalie, with the police, came up in time to lift the car from Jepson, mangled and dying. At the end he recognized her. And, knowing that he must die, he confessed everything.

"I—got the money," he said weakly. "But it's done me no good. I had a sort of passion for it. You'll find—it all—in my rooms—bonds, mostly. It all belongs to Prescott's estate. See that restitution is made. . . . And—that young fellow they tried for killing Prescott. I—I guess he didn't do it. I sent a man, a burglar, to get some papers from Prescott's house. He told me he'd shot a man—"

He was unable to say more. But there were witnesses to that much, and Natalie knew that this confirmation of his testimony would clear her husband. Triumphant, she went back to the police station. And there she found a summons from the local hospital.

"There's a man," said the sergeant, "who saw the fire set. He was working in the store, and got suspicious, he says. He was choked a bit by smoke, but they're going to bring him around all right. Better get his evidence, Miss Harrison."

Tired as she was, she went to the hospital. And, lying on a cot was—Teddy! He, too, had known that in finding Jepson was his one chance for vindication; he, too, had run him down. And the news that Natalie gave him did more for him than the doctors. Within a month he had given himself up, won a second trial, and been fully acquitted. And so he and Natalie were able to begin their long delayed honeymoon at last.

Motion-Picture Exports Grow

EXPORTATION of motion-picture films from this country increased materially during the month of March, when 23,000,000 feet, as compared with 3,000,000 for the same month a year previously, were shipped abroad. With these enormous sales there was a decided decrease in price quotations under those of the corresponding month in 1912. At that time, the average export price, based on wholesale figures at domestic points of shipment, on exposed films, was slightly less than 10 cents a linear foot. In the recent exports the price was little more than 3½ cents. Unexposed-film prices dropped from 12 to 3 cents.



He Picked Up the Revolver and, as He Held It, Natalie Appeared

Producing Novel Effects in the Silent Drama

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN



Figure One—This Startling Effect was a Feature of the Play Entitled "A Midnight Visitor"

YOU who follow the photoplays have, no doubt, often wondered concerning the seemingly marvelous accomplishments of the motion picture camera—how the picture play portrays with realistic effect, scenes and situations which you know absolutely never could have happened.

Again and again I have been questioned as to how these effects are secured: how certain scenes in David W. Griffith's "The Avenging Conscience," were filmed, scenes in which Pan is portrayed piping his lay of love and romance while seated 'neath a forest bower, surrounded by wild animals, and with angels flying through the air. I have been asked to explain how the wonderful scene was obtained for that stupendous film spectacle, "Cabiria," which shows a volcano in active eruption pouring its molten lava and burning ashes upon the towns nestled at its base and destroying the people fleeing to safety. Again they ask how



Figure Three—In Making a Phantom Scene It is of Special Importance That the Camera be Quiet

it is possible to show one person as two distinctly different characters in a scene in which these characters talk to each other as in "The Trey O'Hearts"; how phantom figures can be made to do all the things of which a human being is capable; how visions and dream people are made to appear and then fade away. I venture the assertion that all who read this article have observed some, probably all of these strange things, and wondered just how such seemingly impossible "stunts" are accomplished.

Yes, they are stunts. Trick photography combined with the knowledge of what constitutes the realism of the newer art, has made it possible for the picture play to depict situations and scenes which completely eclipse the stagecraft of the regular theatre.

Effects like that of the chariot race in "Ben Hur," the volcano scene in "The Bird of Para-



Figure Two—The Sweetheart of His Youth Comes Back to the Old Miser

dise," the swinging searchlight in "Within the Law," and the various spectacular scenes in "The Wandering Jew" and "Omar, the Tent-maker" are outdone every day by the motion picture camera. And this, in some measure, accounts for the picture plays astounding popularity.

First, let us consider some of the effects, which though puzzling to the layman, are the simplest for the producer to secure. Photoplays of the "memories" and "reminiscences" of loves and days that were, provide simple effects, as in figure No. 1, wherein a woman's face is recalled by the man and appears in the scene as a "vision." The word "vision" is not used here in its strict sense, but as a studio term, to designate any kind of scene which is interpolated into another scene and then appears to fade away.

In figure No. 1 the man has planned to commit suicide at the stroke of twelve. When about to carry out his design his mind turns to thoughts of the only woman he has ever loved. As he thinks of the woman her face appears upon the wall beside the clock. Turning to watch and wait for the fateful hour, the man sees the likeness of the woman. He rises and starts forward and the "vision"

fades off the wall and the man is left dumbfounded. The effect of the vision is to break down the man's resolution. Instead of killing himself he goes to bed as all gentlemen should at that late hour. Now to explain how that scene was made.

First, the woman was posed with the camera focused so as to secure a picture of the desired size and in such a position as would permit the "vision" to appear in the proper place on the finished film. Of course the "set" for the scene was in place before the "vision" was photographed, and the action of the scene repeatedly rehearsed and accurately timed. The director knew just where he wanted the vision in the sixty feet of film which would comprise the finished scene. The film within the camera, in the making of the vision, was exposed so as to take only her face and shoulders, against a black background and behind a black screen reaching almost to her shoulders. The diaphragm of the camera was closed to such an extent that the image reflected against and registered on the celluloid strip by the lens had to pass through an aperture no larger than the head of a pin. Further, a metal slide protected all of the film regularly exposed excepting that particular section wherein it was desired to show the vision.

The process of photographing the "vision" over, the camera man removed the film box from his camera and retired to the dark-room where he removed the exposed film, re-wound it and placed it back in the negative compartment of the film box as it was before the vision was photographed. Now the scene proper is to be made.

With the setting in place, and everything ready, the director gives the word and the camera begins to grind. The man fancies he sees a vision on the wall and acts accordingly, in fact the whole scene is photographed in just the way in which any ordinary



Figure Four, Showing Robert W. Leonard Playing the Parts of the Phantom and the Chief Character



Figure Five—a Picture Showing the Workings of a Mind Condemned of Guilt and Fearful of Detection

of the girl is photographed in the regular way. The director suddenly calls, "Hold your position!" and the actor stands stock-still while the girl rushes into the scene and assumes the desired attitude. The camera begins whirring once more, the miser turning and noting the girl's presence. As he stretches out his arms toward her the director calls, "Stop!" This time the girl steps out of the scene, the miser holding his position. The camera is started again and now records the old man's dumb-founded expression as he realizes he is alone and as wretched as before.

Figure No. 3 is practically of the same nature excepting that the "vision" does not assume an aspect of naturalness as does the character in figure No. 2. The "vision" appears as a phantom, and in the illustration used here, seems to be standing within the wooden wall. This is straight double exposure. First, the entire scene minus the "vision" is photographed. The exposed film is rewound, placed in the negative box, and re-exposed on the same scene with half of the film aperture closed by a metal slide and covering that portion of the film whereon the likeness of the main character has been registered. The second exposure shows the "vision" facing the main character.

One must remember that the camera must not be moved or jarred in any way whatsoever during the making of such a scene or the lines of the background will become dual. The double registering of the background on the negative, as compared with the figure which is photographed only once makes the figure appear phantom-like by contrast. In the last six months several photoplays have been produced in

(Continued on page 30)



Figure Six Shows Mr. August Arresting Himself in "The False Bride"

scene is made. Sounds rather simple, doesn't it? And it is simple. But there's no doubt but that one must be a good photographer to get this kind of effects. The slightest error on the camera man's part would spoil the whole scene.

A great many photographers reverse the procedure I have described above by making the scene first and the "vision" second. Either way secures the desired result.

But all "visions" are not of this sort. In figure No. 2 we have pictured an old man—a miserly and hard-hearted old farmer—who, after being jilted when young or believing he was jilted has never again permitted a woman's love to enter his heart. Quite by accident he discovers the love letters he had received from the girl of his youth, reads them, and recalls his sweetheart as she was those many years before. She appears before him, first, like a phantom, then suddenly she seems to be real. As he starts to take her in his arms he is roused from his reverie by finding he is grasping only the air. His sweetheart is gone.

The mechanical business employed in the making of such a scene is about as follows:

All the action up to the point where the old miser begins thinking



Figure Seven Portrays Miss Florence Lawrence in Two Distinct Roles

J. R. Walling— Movie Magnate

X—Meeting Lombard's Test

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



He Sat Humped over His Desk Like a Ground-hog, and Glowered at the Natty Walling

DOLLY EWING and Jack Walling, and Dolly's mother, and Bobby, too, had dreamed a long time about "camping out." They had hungered to get away from the jangle of the 'phone bell, and the clatter of the awkward feet of A. D. T. boys on the stairs—but now that the sylvan fastness crooned its songs to them, they knew that what is bred in the marrow is there for keeps.

Let a weary body rid itself of its fatigue-poisons, let ragged nerves get back in tune, and there is the return of the little god of ambition that always keeps the world evolving success out of failure—rearing new granite walls out of the mossy marl of decayed cities.

Jack Walling secretly aspired to become the organizing genius of the movies—but he realized the while that no one man or syndicate was likely to become master of the twenty thousand moving picture houses in America—or dictate to the country's third important industry—the business of the films.

Walling aspired to something else—something that included Dolly, and a bungalow, and surcease from the fretting conquests that needs must keep the very best of us bright and burning; for these and their essential adjuncts—a fireside, friends and home.

Through a kind of clairvoyance that is given to the feminine contingent, by way of preservation, perhaps, Dolly could decipher by the manner Jack swallowed at an imaginary lump that welled menacingly in his throat, that he was weighing the momentous question. Far beyond her years, Dolly was wise. Secretly, she saw no one else half so grand as Walling. Women blend this foolishness with their wisdom. It is the plot of mating, perhaps, but one woman's hero is a fearful boob in other women's eyes. Jack, however, played on a beggarly margin of boobyery. He was cast in a more heroic mold.

"We've got to make a million first," Dolly breathed abstractedly. Walling arched his brows. Had he really said it? Perhaps he had. A man in love is fearfully irresponsible. He who doubts a Creator need only watch folk who are in love. No other power could care for them in their hours of stumbling blindness, when reason rests and madness racks their minds. Walling thought of this and smiled.

He nodded his head gravely, the lump left his throat like a freight elevator sinking to the basement, and an easement stole into his body, much as it does upon a man whose toothache ceases when the dentist's door is reached, and he finds he may retreat before the forceps gather their painful toll.

"And, besides," Dolly continued, as she wondered if "Dolly Walling" wouldn't be a pretty name, after all, "you have big ideas—and some day we'll be getting old, and the fire of conquest will die down in our breasts, and younger people will pass us in the race."

"I don't know," Jack answered bravely, "I knew a man who had failed in life up to the age of fifty-five, and then he became a derby winner—one of those long shots that pick off the big prize and scorch the bookies!"

But their Summer idyl was to terminate abruptly and rudely. The crunching of gravel beneath the tires of an ancient vehicle assailed them. The farmer had come back from town with the mail—for no rural route penetrated this primal fastness. There were trivial, no-account letters for both of them—but there was one big, sea-blue envelope addressed to Walling, in a hand that might have been intended to wield a sword rather than a pen.

"Dear sir," it began abruptly, "I will offer you and Miss Ewing the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars for your theatres and good will, and will contract for Miss Ewing's films in preference to all others, and retain you at the sum of ten thousand a year and expenses, and a liberal commission, to help me push through the biggest deal the movies ever knew or will know. Reply as soon as this reaches you." The letter bore the short stubby signature of "Jno. Wilkes," after an abbreviated "Yrs. Truly."

"John Wilkes," Walling gasped. "John Wilkes, the man who bought a railroad one night and sold it the next morning at five million dollars' profit!"

Dolly straightened out the wrinkles in her gingham apron and brushed back her tousled auburn tresses.

"Mr. Rockerbuilt or Vanderfeller will get into

the game next!" she laughed enthusiastically. "Take him up, Jack; he's the fellow you've been waiting for!"

"Maybe he'll freeze me out!" Walling objected fearfully. The moment any human being gathers together more than two months' expenses, he is afraid of being "frozen out." First, men worry because they have no money; then they worry twenty times as hard because they have accumulated wealth. Mortals are very hard to please!

Vacationing was wearing on all of them, however, and there was little time to devote to viewing spectres of the days unborn. Jack was tingling to get back to the throb of the pulse of the game, and Dolly felt that she had been marooned far too long from the Sensational Film Co.

John Wilkes was an uncouth fellow, who was noted mostly for bristling bronze whiskers and voluble profanity. He was a well-fed chap, who had pioneered much and rested little, but gormandized always. He sat humped over his desk like a ground-hog over a mess of acorns—and glowered at the natty Walling as the "movie magnate" stepped into the dingy loft that topped one of Chicago's most ancient office structures. It was Wilkes' own building, so he was quite willing to endure the shortcomings of his suite—which was a curiosity shop of trophies of many a commercial chase—a dusty, miserable setting for ideas that sprouted millions.

"My name is Walling," said Jack airily, as he tested a rickety chair, as though questioning the advisability of being seated. "I got your letter and have delivered my answer in person."

"Huh!" Wilkes grunted as he viewed Walling's cigarette askance, and puffed lazily on his own black stogie.

"How do you intend to pay me this money?" Jack queried warily.

"How in blazes should a business man pay for a thing—in tradin' stamps?"

Walling laughed a little uneasily. The truth was, the Ewing-Walling Syndicate was indebted to Dolly to a degree that would consume most of that seventy-five thousand, and Walling was nervous and anxious to a noticeable degree. A man can key himself up to continuing in business, and suffering the hardships of commercial expansion—until somebody shakes a bag of gold in front of him. Then he wonders how he managed to fight it out so long and so well as he did.

"You're a sort of shark in your line, they tell me," Wilkes began patronizingly, as one fighter might spar another for an opening. "It is new to me—brand new. I wouldn't go in it at all, only—there's a reason. You see, it's this way, Mr. Walling—and I don't mind admitting it: I have a brace of nephews who will some day inherit my millions—maybe. They don't amount to a whole lot, and they don't know any more than Webster or Jefferson or some of the other great men, even though they think they do. They couldn't learn railroading—no, sir. They didn't know which was the tie and which was the rail, or Johnson grass from spinach. But—they are very ambitious, and besides, Jimmie Wilkes, a dashin', handsome devil, is head-over-heels in love with a little fool of a movie actress known as Dolly Ewing."

Walling coughed. Views of conspiracy, green and terrible, surged up in his mind like the tide racing over the coral reefs of Panama.

"Yes, James is dead in love with that little red-headed snipet—and it seems that she told him to go out and make good and talk business later."

"Very considerate of her, I'm sure," Walling croaked dismally. "Such encouragement usually helps a young man. Wonder if you'd mind if I open this window? It's fearfully stuffy in here."

Wilkes grunted again. He couldn't feel the heat, but he had entertained fresh-air fans before. Besides, Walling's discomfort pleased him.

"Go on, go on!" Jack urged impatiently.

"Well, she told him that if he'd start with nothing—or a debt, which is worse than nothing—and make a million dollars in one year, she might—understand me clearly, might tie up with him!"

Walling's collar was choking him, and the fumes from the black stogie set him to coughing violently. It calls for nerve to witness the vivisection of Cupid before one's very face. But Jack was game. Of all places that called him, here was the street and number.

"And so"—and at this juncture Mr. Wilkes brought his fat, freckled fist down viciously on his desk—"I want to buy out the Walling theatres—or Walling-Ewing Syndicate, if you like. But I have this to say to you, young man: If, on account of any personal liking for the same Dolly Ewing, you do anything unfair, I'll put you behind the bars as sure as shootin'!"

Walling sprang from his chair. So this old pirate had broken the news in cold blood—had called him back from his vacation to shake the ghastly bones of rivalry in his face!

"And if you don't sell," Wilkes continued gloatingly, "I'll build theatres near yours, all around yours, and run you into the ground if it takes a million dollars!"

Walling's nerve was returning now—coming back in jerks, like a loaded trolley car starting over a muddy track. Mr. Wilkes was talking in Jack's own language. That helped. Jack knew then and there that he belonged in the movies

every whit as much as Mr. Wilkes belonged in railroading—and that millions are stumbling blocks when a man doesn't know the game.

"Mr. Wilkes," he said with a soft purring in his tones, "you and Jimmie dear, are herewith invited to go to the devil!"

But what Walling did not see was the rollicking laughter of John Wilkes once the office-door was slammed in his face. He had "played" Walling and won. Wilkes had no nephew—not kith or kin—nobody but Wilkes. And he had turned to the movies the way some men take to drink. He wanted something to shock himself back into the joy of living, and more than all else, he wanted to fight—to fight to the finish—to fight some one worthy of the combat. Of all persons calculated to give him that fight, Jack Walling stood at the top of the list, and the list was long and represented much serious study.

Jack's first impulse was to negotiate a strong drink, but the idea passed quickly. He needed his reason—his will—his bal-

ance. This big, bloated, money-mad beast was forcing him to battle on a basis of Money vs. Wits—and if ever he must put living on a scientific foundation, now was the time.

"Dolly," Jack cried earnestly, as he met her in the Ewing apartment an hour later, "we have got to fight Wilkes to a finish. He was bluffing—insolent—I told him where to go—and I meant it! Besides, who is the best scenario writer in America—meaning in the world?"

"Lombard of the Modern Day Film Co.!" Dolly replied with equal vigor. She gloried in Jack when he was armor-clad, and ready for the firing line.

"What does he demand a year?" he asked breathlessly. And then, not waiting for a reply, he added: "I am going to offer him five thousand more than he's getting now—and back me in it, Dolly, because, so help me, you can and will have every cent I make—everything will be yours—only I'll beat that poddy Wilkes and—dear Jimmie if it takes both legs and a lung!"

"Who's Jimmie?" Dolly questioned innocently.

"Ha, ha!" Walling cackled dryly. "Regular burglar-outfit name—eh? Dear Jimmie! Oh, bless his sweet little heart, if he doesn't beg pennies on State street in twelve months, I'm the worst guesser this side of St. Petersburg. Make a million in a year! Pouf!"

The more Dolly questioned, the more Jack frothed. He would use her own money to beat her own coquetry—he would be like Wilkes; he would thwart them all—indeed he would. And the more he thought about it, the more his teeth rattled, until they made the drum-beats of the spirit of 'Seventy-six sound like dew-drops on elderdown.

Walling was still in this haze when the great Lombard landed on the scene, contracted for at twenty thousand a year for five years. Poor Lombard looked like almost anything other than a successful genius. He needed a shave—hadn't forsaken the safety razor for weeks, at

the expense of his neck—had forgotten all about dyers, cleaners and pressers—but in that thick old Teutonic dome of his he carried a battery that put something into pictures nobody else had ever found:

Lombard knew talent, too. He assigned parts, directed, was lord of the studio. But in disposition he was as mild as a gentle Guernsey cow—at the beef stage.

"Now," said Walling, after he had prattled through his big ideas, "what we want, Lombard, is plot—oh, heavens! such plot. Make the rest of them look like chart-class boys and girls. Give the world what it is hungry and thirsty for, Lombard. We have been surfeited with this dish-water stuff. Plots of today ooze out of the final film like sand from an Arizona well. It is terrible, scandalous, the way they impose on the public. Lombard, as you love your art, blaze the trail! And tell me what you like to eat or drink or smoke—and it will come in barrels to your door!"

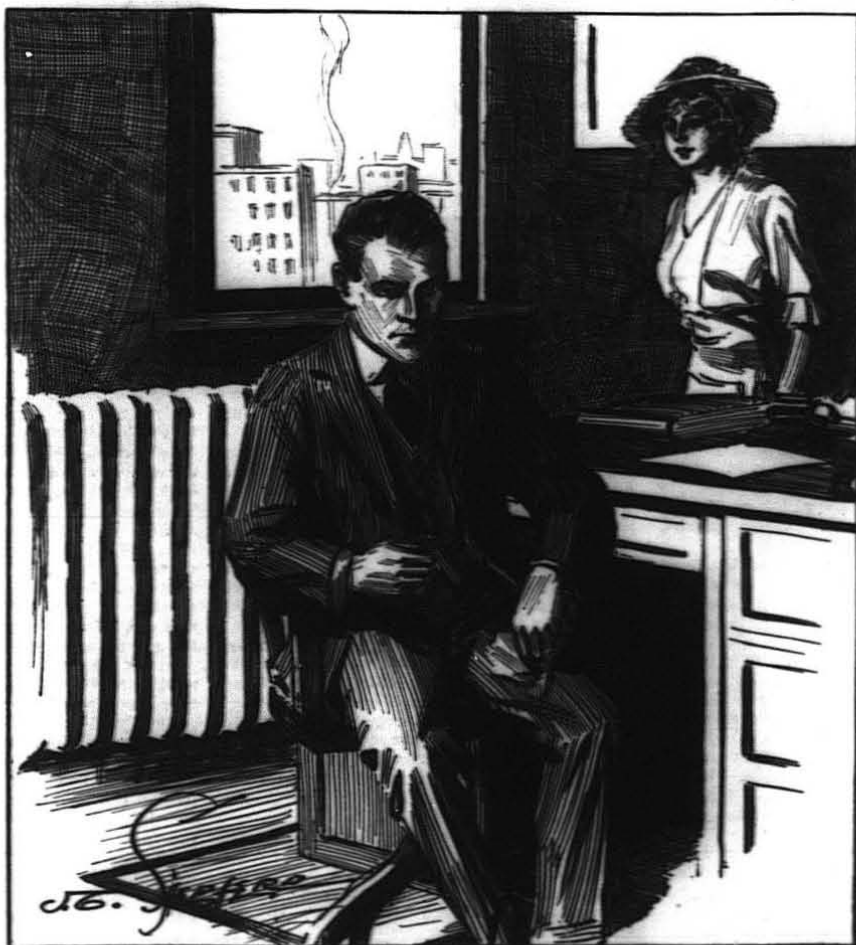
Lombard smiled. These movie magnates talked to scenario writers as though they were dull-eyed oxen straining under the goad to get forty crates of builders' hardware over the crest of a clay-coated hill in rainy weather! Still, with fine commiseration he regarded Walling, and liked Jack's frank enthusiasm.

The plots flowed from Lombard's pen-point like honey from the linden-blossom, and very soon the Sensational Film had started its subsidiary known as the Movie Story Film Corporation. While the scenes were being enacted before the cameras, Walling devoted most of his time to preparing his posters, heralds, and other advertising matter. He injected inspiration into his work. At times he would pause to watch Lombard rehearse the players, until every shade of meaning was brought from their actions. Dolly thrived under her new tutor. She was being lifted out of the blood-curdling heroine class into a natural girl of her own day and age—a girl who could put her soul into the actions that the screens would billiard back to applauding millions of motion picture lovers.

In the meanwhile, Wilkes had made good his threat. He was invading Walling-Ewing territory the way rats swoop upon a grain steamer, putting up more lavish play-houses, sparing neither money nor garish glitter—bent on making Walling rue the day he had issued the carte-blanche invitation to a world that is hotter than Needles or Yuma.

But when it came to picking films, Wilkes satisfied only Wilkes. He had never catered to any other taste in all his life. Why should he now? If a man is a wonder at purchasing bankrupt stocks of transportation companies dehydrated and evaporated, and converting them into profitable sponges with the waters of imagination, why should he not also dilute the public mind with fine lobbies, pedestals, ferns, brass bands and—the kind of features he liked best?

Mr. Wilkes was unable to negotiate the new Lombard creations—but he had seen Lombard (had taken pains to look him over), and wouldn't have rented the scenario genius



Dolly Raced into the Room and Found Walling Tearing Figures into Bits

by the month as a welcome mat for his loft door.

At first Mr. Wilkes was pleased to compete, but the wolf arose in him and claimed him, and it was soon a point of honor. That a dandy like Jack Walling should turn people away, show after show, while the Wilkes houses, were as empty as a post-harvest tramp, was gall, wormwood and cyanide of potassium to his wrath-filled soul.

Walling wouldn't crush worth a penny. Walling even snapped his manicured fingers at Mr. Wilkes one day in Rector's. A sickly looking bank clerk who chanced to be Mr. Wilkes' guest, was mistaken by Jack for the mythical James Wilkes—and never could understand why he had been the target for Walling's theatrical hisses.

From a patronage of some five hundred theatres, the Lombard films soon boasted of more than two thousand theatre patrons—and secured a rate that was far ahead of anything ever attempted in the past. America was Lombard-mad, and to clinch the genius, Walling prepared a new contract offering Lombard five per cent bonus of the net.

The next morning, Jack Walling nearly fell from his pendulating position on his strap in the elevator. *The Herald* had a first page story that sent the chills racing down his vertebrae.

Lombard—the great Lombard—had been kidnapped! He had been whisked away from his hotel entrance by a band of rough-looking men, who drove what was presumably "the grey ghost," a motor-car that had recently figured in a series of daring hold-ups. Lombard had been swallowed up in the maw of mystery the way a mouse would disappear beneath the fur of a diet-thinned cat.

Chills followed the torrid flashes all over Walling's body. One moment he was on the verge of whimpering fear—the next vowing murder. But the worse he raved, the more he realized that a more clever adversary than Walling had guessed possible, was pitted against him.

At his office, Jack found a call from Wilkes, and after some dubious meditation, 'phoned that gentleman.

"It is terrible, Walling!" Wilkes blustered sarcastically. "I know it looks bad for me, but to show you that I am on the square, I am going to offer five thousand dollars' reward for Lombard's return—dead or alive!"

"Dead or alive!" Jack wailed. "Why dead? I have lots of faith in many things, Mr. Wilkes, but I prefer not to consult slate-writing or trumpet mediums to get Lombard's scenarios from the other side of the range."

So in the face of his misery, Wilkes laughed at him? He might have known it. Wilkes thought he was squeezing a herd of impoverished shareholders out of their savings. The misery of others was French pastry to Wilkes. Walling could neither weep nor swat. He could do nothing but cough and fidget and say, "Oh, well," and "Very good, very good," but thought had fled from his cerebral hemispheres. He was drivelling in his impotency.

Dolly raced into the office an hour later, be-

cause she had read the story, and found Walling tearing papers into bits and tossing the particles up into the air—after the style of a theatrical snow-storm.

"They won't hurt him," Dolly said soothingly. "They will just keep him prisoner, until they think that we are ruined. That's all they'll do."

"How infinitely kind of them!" Walling wailed as he nodded his head, and then shook it slowly as he remembered elephants do—likely because they are worried. The motion almost soothed him. "Such christian forbearance in them is worthy of our deepest gratitude. Well, the police are notified—three de-

At first, Dolly was going to act very angry, but after a while she began to figure that Jack was really demented, and she had read somewhere that it is best to humor insane persons.

"There, there, poor old Jack," she prattled in an affectation of baby talk, "he will be better after a while. Oh, Jackie, dear, see p'tty horses!"

"Gawd!" Walling howled, "It's got her alley, too. First, Lombard is pinched by bandits; then poor little Dolly joins the mad but merry crew on the River of Doubt!"

By the time they had reached the film offices, each understood that the other was not hopelessly insane. And with some effort, Walling

made known to Dolly that what he desired most was possession of the Lombard baggage receipts and keys.

Demurring as far as she felt safe, Dolly finally acceded, and once more joined Walling in the taxi. They swung around toward Broadway on two wheels, and darted off in the direction of the warehouses. All the while, Jack was mopping the perspiration from his brow and neck and wrists, and kept wiping the humid palms of his palsied hands. The weather was cool enough, but a furnace of anxiety raged within him.

There was some little dispute at the warehouse, however, although they knew Walling and knew Dolly—and finally called a funeral-appearing gentleman, who led them mysteriously, back to the armor-plated, arched vaults, where treasure reposed beyond the greedy grasp of thieves.

There were the Lombard trunks—ancient chests that had been fashioned in the Fatherland ages past. There were the suit-cases and bags—lop-sided and travel-stained—mute mourners of their vanished master.

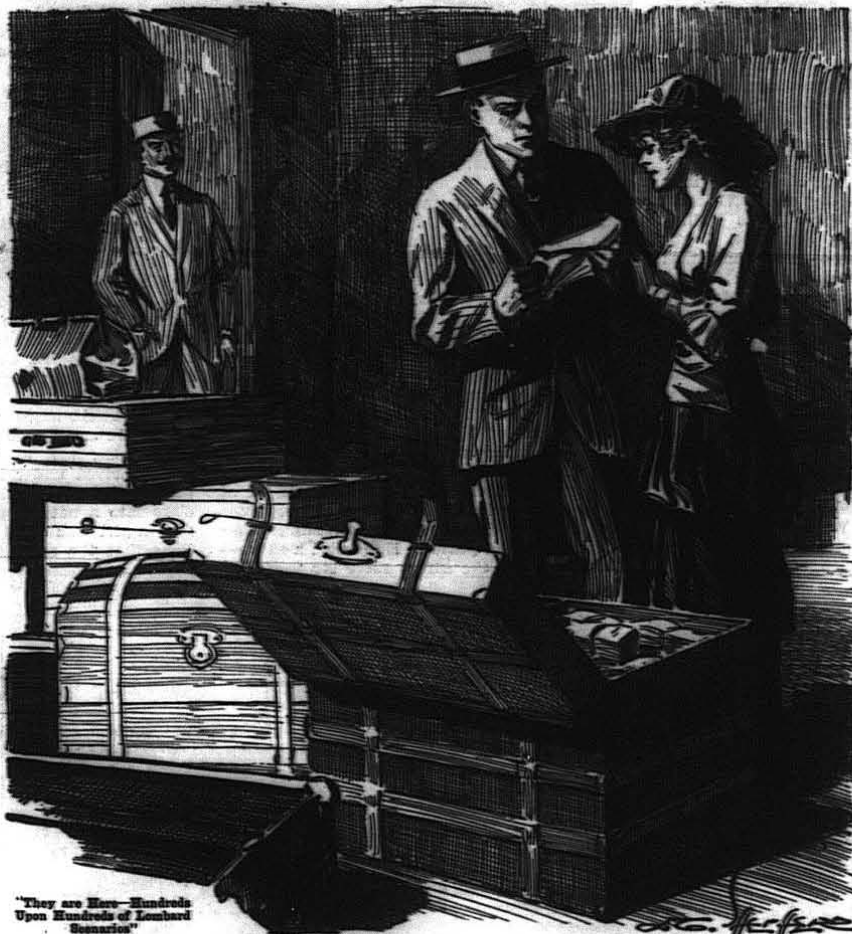
Walling glanced at the tangle of keys inquiringly, and then began feverishly to try them in the locks. The first few satchels contained faded articles of female apparel—and in one corner of the oldest case were two pale blue knit baby shoes, long removed from the restive little feet that had worn them. Dolly dabbed at her eyes. The attendant smothered a dry sob. So poor Lombard had felt sorrow like other mortals? Perhaps it was Lombard's past that had tinted his intellect with art. The chests and trunks were bringing to light memories of the long forgotten—secrets from beyond the storm-swept seas.

Trunk after trunk displayed nothing of commercial value—only mildewed trash—and Walling was despairing.

Finally the attendant suggested further patience, and helped Walling lift down a chest of more modern pattern. Jack fumbled hopelessly with the keys some seconds before he located the correct one. Half-hoping, half-fearing, he raised the cover—and then his heart thumped tumultuously.

There before him, like corded stacks of wood, were bundles of papers—packets without number, carefully wrapped and tied. With shaking hands, Jack unwrapped the nearest of the bundles. Then his eyes danced until he could

(Continued on page 32)



"They are Here—Hundreds Upon Hundreds of Lombard Scenarios"

ective agencies are on the job—I am writing to the Interstate Commerce Commission, because they might take him into Indiana, which would be in restraint of trade—and—"

"Why not inform the German consul?" Dolly queried. "Mr. Lombard is still a subject of the Kaiser."

"By George, that's right! International complications! Still, Germany has her hands full—and if I tell the consul, he might make Lombard go back to fight! No! I have an idea. Listen—follow closely, Dolly. Did Lombard have any baggage? Any trunks? Any suit cases? Any bags? Any keys?"

Miss Ewing stared blankly at her partner, and felt very sorry for him. Jack was breaking down under the strain. His mental g-string was unquestionably severed.

"Fourteen trunks and twenty-two bags," Dolly replied dolefully. "They are stored in the Mammoth vaults out on Broadway. The receipts and keys are in our safe. He begged permission to keep them here. But what has that to do with the situation?"

"Come on, come on!" and Walling grasped his hat with one hand and Dolly's collar with the other, and in this undignified state, drew her and her protests toward the elevators. He half pushed, half urged her into a taxi—and amid the jeering laughter of the gathering crowd, they sped toward the North Side.

The Trey O' Hearts' Heroine

Cleo Madison--Three in One

NOT so very long ago there was a young actress

By WILLIAM RICHARDS

series at the Universal. As soon as her position with the company was as-

sure Cleo took a pretty bungalow and sent for her sister and then came consultations with various doctors, and now the sister goes out in an invalid chair, with the strongest hopes that some day she will be able to walk like her sisters. Needless to say, Cleo is happy. In the "Trey of Hearts" Cleo Madison has a magnificent chance, and she has certainly seized her opportunity and is giving some truly wonderful performances.

It is in this series that she takes three distinct parts. First she is the wan and worried mother who dies, leaving her twin daughters alone in the world, and later she is the twins themselves. Rose is the heroine of the plays and the other—Judith, is a girl full of mean and sordid qualities and of revengeful thoughts and actions. These two girls are prominent throughout the series and Cleo makes the contrast between them a most striking one. Apart from the sterling acting, Miss Madison is taking risks far above the ordinary. In these adventurous serial

she was not contented and the reason lay not within herself. She had a sister who had lain for years stricken with a spinal disease. And Cleo Madison, young and vigorous and buoyant, was haunted and saddened by the illness of this beloved sister of hers. And all the time something kept telling her, "Your sister can be made well and it is up to you." Finally she could stand it no longer. She felt that if she could have that sister with her all the time and could have doctors—good doctors—and could follow out whatever they ordered that she could help make that sister well.

And then someone said "pictures" to Cleo Madison. The very thing! She applied at the Universal and offered to work in one play to show what she could do. She worked in one scene instead of one play and General Manager Bernstein saw immediately that he had a find, and she was put on steady salary and assigned at the very outset to play leads opposite handsome Dave Hartford. Shortly afterwards she was given her own company and advanced in a way that has been the good fortune of very, very few actresses.

The fact is that Cleo Madison has a magnificent screen presence, personal magnetism and rare ability. This is why she was chosen to play the important triple role in Vance's big "Trey of Hearts"



The Third Part Is That of the Good Little Sister



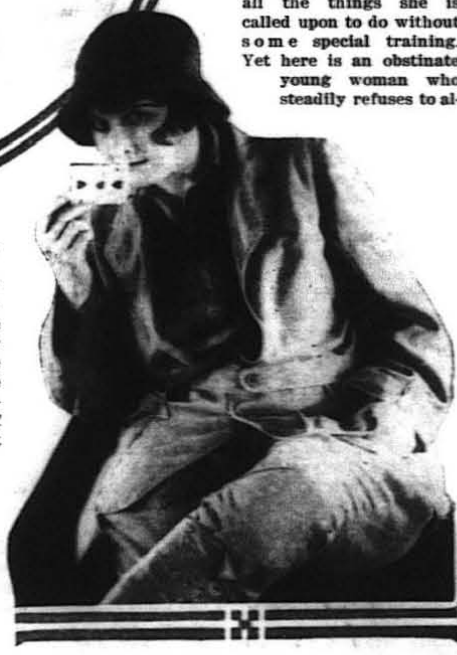
Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles
Cleo Madison—the Girl Who Will Let Nobody "Double" for Her

low anyone to double for her and insists that her daring deeds be taken as close up as possible in order that audiences the world over may see she is doing them herself. She says that if there is danger that she wants to take it and not let others take it for her, and that if the stunts are too dangerous then they had better be cut out anyhow. Already she has had three serious accidents and is keeping her director and

stories there are lots of things done which almost require specialists to perform, and it is not at all unusual for the actresses to have "doubles" to do the various dangerous stunts they are supposed to perform themselves. This is entirely excusable and even wise, for no girl can do all the things she is called upon to do without some special training. Yet here is an obstinate young woman who steadily refuses to al-



One of Her Parts in "The Trey O' Hearts" is that of the Mother



She Also Plays the Part of Revengeful Judith in This Photoplay

(Continued on page 37)

David W. Griffith—Genius

By RICHARD WILLIS



he is—a director just a little better director than the best.

There was a time, I frankly own it, when I considered Griffith overestimated, but that was before I had studied his plays closely or had met him and talked with the man himself. I used to say with others, "It is easy to make a great play with all the resources he has at his command." Is it? I think not. Give others the same facilities and they will not make use of them the same way that Griffith does.

When you first start to talk to David Griffith you get the impression that he is a cynic, but the impression soon passes and you find yourself listening more closely and interestedly.

"I am fond of depicting the lives of young folks for one thing," he said, "and if you have parts for girls or young men, you must absolutely have young people to fill them—that is generally acknowledged now. Again I am careful in my selections, and, although I am apt to make a mistake now and again, as everyone is, I am seldom disappointed. Now supposing I had the part of a young woman to give out, one that wanted some excellent acting. If I were to go to the stage for my actress I would have to take a matured woman, one who would act splendidly, but who would look too old for the requirements. Why? Because it takes two years on the

JUST a little while ago I saw the four-reel photoplay "The Massacre" exhibited in Los Angeles. I enjoyed every foot of it, and I could have sat through it again, a thing I can do with very few motion pictures. When I arrived home I thought over "The Massacre" and it was borne in upon me that I had seen that same story before, not once but several times. The "punch" was not new and the story was not original. An immigrant train is surrounded by Indians and dwindles rapidly and a man escapes and brings the cavalry. The little circle of defenders gradually fades, as one by one the men fall, and in the center of the circle a young woman with a baby is nearly buried by protecting bodies. The soldiers arrive and the Indians are killed or escape, leaving as the only survivors the woman and her baby. And the man who leads the would-be rescuers to the scene is the husband of the woman! That is the story, one which has been done before many times.

What was it then that held and enthralled me, that made the audiences applaud? It was the genius of the man David Griffith, aided of course by superb acting and the marvelous photography of Billy Bitzner. Sifted down, the credit belongs to the man who produced the play, and produced it without a script in his hand or pocket, as is his way. In fact, it was the little "touches" of the subtlest sort which made this such a remarkable photoplay.

During the attack we were taken back and forth between the grim defenders crouched in their death stand, and the circling Indians, with sudden occasional "cut backs" showing the husband with terror in his heart for his loved ones, imploring the troopers to better efforts to save the members of the immigrant train. It was the mastery with which the agony of this man was exploited and the valiant fight in the circle that made "The Massacre" different. Earlier in the play we saw a burly gambler and a French gambler scoffing at the efforts of a timid little clergyman to bring them to a sense of better things; here in the circle of death the same big gambler interposes his own body to save the parson, the Frenchman darts from the closely packed ranks to pick up a battle-crazed boy and laughs and boasts as he picks off an Indian or two and then falls back with a smile—shot through the heart. It was these inspired touches which made "The Massacre" not an ordinary play but a veritable masterpiece, and it is these same strokes of genius—there is no other word for them—which make Griffith what



Mr. Griffith Rehearsing One of the New Mutual Features Called "Griffith Film"

Because he knows human nature, his audiences and his art, he can introduce little incidents and touches of a like character which put vital interest and "grip" into the most ordinary happenings. That is why I put up "The Massacre" as an argument in defense of the genius of David Griffith.

He is an interesting man in himself and an excellent talker when once he gets going—and if you do not interrupt. I tried to interview him and he is an impossible subject! Yes, he is. But you learn a lot and have something to think about when you leave him. He is very courteous, and contrary to the general impression, does not place himself on a pedestal. He has confidence in himself and is sure of his points as he makes them, but he never attempts to put on a picture until he is sure of what he intends to do. He is a voracious reader and studies all the necessary details regarding the period which he is about to portray and is a stickler for the correctness of these details.

David Griffith is very human and "feels" things deeply. I had a touch of this as we talked on the evening of the day when Henry Walthall suddenly reeled and would have fallen had not Griffith caught him. On making inquiries he found his favorite actor had been ill and was fighting to hold out until "The Clansman" was completed, but his weakness overcame his will and "Wally" had to go to the hospital and be operated upon. Griffith showed genuine grief and was angry because he had not been told of the illness, and he spoke of Walthall with a burst of feeling which came from his heart, there was no doubt of that. He described Walthall as "an artist, an inborn gentleman and a man." There was real affection in his tones as he spoke of other members of his company, too, although it would not be politic to mention names.

David Griffith and Richard Bennett Who Took a Strong Part in "Damaged Goods"



stage for an actor or an actress to learn how to speak correctly and to manage his voice properly, and it takes about ten years to master the subtle art of being able to hold one's audience. Too, when an actor or an actress starts in acting for the screen, he has to unlearn a whole lot he has acquired with such hard work and he is too old—that is, too old for a truth-telling camera—for many parts. I pick out young people and teach them in less time than it would take me to alter the methods of people from the boards, and I get actors who look the parts they have to fill."

David Griffith told me that he entered the picture game because he was hard up and needed the money he obtained by supping at the Biograph. Candidly, he despised pictures, and to this day he is not at all fond of going to motion picture theatres, although he acknowledges that it is interesting to see his own efforts and to watch his own artists at work. He goes to see other photoplays, of course, but does not really enjoy it as a rule.

Griffith is a native of the South and is Southern all through. He was born in Louisville, Ky., and never even saw a play until he was sixteen years of age, and even then he saw it in secret, for his people were bitterly opposed to the stage. His mother is Scotch, but her son says that she did not have the usual quota of Scotch humor, and he was strictly brought up. He says that Henry Irving was directly re-

sponsible for his going on the stage and for his writing plays, many of which were produced by various stock companies. It was in taking too much time to the writing of one of these plays that he got into that state of hardupness that made him take daily pay at the Biograph studios. So here's to Henry Irving and to Griffith's being hard up at one time. Mr. Griffith thinks that Irving was a fine actor but far above that—he was a producer of originality, a man of rare artistic attainments and of big ideas, full of earnestness. He first saw Irving with Ellen Terry at Louisville, and knew at once that he could follow no other profession than that of the stage.

David W. Griffith had considerable stage experience before he started to write plays and was associated with a number of stock companies, vaudeville circuits and plays, chiefly on the Pacific coast. He was also, for a season leading man with Nance O'Neill.

Mr. Griffith was made a motion picture director by the providential—as it proved—absence of his own director, once upon a time.

each other too closely and often times do not show any desire for originality. One manager will produce a "Devil" play and several others will immediately follow suit; another will produce some success in the shape of a musical play and it is immediately copied as closely as possible.

He believes in commercialism, but he insists that art with a big "A" must be mingled with the commercial end, otherwise motion pictures will suffer just as the stage has in the past. He objects strongly to the words "silent drama" as applied to screen dramas, for he claims that they speak louder than words, and that they will continue to shout their lessons from the housetops and impress these lessons upon the minds of the people who would forget them in no time if they read them in books.



Directing Is Not So Easy as It Looks in This Picture from "The Battle of the Sexes"

David Griffith made me smile with his answer to my question, "When you started producing, did you think you could do better—did you feel you could improve on the pictures being made at that time?"

"Well, I certainly did not think that I could do worse," was his reply. To another question as to whether he loved his work, he reminded me that every one who makes a success likes his work, otherwise he could not make a success of it. He also expatiated upon the enormous amount of labor attaching to the production of a big feature, labor that is unremitting until the film has been shipped to the various exchanges.

Griffith is a scholar and a sportsman, too. He reads much and he's fond of boxing. He was at one time a fine runner, too, and he attributes his splendid health to the fact that he is constantly studying himself and keeping in good condition. He believes that this is necessary for every one, and he drums it into

Mr. Griffith Was an Able Assistant in Sun Devil, the Technical Director



Whereupon he took a chance and introduced some startling innovations, novelties which made the company gasp—and Griffith, the genius, had arrived!

It is said of him that he has dismissed fewer actors and actresses than any other big director and he has given to the film world a number of its prominent stars, to mention just a few—ladies first—Mary Pickford, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Flora Finch, Blanche Sweet, Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Mae Marsh. Now the men: Arthur Johnson, Owen Moore, James Kirkwood, Henry Walthall, Donald Crisp, Fred Mace, Wilfred Lucas, Dell Henderson, Charles Murray and Lionel Barrymore. Of course, some of these artists acted in pictures and on the stage before they joined Biograph, but they have all become the screen artists they are to-day through Griffith, and I believe that every one of them cheerfully admits the fact.

He has seldom been wrong in his first judgment regarding the possibilities of the artists he has engaged, and here again he stands out prominently. I asked him his ideas of the future of the legitimate drama, and he said that if the legitimate stage came to grief it would be its own doing, for he saw no reason why audiences should desert the stage entirely for pictures. He believes that it is the fault of theatrical producers that the drama has declined as much as it has; the managers follow



David Griffith Entered the Picture Game Because He Was Hard Up. He Now Makes Over \$250,000 a Year

his artists—health means beauty; exercise is the key to health.

When prominent or promising artists leave some of the managers they are virtually placed upon the company's black books, but not so with David Griffith. He is never angry with a man who tries to better himself, and this is responsible for the large number of film friends he possesses, men and women who hurry to see him when they know he is in town. This always delights him.

I have said that David Griffith is a Southerner. He has strong ideas politically, but he does not often voice them. He believes that Los Angeles is the finest place in the world for the making of pictures, but he loves New York and says that it is a southern town and that it is run by business men of brains. He maintains that many other prominent cities are run by busybodies, by long-haired men and short-haired women with aspirations and ideals but with but little business in their compositions.

When Griffith directs out west he prefers shirtsleeves to coats and he wears a shocking bad Mexican hat to shade his eyes. What matter what kind of a hat? It is the keen brain within that makes him what he is, the keen eyes which see so much and the human heart which beats so warmly which count. And millions of people all over the universe see the pictures, which are just a little bit better than most and sometimes a lot better.

That is why I write him down a genius!

Advertising by Motion Pictures

QUITE a new industry has developed among the "commercial producers," those who do nothing but make films for advertisers, and they have their editors who write interesting little plays working in the value of the article to be advertised; quite a corps of actors are maintained to enact them in elaborate studios.

Such a medium needs no recommendation, but the fact that America's biggest manufacturers are using the "movies" is more than significant.

The DuPont Powder Company, with about four years of demonstrating the use of dynamite in farming, have about revolutionized farming in some districts thereby.

The late C. W. Post did not have to tell how clean his Postum Grape-Nuts and Post Toasties factories were. He did better; he showed Missourians and everyone.

The Phoenix Horse Shoe Company found it profitable to show the superiority of their goods

due to their methods of manufacture by means of pictures.

Mayer Brothers of Chicago astounded the clothing industry with their "Story of the Clothing Industry from the Sheep to the Wearer," and did big business.

The Peabody Coal Company made an advertising film on coal mining that was good enough to be used in the lecturing rooms of Yale.

And so on with the United States Gypsum Company, the Holt Caterpillar Company, whose traveling salesmen carry with them their own cameras, the Universal Portland Cement Company, the International Harvester Company, Heinz of the 57 Varieties fame, and even the Standard Oil.

Camera men are being hired this very day all over the world by the various railroads to make pictures which will be carried to foreign lands and excite the curiosity of traveler and settlers. The scope of the moving picture is unlimited.

Helps to the Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF ELEVENTH EPISODE:

Jones was greatly concerned over Florence's safety, but when news of her salvation from the hands of the Black Hundred reached him, he was overjoyed. Florence and Norton boarded a train for home, and were surprised to find Olga, Vroon and other conspirators as fellow-passengers. The Countess soon made herself agreeable to Florence, but other villainous allies of the Countess were at work. There was a rumbling and a tilting of the coaches, a dull, heavy grinding—a terrific impact, and the coaches piled up in wreckage. Olga, Florence and Norton lay unconscious, but the designing Vroon was unharmed. He gathered Florence into his arms and stepped carefully through the tangled debris. A short distance along a country road, he met a farmer and bargained for the horse and buggy. Thus equipped, Vroon soon had the hapless heiress in a hut, where other conspirators were waiting results eagerly. Arousing from unconsciousness and failing to locate his sweetheart, Norton displayed his gallantry by taking charge of Olga, whom he chanced to carry to the house of the farmer whose vehicle Vroon had secured. Norton had been far-sighted enough to wire to Jones from the field telegraph. On horseback, Norton set out for a deserted farm house, where he rightly suspected Florence to be, but was ambushed, and after a terrific fight was made prisoner. Florence was given a certain length of time in which to divulge the secret of the hidden million on pain of her lover's death. Indeed, she was securely bound. The time being up, Norton was tied to the rails, but Florence severed her bonds by saving the cords on bits of broken window-pane, and reached the railway in time to throw the switch, saving Norton from death beneath the wheels. Jones and the police arrived, and once more the violence of the Black Hundred brought them only chagrin and defeat.

A MOST stirring episode, truly! Also a means of seeing Jones in action—as madly determined to rescue Florence as though she were his own daughter! I might add that this eleventh episode reminds us of the missing million dollars, to locate which carries with it (for the one person whose solution shall form the twenty-third episode) a brokerage of one per cent! Let us not forget the million, or lose ourselves in wrecks, high seas or other alluring places.

Now, I am going away back to the very beginning of the story, because there is a thread that connects with the eleventh episode—and so remarkable is the Million Dollar Mystery plot, the slightest actions dovetail somewhere and at some time. Let us hark back to the scene where Stanley Hargreave was prepared to shave. There was a break in that scene. Then a pair of hands opened the Hargreave safe and withdrew the packets of currency. The view went back to Hargreave. He was done with his shaving, but neither you nor I saw him actually touch the razor to his face. We do not know whether the time elapsing from the beginning to the finish of the shave was ten minutes or four hours.

This much we did see: Hargreave poised the scissors—and paused. Then we saw the million dollars taken from the safe! After that Hargreave did not look at us squarely. Suppose, in the

process of shaving, Hargreave had gone to the safe and taken the money? Suppose there was a considerable lapse of time from the moment he began to divest himself of his beard until he was smooth-shaven? Can't you see the idea? It is potent; it bears upon the disturbed mind of Jones (at certain times) when Florence is in peril. It shows at every stage, step and turn, that Stanley Hargreave is very near—ready at times, I venture, to weary of playing the game, and throw his arms around his daughter. But if Jones should display this affection toward her—what then? If you had a child whom you loved more dearly than all else; a daughter whose happiness meant more to you than your own life—what would you do under the circumstances?

You are going to accuse me of talking in riddles. You are going to say, "Mr. Burns, come out and tell us just what you mean." But—wait! I am going to lead you around to it in a different way: Let us say that you and I had been present when Jones rushed to the scene of the wreck. Let us assume we had an aeroplane at hand and left spies to watch to see how long Jones tarried at the wreck. We were certain Jones was there. We jump into our air-boat and are away. Inside half an hour or an hour, we see the House of Mystery below us. We alight—rush up to the door and ring the bell. The door is opened. The man who stands before us is—Jones! We are certain of it. We race back and get into our aeroplane and return

to the wreck scene. There we find Florence and—Jones! Our watchers say, "Jones has been here every minute." Jones seems to be present in two places at the same time!

You now object. You say to me, "Very well, Mr. Burns, but the screen has shown no such scene. You have no right to assume there are two Joneses." Replying to you, I say this: If we are unable to build images from our ideas, then detection must lack penetrating power! If at one time we find Jones suffering acutely over the trials and tribulations of Florence, and at another time a cool, calculating, unfeeling being, we see two sides to the butler. You will tell me that this is not unusual; that most persons are two-sided. In business dealings, or little friendships and equally little enmities, yes. In the affection of a sober, normal father for an always adorable daughter, no! In the attitude of a servant equally normal, no! The child frequently decides the temper of the parent. Florence is always a pure, sweet girl. Her father risks his life and all else for her; has so done for eighteen years. But unless Jones is capable—physically capable—of being in two places at the same time, how else can he be so solicitous at one time and so indifferent at other times? Why, in New Rochelle, could I find Mr. Bracey and not find Mr. Norton? Think it over!

If Stanley Hargreave did not resemble somebody else, why did he not look squarely at us once his beard was gone? Think that over!

A week ago, I told you that it would be fine if we could see what Jones would do if he were apprised of Florence's danger and were called away. Would he take the million with him?

He might. Again, he might not! If he did not carry the currency on his person, likely somebody would remain on guard at the Hargreave home. This is evident, because the Black Hundred certainly keep that mansion "covered" day and night. Maybe they are not so certain that the million is at the bottom of the sea in the strong-box! Also, Susan (wavering uncertain as a woman of her narrow experiences must be) would be a poor makeshift of a guard. If Jones goes away, and the money remains, then somebody who is honest and competent, is left to guard it.

The newspaper story (apart and distinct from the films) has revealed many possibilities for us. At the time Florence was lured to the Grove street apartment, the story had Florence setting fire to a veil in the fireplace. Jones rushed to the basement. I asked if it was not the treasure he hoped to save. Jones did not hasten to Florence; he went to the basement. At that time, we see the other side of Jones. Sometimes it is Florence above all else with him. Again he is like a man with his ear to the ground, waiting on the sound of a commanding voice. Did Jones wish to warn another person, who might be hiding in the basement? At different times, the Black Hundred have detected secret messengers at the Hargreave mansion. Who were they? Were they different persons, or was there always just one man; namely, Hargreave? Sometimes we see Jones as the central dynamo of thought, plot and action; again, he waits! For many episodes, I noted this difference in his attitude and actions. When he is alert, keen, and in deepest sympathy with Florence, he is like—Hargreave! I mention once more



Is This the Man They Believed to be Speeding Away in the Balloon?

that Jones seems to be capable of being in two places at one time!

I am at work on a great chart. This chart is the result of my own "field-notes." I plan to use it at the close of the twenty-second episode. This chart is a network of my clues and deductions. Many times I have merely hinted at what I have suspected. Strangely enough, some of the thrillers of the story will not be mentioned in this chart. It will concern "trivialities" more than it will the "big scenes."

However, these big scenes, apart from their film value, are important in this way: They show the Black Hundred wherein they have erred. They point out to Olga, Braine, Vroon and others their mistakes. By "big scenes," I mean such stirring incidents as the plunge of the taxicab off the pier into the water, the leap of Florence from the S. S. George Washington, the wreck of the train, the Grove street episode, etc.

Now that we are exactly half-way through the episodes, I am going to give you a sort of recapitulation. This is not complete, the way my chart will be. It is intended purely for your guidance. I suggest that you recall these various scenes, which should be outlined clearly in your memory; maybe not so distinctively as I recall them, because keeping in mind details of plot is my specialty. It has been my training all my life. Here are what we might classify as "leading questions:"

1. Why did Olga fail to recognize Hargreave in the restaurant, and why was it necessary for Braine to point out features of the early Hargreave photograph, as Olga and Braine sped away from the cafe in a motor car, to warn the Black Hundred?

2. Was Hargreave not informed of this danger through the cafe recognition? Did he not have some one in the councils of the Black Hundred who advised him of his discovery? Why did he hasten to withdraw his money from the bank and send for his daughter? Was it not a plan for flight, because he already knew that he had been recognized?

3. How much time elapsed between Hargreave's start and completion of shaving?

4. How do you know that Hargreave personally did not have ample time to withdraw the million dollars from the library safe?

5. Why did Hargreave not look squarely at us after he was shaved? Was it because he looked like somebody else?

6. Are you sure that it was not this same one similar who went away in the balloon?

7. Why did Jones laugh at the failure of the Black Hundred to locate the money?

8. How could the balloon, punctured by a bullet from Vroon's rifle, sail out to sea with its passengers hundreds of miles?

9. Why did Jones, on meeting Florence and Susan, show such love toward Florence?

10. Why did Jones say, upon pointing to the Hargreave portrait, "This is your father's gift to you?"

11. Why has Florence never remarked the strong resemblance between her father's picture and Jones?

12. If Jim Norton could recognize Hargreave so easily, why did he not see the resemblance of Hargreave to Jones?

13. What proof have you that any man ever was rescued by the steamer at the time Norton and Jones arranged the warehouse plot? Did the story not make its appearance in the paper on which Norton worked? May he not have "framed" the story?

14. Whose shadow did the Black Hundred see at the warehouse? Were they not sure it was Hargreave's?

15. Why do Olga and Braine fail so regularly? Is it not possible that Hargreave or some one near to him, has been a Black Hundred member at all times?

16. Why did Jones arrange for Felton or Vroon to see him take the mysterious treasure-box from behind the portrait, unless it was a



Have Norton's Love and Sympathy Now Moved Him to Tell Florence Some Startling Truths!

blind; first, to draw attention from the house; second, to distract attention from the Hargreave portrait?

17. What would have been a better place for hiding the million than the portrait itself—Florence's most treasured possession?

18. Why was Jones so bewildered as to not notice Florence's strange actions when she planned going to the Grove street address? Why did he not look at the note she dropped—the letter that would have warned him of that conspiracy?

19. Why, on the other hand, was he so alert when the Countess had her coaching party? Did he then not act more as Hargreave would have acted?

20. Generally, why has Jones been often so dull and inactive while at other times he has been so alert?

21. How could the planning, the engineering, the supervision of operations seem to come from within the Hargreave mansion unless Hargreave himself were there frequently?

22. Is it not reasonable to believe that Norton knows all about Hargreave and Jones, and that, as Florence's lover, he has told her many things, or has hinted at them?

23. If Hargreave, or some confederate, is a member of the Black Hundred, is it not possible that bribery will sooner or later disrupt that organization?

24. Does it not appear as though Jones had ample money at his command? Where, then, is its source if it is not the House of Mystery?

25. If Hargreave has hidden the money outside the home, then why does Jones guard the house so carefully even while Florence is absent?

26. Would it not be splendid for Hargreave to fall in love with Susan and thus make her a real mother to Florence?

27. With Hargreave so able to employ Norton, why does the reporter continue on his paper; is it to have the power of the press convenient to

be used by the Hargreave interests?

28. Whom could we imagine Florence marrying but Norton?

29. Remembering that Olga's deplorable actions and duplicity are due to her love for the monster, Braine, could we not eventually temper our estimates of her with mercy?

30. Without some inside influence to deceive them, why should the Black Hundred not suspect Jones as a duplicate of Hargreave? Do they not already have their misgivings?

31. If Jones is merely a servant, why is he so loyal to Hargreave and Florence? What tie binds them in fealty?

32. Why do the Black Hundred not ease up on Florence and kidnap Jones?

33. Are you certain that every time you have looked at Jones, it was Jones?

Now, get ready for the second half of the Million Dollar Mystery! I see surprises in store!

Mr. Burns' next article will appear in the issue of September 19th.

Effect of the War

THE motion picture business, industry and art, faces the greatest year in its profitable history as the direct result of the serious war situation in Europe, according to statements made by Mr. Harry E. Aitken, president of the Mutual Film Corporation.

"This most unexpected and deplorable war, which will cost Europe millions in treasure and in men, if the present conditions are not suddenly and unexpectedly helped, is bound to bring about a general prosperity for the United States," said Mr. Aitken. "I believe that as soon as the trade conditions are adjusted we will see the most prosperous business this country has ever seen."

"The direct effect on the motion picture business is to cut off exporting and importing, and as soon as conditions are adjusted the increase in domestic business will more than take care of any export loss, and with importation cut off, American films will be in great demand."

"There is another element, the effect of which is already being felt. In times of excitement people are brought out from their homes. The motion picture houses benefit immediately from this condition, because of its small cost to the public, as reports from the houses all over the country indicate. Many of the theatres are reporting late and exciting war news."

"The boom in the attendance of the motion picture theatres is the first evidence of the prosperity that is to come. The conditions of the business generally are healthy, and the houses and the manufacturers are ready to take care of the increased pressure. General prosperity helps any amusement business, and before the Fall this prosperity will begin to be felt in all strictly American industries."

"In viewing the effect of the war conditions upon business it is necessary to shut off from the sight the horrible situation which this devastating war has brought upon Europe. It is in fact almost impossible to think of business advantages at this time, but commercially nothing more advantageous could happen to the United States, and the motion picture business will be one of the several businesses to reap the commercial benefits."

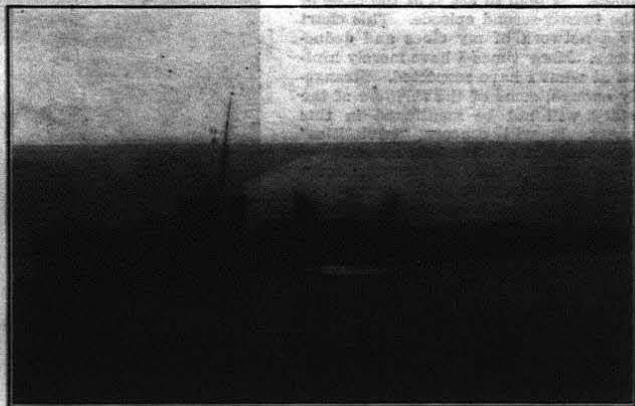
A representative of the Sweet-Wallach photo supply house threw a new light on the situation by saying:

"The same products that Germany has been supplying can be had in America, although they may be sold under a different name. The photographic public has been accustomed to ask for German chemicals, but I think that the domestic chemicals are as good. The stopping of the European supply will give the American manufacturers a long-looked-for chance to prove the merit of their goods."

The War on Land, Sea, and in the Air



© International News Service
German Torpedo Flotilla Laying
in Kiel Harbor. It is Believed
that the British Fleet has
this Efficient Flotilla of
Small but Powerful
Ships Bottled Up



© Underwood & Underwood
The Unknown British Torpedo Boat Destroyer Which Halted the Holland-American S. S. "New
Amsterdam" by Firing Two Shots at Her in the North Sea Near Dover. The Commander
of the Destroyer Apologized when He Learned that the Ship Belonged to the
Holland-American Line

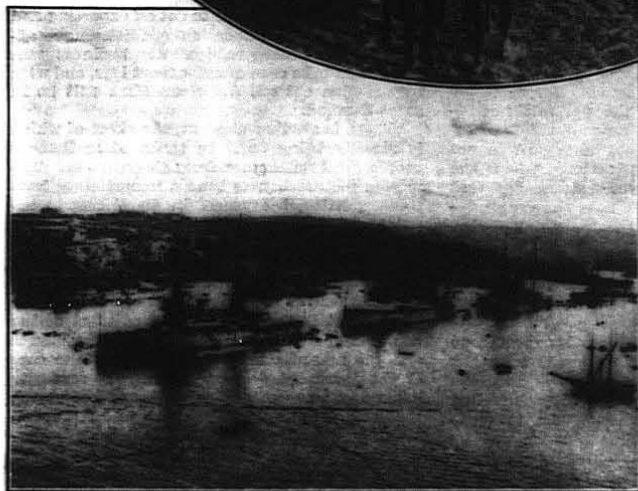


Photo by International News
Service

The Combined French
and English Medi-
terranean Fleet
Anchored Side
by Side in the
Harbor at
Malta

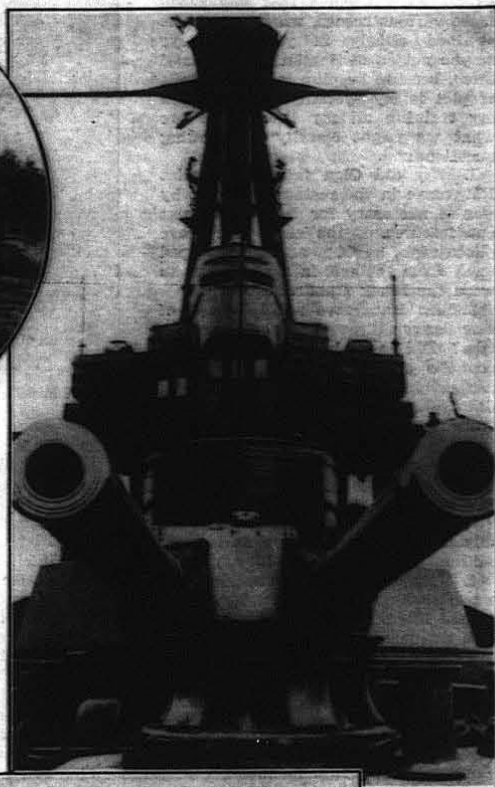


© Underwood &
Underwood

Helen Butrim,
One of a Number
of French Women
Aviators Who Are
Acting as Scouts in
the French Army

© Underwood
& Underwood

A Battery of French
Artillery on the Firing
Line. The French
Have a High Standard
of Marksmanship
and are Doing Effec-
tive Work With Their
Artillery



© Underwood &
Underwood

A Close-up View
of the Big Guns on
a British Battle-
ship



© Underwood &
Underwood

Some of the Power-
ful Motor Trucks
Which the French
are Using to Haul
Guns and Ammu-
nition Wagons to
the Front

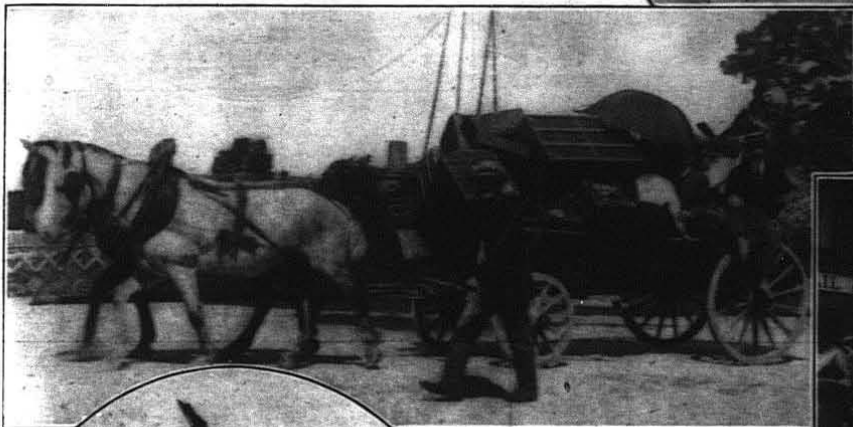
Stranded Americans in Europe



© International News Service
Passengers on One of the American Liners Crowding the Decks Shortly before Disembarking at New York



Photo by International News Service
James A. Patten, Chicago Wheat King, and Mrs. Patten. Photographed Aboard the S. S. Finland On Its Arrival in New York from Europe



© Underwood & Underwood
American Refugees with Their Baggage Making Their Way by Wagon through the French Village of Avricourt, Enroute to Embarkment to Connect with the Orient Express Train for Paris



© Underwood & Underwood
Americans in Paris Desisting the American Express Company for Money and Mail. Many Were Compelled to Wait Five or Six Hours before Obtaining Money on the Letters of Credit



© Underwood & Underwood
A Crowd of Excited Englishmen Cheering the Union Jack in Trafalgar Square, London

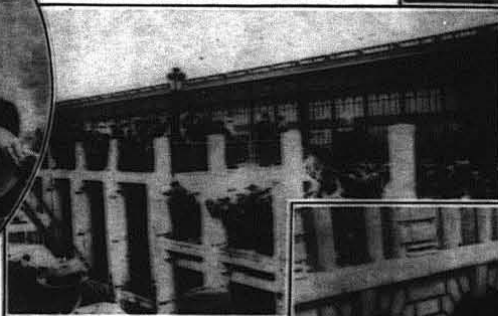
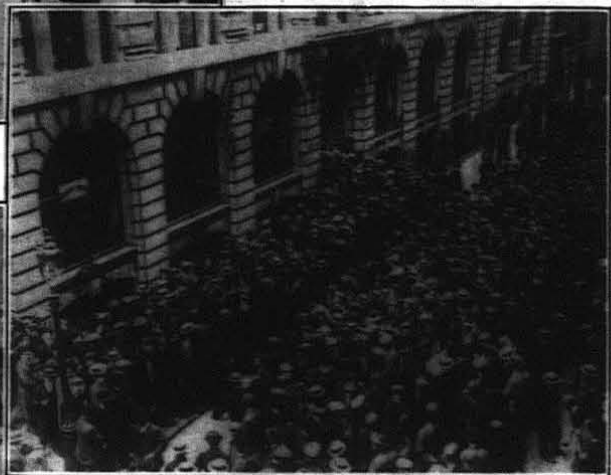
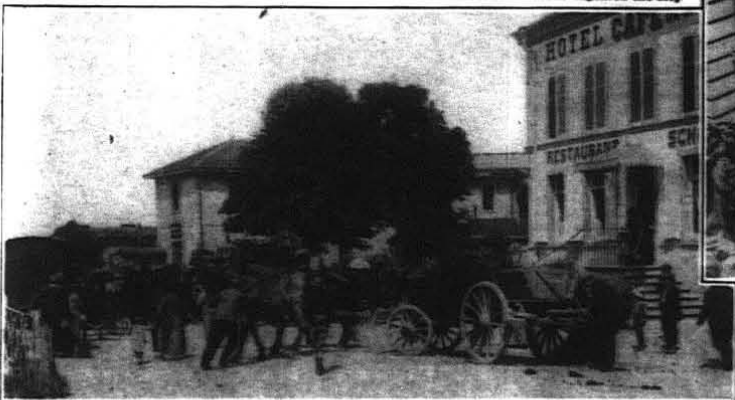


Photo by International News Service
American and English Tourists Stranded at Ostend, Belgium, Unable to Crowd on Last Steamer for England. Photo was Taken Before Germans Captured the City



© Underwood & Underwood
Americans Desisting the United States Consulate in London for Transportation and Aid in Getting Home



© Underwood & Underwood
Excited and Fear-stricken Refugees at Avricourt Bargaining for Hay Carts to Convey Them 9 Miles to the Connection with the Paris Express

BATTLE SCENES AND BATTLE GROUNDS

Gun Crew of the British Light Battery in Action. This is Part of the First British Expedition Which is Aiding the French



Photo by International News Service



Photo by International News Service



The German Fortress, Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine. One of the Strongest and Best Located Citadels in Germany

© Underwood & Underwood



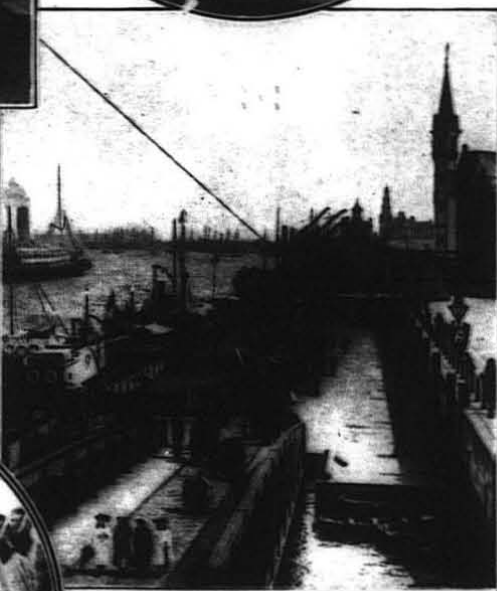
A Company of English Royal Fusiliers in Close Formation, Ready to Repulse an Attack

© Underwood & Underwood



Kaiser Wilhelm Directing the German Invading Army at the Front. This is the First Photograph Received in America of the Commander of the German Troops in the Field

© Underwood & Underwood



A View along the Water Front of Antwerp, the Temporary Capital of Belgium

© Underwood & Underwood



The Principal Street of Strasbourg in Alsace-Lorraine, the French Objective Point. Next to Metz, it is the Most Important City in Alsace

© Underwood & Underwood



The Valley of Munster, the Scene of the Most Terrible Warfare that Alsace Has Ever Witnessed. The French Made Their Most Serious Opposition at the Spot from which This View was Taken

© Underwood & Underwood

Camera Adventures in Newspaperdom

By CAPT. W. ROBERT FORAN

F. R. G. S.; F. Z. S.; F. R. C. I.

HE statement must be conceded that American newspaper photographers are far ahead of their brothers of other nationalities both in speed and in daring. They have to be speedy, for they have to contend against an ever-increasing number of editions. This is the age where quickness and skill count. Competition is so keen, and, moreover, the public knows so well what it has a right to expect, that the camera man who lacks ingenuity, daring, and swift action soon goes to the wall. It is a profession that demands much of its followers, even if it is well-paid.

Almost any one can take a good picture, given time, but the newspaper photographer laughs at time. His motto is "now," and he lives up to it every day of his existence.

Dogged persistence, and su-

papers published innumerable pictures of Dr. Hyde and the witnesses, taken in the court-room during the course of the trial.

The other photographers were as nonplussed as the public. They were being beaten every hour, every day, but could not conceive how it was being done. Those who know anything about photography will realize how difficult it is to make a good picture of an interior, to say nothing of a snap-shot, when the light is bad and secrecy is essential. Yet—Ralph Baird, a photographer for a Kansas City paper, found a way.

Baird went to one of the court officials and arranged for a chair to be reserved for him throughout the trial. It was situated just under the witness stand at a distance of some fifteen feet.

Here he sat, day after day, practically unnoticed and certainly unsuspected. Even the presiding judge, who had given him permission to take photographs of the court-scenes provided no flashlight powder was used, watched him carefully, but was unable to catch him actually taking a picture.

His method seems simple enough in cold print, but, to those who know the many difficulties Baird must have experienced, the achievement will rank as almost unique in the annals of modern newspaper photography. Baird armed himself with a little three-and-a-quarter Premo camera, possessing a Cooke's lens of speed 5.4 and a compound shutter. He carried this hidden inside of his derby hat and, on taking his seat, placed the camera under the hat on his knees. Previously, he had cut a hole in



When There is No Other Way to Get a Picture of a Large Crowd, the Leap-Foot Furnishes a Means of Getting a Good Bird's-Eye View

preme nerve are only two of the qualities essential to the success of a newspaper photographer. He has to work more often than not against overwhelming odds, odds that the reading public little realizes. To win over these requires resourcefulness.

A very good instance of the resourcefulness of the up-to-date newspaper photographer

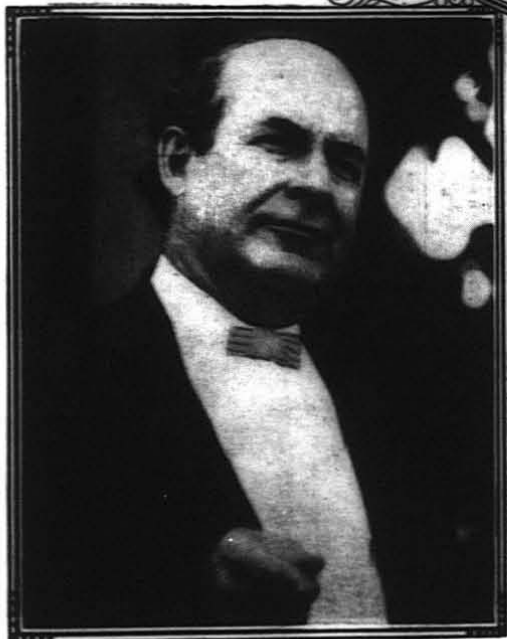


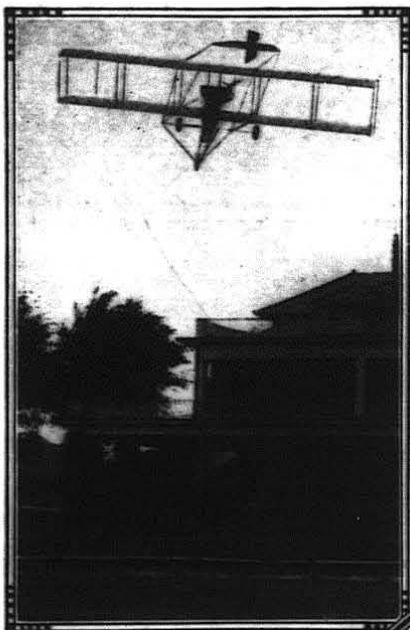
It is the Delight of a Newspaper Man's Heart to Get a Good Action Picture at the All Important First Base

The Picture on the Left Shows William Jennings Bryan Lecturing at a Recent Political Meeting

The Picture on the Right Shows Iron Workers at Their Perilous Calling. Perched on Upright Beams That are Not Yet Securely Fastened, They are Swinging a Massive Beam into Place on One of the Largest Buildings in the World

occurred in connection with the celebrated murder-trial of Dr. Clarke B. Hyde on February 6, 1910. The trial took place in a little court-room, which presented unusual difficulties to the camera men. It was badly illuminated; in fact, the only light came from several windows at the back of the judge's bench. A number of prominent newspaper photographers came, saw, and acknowledged defeat. They contented themselves with taking snapshots outside of the court house as the principals in the case arrived or departed. Yet the news-





An Unusual Picture was Made as the Bird-man Swooped Toward the Camera

remove the film-cover from each negative, he had to pull his coat gently over the hat to shield it from view as he serenely prepared for the next picture. Altogether he photographed Dr. Hyde in sixteen different poses and these appeared in most of the big city dailies all over the United States. After the first ones were published Dr. Hyde watched the room carefully, but he was unable to place the camera which was depicting the scene for countless readers. Even when a reporter innocently told him who was doing it, he was unable to catch Baird at work, although he took more interest in watching him than in listening to the evidence. Photographs of the Swopes, the expert witnesses, and general views of the court-room were all secured without discovery.

One newspaper photographer, more foolhardy, perhaps, than his brothers of the camera squads, actually made a flight with L. Paulhan at Denver in 1910 in order to get a picture of the effect of a snow-storm from a height of a thousand feet or more. This was his first flight in an aeroplane. When asked what his sensations were, he grinned happily as he answered, "Bully fine stunt, but blamed cold!" He could



The Man Who Took This Picture was Standing on a Narrow Window Ledge, Gripping the Wall with One Hand and Holding His Camera with the Other

the side of the derby to fit accurately over the lens. The piece he had cut out, he manipulated as a cap with the aid of a rubber band. His camera was set at a fifteen-foot focus, but he had to guess the accuracy of the sighting on his subjects.

Sitting there with an unconcerned face, he watched his opportunities and, as the chances came, snapped the witnesses and Doctor Hyde in every conceivable attitude. No one noticed the slight movement he made each time, not even the Swope family, who were sitting on either side of him. To



pebbles on the seashore as to fathom the limits of their daring.

The offer was to lift the man up on a chain to the top of the derrierick on the roof, fully eighteen stories above ground, and there swing him out over the street and building so that he could get some good pictures. The city editor called his staff-photographer, and, more as a joke than anything else, ordered him to do this feat. The camera man turned away with an impassive face to carry out the instructions. In a few minutes, before anyone

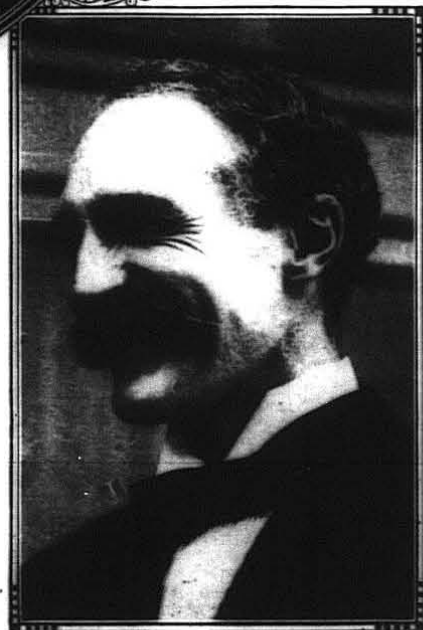


It Requires No Little Nerve to Stand in Front of a Horse as it Leaps Over a High Fence
The Newspaper Camera Man is Good at Photographing "Types" as Well as Things Which Require a Great Deal of Nerve and Quick Thought, as is Evidenced in the Picture to the Left, and the One on the Right, Which Shows Gifford Pinchot Speaking at a Political Gathering

not be persuaded to say more about it.

To stand right up to a man at the home plate or at first base in a big baseball game and get a life-size picture of some famous player in action, risking being struck senseless by a foul ball, is considered a mere trifle—and not worth mentioning. Again to stand in front of a jumping horse so as to get a good picture of it as it goes over a high fence, at the risk of being knocked down and killed, is a small matter as compared to other dangers which these camera men have dared.

The other day in a large western city, the superintendent of a new fifteen story building, at that time nearly finished, came into the office of one of the newspapers and told the city editor he had a plan for a sensational bit of photography, if their camera man was "game." Was he game, indeed? Trust the newspaper photographer to be game for anything. Gad-zooks! you might as well endeavor to count the



could stop him from turning the jest into grim earnest. He was seated in the chain and being jerked rapidly skywards. With one hand he held on to the chain and with the other he gripped his camera. The chain twisted round and round until he was almost overcome with giddiness and nausea. Arrived at the summit, the chain began to unwind rapidly until he was forced to release his hold on the chain to cover his eyes. Presently, the chain ceased to unwind and the man took a number of magnificent pictures from his nerve-racking coil of advantage. In an hour and a quarter his paper carried the pictures he had taken and also one of himself at the top of the derrick. People who saw them wondered at his daring, but little they recked of the ordeal so successfully overcome. It was all part of the game to him. The superintendent and the workmen engaged upon the building asserted, when they saw him drawn to the top of the building, that he would never dare to come down the same way but your newspaper photographer is made of stern stuff. This intrepid adventurer came down the same way as he went up.

In these days it is possible to develop a negative and print it, while still wet, by the aid of a powerful arc-lamp in about twelve minutes. A cut can be made in twenty-six minutes, and thirty minutes afterwards the picture is off the press and ready for street sale. Competition is so keen that no time can be wasted; and it never is. The camera man works at terrific speed, surrounded by all the appliances which modern science can bring to his aid. Any second lost may mean that his paper has been beaten on a story. One does not wonder that their hair is often prematurely gray.

When the late David H. Moffatt, the Denver millionaire, was reported to be dying though still able to sit out on his porch, the newspapers wanted a picture to show him as he then appeared. Their photographers were rebuffed at every turn and all their attempts to secure a snapshot proved futile. They made up their minds to acknowledge defeat—at least all but one did so. He was determined to score a "scoop" for his newspaper. He at last devised a scheme which would make the accomplishment of his desires feasible.

He went out to the millionaire's country-seat

and, with considerable cunning, entered the grounds unnoticed. He climbed into a tree overlooking the porch of the house and waited for his chance. Presently, the object of his quest was carried out on a chair to the porch and there began to read the morning's papers. The camera man silently took several pictures, seated as he was in the fork of the topmost bough of the tree. For an hour the millionaire remained on the porch until the photographer became numb with his efforts to sit noiselessly in his hiding-place. His feelings might well be likened to those of King Charles II, when he escaped from Cromwell's men by hiding in a tree at Boscombe in Shropshire. When the coast was clear, he slipped down with a sigh of relief and sped away to his office with his hard-earned pictures. To the average man, who saw the pictures, there was nothing extraordinary about them; only the man who took them knew what infinite patience and ingenuity had been rewarded by their publication.

Not so very long ago, a newspaper desired the picture of a woman in a very celebrated court case. All efforts of the reporters of every newspaper in the town to obtain a good likeness of the lady proved abortive. Finally, the photographer of one of the afternoon papers went out to her house. He first of all ascertained the names of the people living three houses north. Armed with this information, he went to the woman's house and innocently asked where these people lived. The woman fell into the trap and came out on to the porch to show him the house. Quick as a flash the photographer whipped out his camera from under his coat, where he had hidden it, and, before she could recover from her dismay and wrath, was well on his way to his office with the desired pictures.

Another newspaper photographer I know, took two flashlight pictures at night of the crowds outside of his office who were watching the election returns. The crowd was being entertained by a stereopticon lantern display, while waiting for the announcements of the vote-counting. In exactly fifteen minutes after the flashlights were made, he threw the pictures on the screen. To their astonishment the assembled people were able easily to recognize themselves in the picture.

In order to do this the camera-expert rushed with the negatives into his dark-room and developed them. He put the wet plates in the enlarging-lamp, made the positives from them, placed these in formaldehyde solution to harden, and then they were ready to be shown on the lantern. The heat of the stereopticon, however, melted the slides in a few minutes.

In the Boer war, in the Philippines, in the Boxer rebellion a number of the world's camera men performed the same heroic search after news-photos as they are doing today in Mexico and in Europe. Some actually have fought in the ranks so that they might be right up in the firing line and secure the very best pictures obtainable. They stood in a hail of bullets to get pictures that the world glanced at, and then dismissed them from its mind. The world knew nothing, and cared less, about what a terrible risk had been faced in order to satisfy the public's lust for realistic up-to-the-minute photography. They did not know even the name of the man who gave the pictures to them!

There are two distinct classes of newspaper photographers; those who work on the large dailies in the cities, and those who represent the photographic news bureaus. Both have the same risks to face, and all take them with smiling countenance and cheerful indifference to danger. The former class gather the events which occur in civilization; the latter go all over the world seeking new worlds to conquer. Among the most famous of the latter are Cherry Khearton, who makes it a hobby to spend days and nights sitting in a river or swamp in order to picture birds in their home life; A. Radcliffe Dugmore and Herr Schilling, who both went to Africa to photograph charging lions, rhinoceri and other dangerous beasts; H. G. Ponting, the famed camera-expert, who snapped Indian alligators in their native haunts and who accompanied Captain Scott on his world-renowned Antarctic expedition; Rudolph Wille, who traversed the Uganda Railway route in 1901, before the railway had been completed; Julian A. Dimock, who secured a wonderful series of tarpon pictures, showing them at every stage of their great leaps; and the host of others, equally famous in peace and in war, who

(Continued on page 25)

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

FORSTER started at the message. Then he looked quickly at Beatrice, who met his look frankly, a sneer on her fine lips. Two spots of vivid color stained his cheek bones; then he turned, abruptly, and went to the telephone. He slammed the door of the little office behind him as he entered, and no one could hear what he said. His voice, low pitched at first, but rising, gradually, was audible, but the words themselves could not be distinguished, although it was plain that he was angry.

Already the inevitable splitting up of the company was in evidence. Two men, sure of themselves and their positions, and, for that reason, utterly indifferent to what might happen to them, personally, walked over to Vera, who was biting her lips nervously, and engaged her in conversation. One was Drew, the leading heavy. He was a big, lazy man, indolent in every movement, as a rule, who might have risen far higher had he cared to make the effort. "Congratulations, Miss Hayes," he said, easily.

"On what?" said Vera, bracing herself, as he had meant that she should do. It was no time for her to buckle under.

"On, on lots of things," said Drew. "On being alive, for one thing. On your courage—for another. It takes a high quality of heroism to venture into that man eating car of Forster's, when he's at the wheel! And—on having an-

noyed Miss Brewster, if you like—or, rather, on having forced her hand so that she's had to show it. I rather think you've put it over on her pretty badly."

"Do you think so?" said Vera, smiling. She was recovering her poise now. "I haven't tried to, you know."

"That's why you did it," said Hammond, the other actor. "Our Beatrice is quite an actress, of course, but she makes a mistake in trying to run things with a man—like Forster. Really, you know, Miss Hayes, he's quite a good deal of a man. Personally—I'm awfully glad about this. He was in danger of becoming a sort of pet cat for Beatrice—and he's too good for that."

Vera sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

"I think I'll resign," she said. "I don't like trouble—and I seem to be a sort of a stormy petrel around here. It's quite plain Miss Brewster doesn't like me—even a little bit. And—"

Hammond and Drew looked at one another, and smiled.

"Resign?" said Drew, finally, with a quizzical grin. "You're pretty quick, Miss Hayes—but I doubt whether you've got speed enough to get away with that! Still, if you can do it—go ahead! There's wireless—hello!"

"Here comes Forster, now," said Hammond. "Lord—he's like a thunder cloud!"

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

Forster's voice cut the silence that had followed his return like the crack of a whip. All

the easy good nature had gone out of his face, and his jaw was set. He looked once at Beatrice, with a stony look in his eyes that made her catch her breath.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he repeated. "I am acting under orders from the president of the company in making this announcement. By his direction, I now inform you all that Miss Vera Hayes has been dismissed, to take effect at once. Miss Hayes, you are to receive two weeks' salary, in lieu of notice."

Vera started back, her eyes fixed on him. Hammond and Drew both swore, vehemently, but quietly, and looked at her. From the group that had gathered about Beatrice, and the other group, that had remained aloof from both sides, there came a little murmur.

"Furthermore," Forster went on, "you need not remain here today. The company is dismissed for the day. You will receive your orders for the next rehearsal from my successor—who has, I assume, not yet been appointed. I have resigned as director of this company!"

For a moment there was only stunned silence. It was Drew who broke it.

"Bully for you!" he shouted. And in one stride he had crossed the studio and grasped Forster's hand. Hammond was on his heels.

Vera's eyes were full of tears for a moment. But she blinked them back as she saw Forster coming toward her, and put out her hand, in a protesting gesture.

"No!" she said, faintly. "You mustn't—it's absurd! To give up your work here—where you're famous—"

"It's done!" he said, curtly, though the roughness in his voice was not for her. "Don't you worry about it. It's the best thing that ever happened to me—and I can see that now. Things would have kept on going from bad to worse, until I couldn't call my soul my own. Go and get ready—I want you to come into the city with me. We're going to be busy—both of us."

Wonderingly, she looked at him. But he had still the ability to compel her obedience. She turned, meekly, without another word, and left the big studio, going to her dressing room.

"Thanks—you two," said Forster, to Drew and Hammond. "Doing that will queer you here—not that I suppose you care?"

"I don't," grinned Drew. "And I don't believe Hammond—?"

"Not on your life!" said Hammond, earnestly. "I wouldn't stay here anyhow, with you gone, Harry. I've grown used to your delicate way of cursing me out. If another director tried it I'd shove his teeth in—and if he didn't I'd feel hurt, and think he wasn't paying any attention to me! Hurry up and land somewhere, will you? Then I'll hit you for a job."

"Stick around where I can get you by telephone—both of you," said Forster. "Naturally, I expect to be on the job pretty soon."

"Our cue to duck," said Drew, in a low tone, glancing over Forster's shoulder. "Cheer up, Harry—here comes Lady Brewster. We'll come back with a shovel and a broom for the pieces. S'long."

The smile with which Forster had greeted the hearty expressions of loyalty from the two actors faded from his lips as he turned to meet the star. She was coming toward him, with clouded eyes. He met her with a grim look in his eyes, and the droop of his lips that was usually present, even when he was storming his loudest during the acting of a scene, was noticeably absent.

"Harry! What does this mean? What is this nonsense about your resignation?" she asked him.

"It's sufficiently obvious, isn't it?" he said. "If I am to run a company, I expect to run it. If you are to dictate who is to be employed, and to take over the privilege of dismissing actors and actresses, I can't stay. That's all—and it's enough."

"I haven't done anything of the sort!" she said, flaming. "I have simply exercised my right—I have refused to be associated with a woman you picked off the streets—and gave employment to as a cloak for your relations with her!"

"Be careful," said Forster, grimly. "That is a lie—and you know it as well as I do."

"A lie?" she cried. "It's obvious—it's the most indecent and open scandal I've ever seen, in all the years I've been in this business! A girl without experience—without ability—without anything—except the ability to attract you for the moment with her doll's face! And do you think I'll be insulted in such a way? I endured it while you kept the scandal covered up—for your sake. But when you drag me into the papers—"

"Did I? How?" asked Forster. "Was it I who mentioned your name? Didn't you seize the chance to advertise a relation that has never existed?"

"What?" She started, angrily. "We have been practically engaged—everyone has understood—"

"Pardon me—I have never understood anything of the sort. We are not engaged—we never have been engaged—we never shall be engaged!"

The advantage was all on his side now, for, while he was still furiously angry, he had controlled his temper, and he spoke with the biting, provoking, calmness of one who has complete mastery of his emotions. Beatrice, on the other hand, had lost the poise with which she had astonished him upon her arrival. His announcement that he had resigned had taken her completely by surprise. That he would take such a desperate means of defeating her had never entered her mind.

The trouble was that Beatrice had, from the very beginning, completely misunderstood the relations between Vera and Forster. For this

lack of understanding she might well be excused, in some measure, at least. She had assumed Vera to be of a type all too commonly met. In her eyes Vera was a girl who, pushed to the wall, would hesitate at nothing. Beatrice had conceived her as dazzled by Forster's attentions, willing to accept them on any terms. And it was the more reasonable that she should take this view of the girl, since it was precisely that which Forster himself had held until the night before. Until Vera's self revelation at the dinner table, just before the accident that was having such momentous and unforeseeable consequences, he had imagined himself on the way

of the impossibility of bending her to such a design, no matter what the circumstances might be. He had made this discovery; it had changed his whole mental attitude. It had made Beatrice, with her compromises, her loose views, impossible. And it had set up Vera on a pedestal that, probably, she did not deserve to occupy.

For a moment, after his sneering attack, Beatrice was sex incarnate. She was the primeval woman, torn by jealousy, moved to cast aside the restraints of ages and revert to the type of the matriarchate, fighting for the man she desired. Her impulse was to seize him, to bear



"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am Acting Under Orders from the President of the Company in Making This Announcement. By His Direction, I Now Inform You That Miss Hayes Has Been Dismissed. . . . Furthermore, I Have Resigned as Director of This Company!"

to a very easy conquest. And it naturally did not modify his feeling toward Beatrice to recognize this.

However, one thing Beatrice entirely failed to make allowance for. That was Vera's really remarkable equipment as an actress. This she was utterly unable to perceive. Forster, incredulous at first, unwilling, indeed, to believe that he could be right, had seen it. He had not the element of feminine jealousy to blind him and warp his judgment. And therefore, though he had admitted it, even to himself, grudgingly, he had seen Vera's future plainly enough. And it was the basest part of his whole plan that he had been willing, for a little while, to take advantage of the fact that the girl herself could not know this, and gratify his infatuation before she understood that henceforth she was to be free, if she chose to be so, from the necessity of pleasing men.

Whether Forster would ever have actually persevered in his plan or not, he had entertained it, at least. And, though it was, to be sure, unfair, this made his feeling toward Beatrice more savage and resentful. In a certain sense, she had understood him very well. What he resented, perhaps, was that she had not shared his discovery of Vera's essential purity;

him off. That, of course, she conquered. The restraints of civilization are more compelling than we realize. With a great effort, she pulled herself together.

"That last—insult—was hardly necessary," she said, gasping a little. She raised her voice. "After what has happened, of course, an engagement between us was impossible—unthinkable."

Abruptly she turned away, and almost ran to her own dressing room. And Forster, breathing hard, went to the door, and stood in the open air. He waited until Vera came to join him. She put her hand on his arm.

"Please," she said. "Won't you reconsider? You aren't doing me any good by being so—decent—so white." She meant chivalrous, I suppose—but she probably didn't know the word. She had had small occasion to learn its meaning! "I—I'll get along all right. I wouldn't have lasted here, anyhow."

He gave a short laugh.

"My dear Vera," he said, "get any idea like that out of your mind! I haven't done anything chivalrous—or even decent. I've acted like a beast—and I've waked up to it just about in time! I'm a thousand times obliged to you, as a matter of fact. You've come along just in time to jolt me out of a rut that I wouldn't have

been able to escape from at all if I'd stayed in it much longer. Come on—I sent to the station for a cab. Here it is."

He helped her in. They drove, in a rather gloomy silence, to the train, which they just caught. And in New York he put her into a taxicab and gave the driver her home address.

"I'm going to be busy," he said, shortly. "I've been doing some thinking. That's why I've been so quiet. Just sit tight and wait to hear from me. It won't be long. But I'm going to be busy this afternoon, and don't worry if you don't hear from me right away. I—"

"Please!" she said again. "Forget about me,



won't you? You'll have enough to trouble you without thinking of me. And I'll be all right. I always have been—and—and—I've you to thank for a time that's been wonderful! Oh, if only it hadn't ended like this—if I hadn't made so much trouble for you—!"

"Don't!" he cried, sharply. "Do you suppose I don't know who made the trouble? Do you suppose for a single moment that I don't understand that it was all my fault—that if I hadn't acted like a beast everything would have been all right? Good-bye—for now. And get those foolish ideas out of your head. You've got plenty of money!"

"Two weeks' salary!" she said, with a laugh. "More money than I've ever had in all my life before at one time."

Then the taxicab was off, and she was spinning uptown. On the way she thought, and thought hard. She appreciated to the full the sacrifice she supposed Forster was making. And it was like her to blame herself for all the trouble that had come about. She was direct in thought and action. Her whole life had made her so. She had not the sheltered woman's inability to face facts. And now, considering the whole situation as it appeared to her, there seemed only one thing to be done. Forster, she understood,

felt that he was responsible for her welfare.

That view she could by no means share. Her whole life had taught her that she was responsible for herself; that she must be dependent upon herself, and no one else, if she was to retain what her nature made absolutely essential—her self-respect. She could not allow Forster, then, to assume that responsibility. It was true that he had not said that he felt so; it was obvious, however, that that was his view. Here Vera was misled precisely as Beatrice Brewster had been. She, too, was utterly unable to recognize in herself the talent that was plain enough to Forster, to Drew, to Hammond. Forster thought she must know it; as a matter of fact it was a part of what gave her that talent that she was so absolutely unconscious of it.

She was the born mime. On the legitimate stage she might never have had a chance to succeed. But in pictures, where other qualities than those required of the speaking actor are all important, she could not fail. Forster might have convinced her of this, had she given him a real inkling of her state of mind. But, though he had told her a little of what he thought, she had not believed him. She had been conscious from the first of his feeling for her, placing it, properly enough, as infatuation, not likely to be enduring, and she had assumed that all he said was part of his method of attack. It was an attack different from that of the Hazards and the other men of her days in Gudge and Bartlett's. But it had qualities in common with that well remembered method. And—she was beginning to fear it.

Once she had analyzed the situation it did not take her long to make up her mind what she must do. By the time the cab had deposited her at the apartment house her plan was formed. She left a week's rent in advance, with a note; within an hour she was riding downtown in the subway. And before dark she was installed in a lodging house the very twin of the one from which Forster had rescued her. She knew of it because a girl from Gudge and Bartlett's lived there. And this girl, Sally Hughes, as it turned out, settled the problem of what she was to do. They met after dinner, and Sally greeted her happily.

"Oh, you Vera!" she cried. "Say—that fresh guy that had you bounced got the G. B. D'ye want to get back? Because there's a good show."

Eight o'clock the next morning saw Vera making her humble application for reinstatement. She professed repentance, with her tongue in her cheek; in half an hour she was at work, parrying the questions of the others as to what she had been doing. And she felt as if a great load had been lifted from her mind. She was back "on the job."

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Camera Adventures in Newspaperdom

(Continued from page 23)

have shown the public the strange things of this world.

But although these world-travelling photographers have faced sickness, privation, heat, cold, and hunger, yet their stay-at-home brothers of the camera are no whit behind them in facing danger to satisfy the needs of an up-to-the-minute newspaper.

It may be remembered that some few years ago two great adventurers actually went down into the crater of Vesuvius to take pictures. It took courage to face this seething cauldron of death and take good pictures of the red-hot molten-lava streams. Yet, to the camera man it presented nothing but an incident of his day's work. Risks are part of his job.

The commercial photographer—he of the great photographic news agencies—is ever sam-

ing the earth in quest of new worlds to conquer. One famous man once journeyed 24,000 miles on foot that the world might see how elephants are hunted in Hindustan. Another was in the Boxer rebellion and placed his camera close beside the South Gate of Peking when it was blown up with dynamite so that he could show the people in America what dynamiting a gate looked like.

At the present moment the men of the Sutherland-Essanay Expedition are in Central Africa, —they started for an eighteen months' trip into the interior on April 14—endeavoring to bring back miles of films depicting elephants, lions, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo and other game charging. Mr. Sutherland, who is the world's greatest elephant hunter, will go into a herd and get an animal to charge. He will lead the infuriated animal straight for the motion-picture men's cameras, and they will stand calmly grinding out the films while Sutherland turns at the last moment and kills the animal at their feet. In the course of some months you may all be privileged to see these remarkable pictures at a nickel-show, but seeing them will tell you nothing of the infinite hardships, dangers, and privations endured to get them for you.

One would think that these daredevils would have enough excitement in the cities wherein they live and work, without going further afield for adventures even more risky; but men like Dugmore, who preferred to stalk big-game with a camera rather than with a rifle, prove that such is not the case. They are men of action, geared to danger, and ready for any emergency which may present itself. They are continually striving after the impossible.

One may well wonder what they will attempt next, what new surprise they have in store for us, or what new feat of extreme daring they will spring upon the eagerly expectant public. They have blazed a trail of courage and endurance. And yet, not satisfied with this, they are forever casting their eyes over the world for new hazards which shall belittle their previous exploits.

Molten Steel to Automobile

A LARGE delegation of New England Maxwell dealers attended a presentation of the \$40,000 moving picture, "From Molten Steel to Automobile," at Boston, Mass. The film gives a thrilling and complete history of every step in the building of a modern automobile.

The picture was presented under the direction of District Manager Ralph F. Coburn, assisted by W. D. Paine, eastern supervisor of the Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.

The spectators were taken from the steel mills in the vast forge shops and foundries, through acres of machine shops and body-building departments, into tire factories, and so on, stage by stage, until a view was given of the completed car being put through its grueling road test before final shipment to the buyer. Not the least interesting of the views were the pictures of the chemical shops and their fuming acids, particularly the treating of the rubber for the tires.

In fact, none of the secrets of the trade were withheld. The picture will be shown in every city and town in the United States and Europe, and in many places in Asia and South America. It marked an epoch in the automobile business—a business which represented last year an investment of \$750,000,000 in this country.

Among the comments made by many of the dealers was this from F. H. Lucas, Boston agent:

"When you see those pictures, you receive an entire education regarding the American spirit and the American ability for doing big things in a highly efficient manner."

Various colleges and universities have applied for permission to exhibit "From Molten Steel to Automobile" as an educational feature next fall.

The extent to which films of this nature are now being used is, to say the least, surprising. Some of the big features at the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be moving pictures representative of the lands and customs of the various countries that will be represented there. This alone speaks for the importance of this rapidly growing phase of the use of motion pictures.

"Ye Vengeful Vagabonds"*A Drama of Pilgrim Days*

(TWO REEL SELIG FILM)

CAST

<i>Peggy Spratt</i>	<i>Stello Razeto</i>
<i>Jan Von Winkle</i>	<i>Guy Oliver</i>
<i>Betsy Spratt</i>	<i>Eugene Besserer</i>
<i>Heinrich Von Winkle</i>	<i>Fred Huntly</i>

SYNOPSIS

A CERTAIN Puritan settlement not far from Boston is afflicted by the presence of two undesirable inhabitants—Betsy Spratt, a village gossip, and Heinrich Von Winkle, a loafer and sot. Both are married, Betsy having an innocent daughter—Peggy—while Heinrich is the undeserving father of a sturdy young hunter, named Jan. The residents of the colony detest the old couple and, one day, the Pilgrim Council orders that they be placed in a ducking stool and doused in the stream. Young Jan, concealed in the woods across the stream, witnesses the punishment of his father, while pretty Peggy, concealed on the edge of the village sees the public disgrace of her mother. The old couple concoct a plan of revenge. Aware of the shortage of powder in the fort, old Heinrich plans to notify the Seneca Indians of its defenseless condition. After entering the fort and pouring water over the remaining keg of powder, the old man goes to the camp of the Senecas and an immediate attack is decided upon. Jan and Peggy are sweethearts and on returning to the village they see the war party. After notifying the settlement, Jan rushes to the Mohawk village and notifies the enemies of the Senecas in time to have a large party of the latter rush to save the besieged village. The Senecas discover the old couple in the woods and death is the reward of their treachery. Jan and Peggy, by their heroic services are accepted to full friendship and a wedding follows.



Old Heinrich Acquaints the Redskins with the Defenseless Condition of the Village



Jan and Peggy have Fallen in Love with Each Other and are Sweethearts



Jan is a Sturdy and Honest Young Hunter

Betsy Spratt is a Scandalous Village Gossip



The Pilgrim Villagers are Hurriedly Summoned to Defend the Stockade against the Attack of the Indians



Jan Hastens to the Settlement and Tells of the Projecting Attack of the Indians



The Defenders Discover the Spoiled Condition of Their Supply of Powder



The Secret Agent is Elated over His Success



Driven to Desperation, the Black Hundred Calls Upon Its Russian Aides



Lloyd Lonergan, Author of the Plot of "The Million Dollar Mystery"



The Woman He Captured is Not Florence—but Olga!



The Countess, for Once, Befriends Florence

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE 13—THE SECRET AGENT FROM RUSSIA

ALL STAR CAST

Stanley Hargreave, the millionaire...Alfred Norton
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter.....Florence LaBadie
 Jones, Hargreave's butler.....Sidney Bracey
 The Countess Olga.....Marguerite Snow
 Braine, leader of the Black Hundred.....Frank Farrington
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter.....James Cruze
 Susan Farlow, Florence's companion...Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS

THE Black Hundred has become impatient at the persistent failure of its agents to secure the Hargreave million, or to actually capture Florence and force an issue through her captivity. The Star Chamber of that organization in Russia sends a secret agent, but his boastings and rantings seem to anger Olga and Braine from the start. The Countess calls on Florence, and as the heiress' back is turned, Olga reads a missive, which instantly discloses the agent's plan of action. The Countess turns back the clock, for time is the governing factor in the scheme. The secret agent, over-sure of his success, sets out, and he is elated to find a woman shrinking in the shadows of a meeting place he has named. He takes hold of her, none too gently, and hurries her to the rendezvous of the Black Hundred. "I have her!" he cries excitedly. The woman steps forward. The members expect to see the features of the heiress, but as the drapes fall from her face, they behold—Olga!



Cupid Finds Time for Play Despite the Hovering Spirit of Tragedy



Not Uttering a Word, the Woman Yields and is Led Away

The Calendar of Past Performances

Where you once could find our screen stars upon this very date—September 12th.

1890—Hardee Kirkland, who only recently severed his screen affiliations—long with Selig—to return to his earlier love, the stage, was then one of our most promising juvenile actors, high in Broadway favor, appearing at the Union Square Theatre as Joel in "The County Fair," in the support of Neil Burgess.

1891—Louise Beaudet, then the joy of Broadway's gilded youth, was a gay and sprightly



Mary Charleson

figure as Toffana in "Indigo," a Strauss comic opera, which this day completed the third week of its stay at the New York Casino.

1892—Edythe Chapman was playing a number of classic and Shakespearean roles in the support of Frederick Warde and Louis James, who had just opened a month's stay at the Star Theatre, New York, she this day being cast for Linora in "The Lion's Mouth."

1893—Russell Bassett thoroughly reveled in the splendid chances afforded him as Dudley Roper in "The Prodigal Daughter," which melodrama was having a most successful metropolitan run, at the American Theatre.

1894—Evelyn Selbie (who was then just plain "Eva Selbie") was a radiant picture of brunette



Beatriz Michelena

loveliness in the role of Florence Newman in "A True American," in the support of the pugilistic star, John L. Sullivan, who this night appeared at the Academy of Music, Atlantic, N. J.

1895—Francis Carlyle, even then appalling all with his consummate villainy, was a striking figure as the wicked Major Mostyn in "The Sporting Duchess," which melodrama (soon to be done upon the screen by the Lubin company) was then in the first weeks of a lengthy run at the Academy of Music, New York.

1896—Alberta Gallatin was a highly picturesque, colorful figure as a gypsy girl, Giralda, in "An Enemy to the King," in which E. H. Sothern was starring, at the New York Lyceum Theatre.

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

1897—Ashley Miller, who then had high aspirations towards a Shakespearean career, took himself very seriously as Lord Philip Saxe in "Prince Rudolph," with Otis Skinner, who upon this Sunday night settled down for a week's visit at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis.

1898—Augustus Phillips, as leading man of the Spooners, supporting Edna May and Cecil Spooner, began a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House, Carbondale, Pa., the bill upon this very date being "The Pearl of Savoy."

1899—Lionel Barrymore, cast for the role of Lieutenant Hallack in "Arizona," began a week's stay at the Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee, Wis.

1900—Mrs. George W. Walters was thoroughly at home in the character of Mrs. Col. Gould in "The Convict's Daughter," which this night afforded keen pleasure to those gathered beneath the roof of the Grand Opera House, Anderson, Ind.

1901—Henry Walthall, then gaining his early stage spurs, was playing a wide number of



Sidney Bracey

juvenile parts in the support of that famous repertoire queen of yesterday, Katherine Rober, who was playing a week's engagement, no less, at the Academy of Music, Haverhill, Mass.

1902—Helen Lindroth (then upon the playbills as Nellie Lindroth) was ambitiously climbing the thespian ladder, being Julia Bonds in "The Wrong Mr. Wright," supporting Harry Berensford, at the Lyceum Theatre, Cleveland, O.

1903—Beatriz Michelena (whose name appeared upon the program at this particular time as "Beatrice Bronte") was an attractive and sweet-voiced Estelle in "The Princess Chic," in which her sister, Vera Michelena, had the title role, which gave great joy to the patrons of the Bijou Opera House, Minneapolis, Minn.

1904—Earle Williams was then playing juvenile parts in the support of White Whittlesey, who was in the midst of a stock starring season at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, and Mr. Williams undoubtedly caused a flutter of feminine hearts by his performance of Lieutenant Barker in "The Second in Command."

1905—Adele Lane, ever the conscientious artist, was a highly pleasing figure in the leading role in that pretty little thing, "Dangers of Working Girls," which held them enthralled at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y.

1906—Sidney Olcott was among those present in the support of the then boy actor, Joseph Santley, who stopped off this night at Derby, Conn., to perform "Billy the Kid," at the Sterling Opera House there.

1907—Dorothy Gish quite captured the hearts of all by her prettiness and girlish innocence, this as Little Gillie in "Dion O'Dare," with Fiske O'Hara, at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia.

1908—J. Warren Kerrigan was most happily placed in the juvenile lead in "Brown of Harvard," of which James Young was the star, upon this date giving two performances (what a



Carlyle Blackwell

treat for the matinee girls!) at Parsons Theatre, Hartford, Conn.

1909—Carlyle Blackwell spent the greater part of this Sabbath day upon a railroad train, traveling between Syracuse, N. Y., and Columbus, O., in which latter city he opened the following day, at the High Street Theatre, as Jack Brown in "The Right of Way."

1910—Mary Charleson, with some slight California stock experience behind her and certainly little dreaming then of the screen fame she was soon to know, was playing a small part in "Checkers," which was the lure at Gilmore's Theatre, Springfield, Mass.

1911—Ethel Clayton, than whom there never was a more ambitious actress during her stage



Russell Bassett

days, was affording no end of pleasure to the theatregoers of Newark, N. J., where this day she was playing the leading part in "The Country Boy," at the Newark Theatre there.

1912—Sidney Bracey was making merry in the comic role of Rudolph Schiller in "A Polish Wedding," a Cohan and Harris musical production which had a brief existence, then current at the Grand Opera House, Chicago.

1913—Morris Foster, with little thought that he was soon to permanently enter filmdom, was quite at home in the character of Henry Craig in "What Happened to Mary," in which Olive Wyndham was starring, at the Majestic Theatre, Boston.

Famous Feature Films



"A Florida Enchantment" Contains Many Delicate Situations and the Magic Powder Causes Some Amazing Transformations

Reviewed by Vanderheyden Fyles

"A Florida Enchantment"

TWENTY-ODD years ago, when the novel of "A Florida Enchantment" was new, it was considered almost too shocking to mention. People read it behind locked doors. Nobody in the Vitagraph Theatre, the day I saw the photoplay derived from it, seemed to have the slightest idea of being shocked. A good shock might have stirred them from the state of lethargic lassitude with which they accepted the whole business.

If Archibald Claverling Gunter were alive today, it is safe to say that he would make a third fortune writing photoplay scenarios, to make up for the one he inherited from his father and lost in the San Francisco fire and for the one he made and lost as a novelist and publisher. He saw life in action and from an angle entirely sympathetic with the masses of amusement seekers. His monetary losses began when he refused to accept the unimixed critical verdict and tried to forge the farce he had made from "A Florida Enchantment" into a success, at the old Madison Square Theatre and with the late Marie Jansen as the girl who turns into a boy. And though his dramatization doubtless was bad, he was right in believing that the material for a very funny farce was there. There is still a good plot waiting to be made into a broadly comic play, just as there is one for a photoplay; "still," I say advisedly, for the Vitagraph arrangement, while reasonably good, leaves many sides of the uncommon novel wholly undeveloped. The fault lies in the fact that the touch-and-go spirit of farce is entirely lacking; and without the verve of farce and fantasy, the story is mere preposterous and indelicate extravagance.

A New York girl is visiting in Florida. One day, at a quaint antique shop in St. Augustine, she and her chum buy a mysterious old box. After an eventless little love scene with her fiancé, played in the right spirit by Sidney Drew, Lillian Travers, the girl in question, opens and explores the box. She finds some magic powders and a scroll saying that one dose will turn a woman into a man and vice versa. Entirely incredulous, Lillian swallows a powder. The next time we see her is after a heavy sleep and she is seated before the mirror of her dressing-table, shaving off a lusty mustache. Nor is she the dainty bundle of femininity that she was. Instead, though wearing skirts, she shows herself a virile man, trouncing the daylights out of her maid when she annoys her. Mr. Gunter was not afraid of his theme. The next thing we see of Lillian, still dressed as a woman but

walking with a man's stride, she is at a dance, repulsing the advances of her fiancé and flirting boldly with her chum. Of course no one can account for this. When the dance is over, her chaperone—her chum's mother—insists on Lillian spending the night at her cottage. Then the chum is afraid to sleep alone and urges the transformed woman to share her bed, but Lillian is firm and absolutely refuses.

Mr. Gunter had a fertile imagination; his novels are alive with incident; that is why they should make almost ideally popular photoplays. To follow Lillian's adventures in all their branches would be merely tiresome. The novelist looked out for rougher developments of his theme by having a negro maid take a powder, also; and the scenario writer has developed this phase. The maid's attentions to another maid are in no sense half-hearted. They get her into trouble with that maid's "beau," a burly negro porter, who leads the he-she on a lively moonlight chase. When the possibilities of Lillian in skirts, in spite of her masculine heart, have been exhausted, the story takes her to New York, gets her into men's clothes and returns her to Florida as her own brother. Then she drops another powder into a champagne glass and her fiancé swallows it. This makes him ridiculously effeminate and he presently makes amorous advances to a blustering Southern soldier.

All this, I need hardly say, is delicate ground. A broader farcical treatment would have kept us less conscious of that. It is greatly to be hoped that before another novel by Archibald Claverling Gunter is "filmed" a more adroit scenario writer will be found. "My Official Wife" (written, it is true, by Colonel Savage, but inspired, published and later dramatized by Mr. Gunter) and "A Florida Enchantment," exceptional opportunities both, have gone for almost nothing. There is a large library of Gunter novels—"Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Bob Civington" and "Mr. Potter of Texas" stand out in memory; and they are richer in material for photoplays than the output of many a greater writer. It is to be hoped that more will be made of them.

The cast of "A Florida Enchantment" is:
 Dr. Fred Cassadene.....Sidney Drew
 Major Horton.....Charles Kent
 Stockton Remington.....Allan Campbell
 Charley Wilkes.....Cortland Van Dusen
 Gustavus Duncan.....Frank O'Neil
 Lillian Travers.....Edith Storey
 Bessie Norton.....Jane Morrow
 Mrs. Stella Lovejoy.....Ada Gifford
 Constancia Oplethorpe.....Grace Stevens
 Jane.....Ethel Lloyd
 Malvina.....Lillian Burns

"The Avenging Conscience"

IF KINGS and peasants, as the poets delight to tell us, are equal in death, the extremes in literature find a common level in the motion-picture play. It would be quite hard to name two successful story-tellers more utterly dissimilar in every way than Edgar Allan Poe and Archibald Claverling Gunter; yet on the screen they are equals. Indeed, the play made from a novel by the man who lived in luxury and died in laughter shows more "class" than the one derived from the masterpiece-in-miniature by the genius who lived in poverty and sorrow and died in the gutter.

D. W. Griffith calls the photo-play he has evolved from "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Avenging Conscience; or, Thou Shalt Not Kill," which is just as well, for there is more of almost everything else than Poe in it. The vaudeville playlet called "The Picture of Dorian Grey," in which Dorian was a girl, has been outdone. Not that that point matters in the least—it is not a question of how faithfully Poe has been dramatized but whether or not Mr. Griffith has construed something that will entertain the motion-picture public. I think it may be safely said he has succeeded. The audience I was part of at the Strand Theatre was unquestionably interested. Three or four women became mildly hysterical over the murder scene. Or could they have been relatives of the management?

Mr. Griffith is never so happy as when giving a supernatural tone to his picture-plays. When a death occurs, the temptation to show the soul floating up to heaven is too much for him. It was natural, therefore, for the poetic mystery and gloom and weirdness of Poe to appeal to him and arouse an ambition to transfer his "atmosphere" to the screen. This he has done with considerable success, in so far as the art of a genius can be re-expressed in a wholly different form and by a man whose good ability can hardly be ranked with genius.

"The Tell-Tale Heart" is told in less than two thousand words. "The Avenging Conscience" takes six reels. Everything has gone in to swell it up, from spiders to Annabel Lee. We get even a closer view of Annabel's ankle. This is manifestly an advance on Poe. The spiders, too, are introduced with something of the pertinency of an interpolated song in a musical farce, as when Blanche Ring introduced "The Belle of Avenue A" with the remark, "Why ever was I born a princess instead of a perfect lady?—music cue!"—and when Raymond Hitchcock looked over his shoulder and then into the orchestra pit, whispered "Alone and an orchestra



The "Atmosphere" has been Transferred to the Screen with Considerable Success in "The Avenging Conscience"

—why not?" and thereupon sang "There Comes a Night When We All Get Tight." But this is wandering rather than Poe's justly celebrated kingdom by the sea, but in any case wonderfully beautiful. It is a long time before anything like the grim little tragedy of "The Tell-Tale Heart" is reached. Annabel Lee (Blanche Sweet) has wandered a long way from her page among the

The story takes a leisurely course through many outdoor scenes, doubtless localities in California rather than Poe's justly celebrated kingdom by the sea, but in any case wonderfully beautiful. It is a long time before anything like the grim little tragedy of "The Tell-Tale Heart" is reached. Annabel Lee (Blanche Sweet) has wandered a long way from her page among the

poems and is loved by a prose young man (Henry B. Walthall), whose uncle (Spottiswoode Aiken) will not let him marry her. Things stand that way through several reels. The nephew is slowly working around to a determination to kill the old man, conceal the body, claim his inheritance and marry Annabel. Finally, after moralizing on the bug, he seizes upon his uncle, strangles him to death, entombs the body in the wall of a fireplace, replacing the bricks. Wasn't he getting "The Tell-Tale Heart" confused with "The Black Cat"? An Italian who saw the murder is bribed to keep silent. Then many pictures show the young man's suffering through his conscience. Also, there is a more material menace to the nephew's peace of mind in the person of a detective. Finally, the murderer flees, pursued by the detective and his

men. There is a rattling good flight, ending with the fugitive hanging himself. Then Annabel Lee, not to be outclassed in woe, leaps off a peculiarly attractive cliff. Just as one concludes that neither the Poe title nor the Griffith substitute is as suitable as "Confusion Reigns," a picture shows us that the young man dreamed the whole business. He awakes to find his uncle in robust health and entirely agreeable to the alliance with Annabel Lee.

The cast of "The Avenging Conscience" is:

The Uncle.....Spottiswoode Aiken
The Nephew.....Henry B. Walthall
The Italian.....George Seligmann
The Detective.....Ralph Lewis
The Sweetheart.....Blanche Sweet

Producing Novel Effects

(Continued from page 9)

which a phantom character plays the leading role. To do this requires the kind of work I have just described on every scene in which the leading character appears.

Figure No. 4 is a better example of the same sort of work, since it portrays one person playing the role of the phantom as well as that of the chief character. This also is straight double exposure. The character shown is Robert W. Leonard of the Universal-Rex company who has probably produced more phantom pictures than any other director in the United States. Probably his greatest effort of this sort was in a two reel film which showed a United States Senator struggling with his other self against the temptation of bribery. The two characters appeared in almost every scene throughout the two reels—one a phantom and the other a real character.

Edwin August is another director who first employed double exposure throughout a full reel picture. Figure No. 5 illustrates a scene from the Universal-Powers drama, "Trust Betgets Trust," in which Mr. August, as the corrupt and traitorous attorney, is constantly pursued by the people he has betrayed. The picture aptly illustrates the workings of mind, conscious of guilt and fearful of detection. In portraying a group of phantom people the mechanical process is exactly the same as when but one person is shown. The only absolutely essential point is that the camera remain perfectly steady and the set remain unchanged during the two exposures.

Figure No. 6 shows Mr. August arresting himself. It is a scene from the Universal-Powers drama, "The False Bride." Figure No. 7, portraying Miss Florence Lawrence in two distinctly different roles, is of the same nature.

The first successful film of this sort was

produced by the Essanay Company with Francis X. Bushman playing two roles—that of a minister and that of a convict. The Edison Company also produced an exceptionally fine picture of this sort with Augustus Phillips playing a dual role. As stated in the early part of this article, dual photography is being employed by the serial photoplay, "The Trey O'Hearts," in which Miss Cleo Madison portrays the roles of Rose and of Judith Trine.



Mr. Bourgeois and One of His Pets

Director Francis Ford did some exceptionally fine work of this sort in "The Twins' Double," in which Miss Grace Cunard enacted the parts of the twins and also of the double. This required triple exposure, and was one of the best offerings of this sort ever produced.

All the photographic effects in "Cabiria" and "The Avenging Conscience" were obtained by double exposure work, and while the process of the work may differ slightly from that described above, in the main it is the same. In the case of "Cabiria," a real eruption of a volcano was photographed and this was cleverly

joined to a picture of a mob of extras rushing panic stricken down a mountain.

There really isn't anything wonderful about the mechanical end of the work, for any person who knows anything at all about photography could learn to manipulate a motion picture camera and produce double-exposure negatives. The really wonderful part is the marvelous result obtained, the novel and realistic effect secured, through the use of aperture slides, easily manipulated diaphragms, and the other devices with which the modern motion picture camera is equipped.

Bourgeois at Asheville

PAUL BOURGEOIS, the pioneer wild animal movie director, is now at Asheville, North Carolina, at the head of his own company which is engaged in producing wild animal feature pictures. Two months ago, soon after Mr. Bourgeois left St. Augustine, Florida, a report became current that he had been killed by one of his animals. This was entirely without foundation and THE MOVIE PICTORIAL is glad to do all in its power to correct the erroneous statement.

Mr. Bourgeois went to Asheville shortly after he completed the six months' contract with Pathé Frères in St. Augustine. His last Pathé production was "When Rome Rules," a five-reel feature which is creating much favorable comment. To Mr. Bourgeois is given the credit of being the first man to produce a wild animal feature picture. This was made eight years ago for the Frères Company and since that time he has made several hundred wild animal productions in which full grown lions and tigers appeared on the same stage with the actors. He has trained a tiger to ride in an auto, in a boat, and in an aeroplane, and to sit at a dinner table with an entire family. In a number of his pictures he has taken his animals on a public street to add to the realism.

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

I HOPE you have all got over that josh letter of last week. I'll try and be a little more serious for this lot.

Adele Lane of Selig's is getting to be a regular animal tamer. She has been acting in another Zoo picture at the farm and the animal keeper says she is a natural animal actress. In other words, she is so calm amongst the wild animals that they have no more fear of her than she has of them. Adele is glad of that.

At the other Selig establishment Stella Razeto is bracing herself up for what she may be called upon to do by her director Le Saint. Miss Stella says she knows there is something terrible brewing—she can always tell by the way he looks at her! Colin Campbell is making progress with "The Carpet of Bagdad," and it promises to be an especially fine picture.

The whole film world was stricken with the news flashed from New Rochelle, N. Y., August 22, of the sudden death of Charles Jackson Hite, President of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, First Vice President and Treasurer of the Mutual Film Corporation and stockholder in many of the largest motion picture organizations in this country. Mr. Hite died of injuries incurred when his automobile, which he was driving alone at night from New York to his home in New Rochelle, dived from a viaduct and landed, bottom up, fifty feet below. Mr. Hite was crushed beneath the great car. The "J. Pierpont Morgan of the Movies" was the title often bestowed upon Mr. Hite, who was one of the best known of the magical men of the movie world. He rose in the short period of nine years from proprietor of a lunch wagon on the Chicago University campus to an honored place in the small group of film magnates. The story of his successful career was a feature of the June 15th issue of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

At the Universal they are still "Trey of Hearting," and Joseph Vance Esquire has come along to confer with Bess Meredith regarding his stories which she is putting into scenario form. He wants to see some of his pictures produced and means to make a business holiday out of it.

Kelsey of the Kay Bee, a terrible villain (in pictures) does not mean to let the upstart Charles Ray have it all his own way in the automobile way. He has purchased a five-passenger car and rides to and fro daily. Charles says that Kelsey will be all right when he knows the whatyoumaycallum from the whatyoumaycallit, or whatever the insides of the things are called, and can recognize the make of a car without judging it from the sound of the horn.

Jim Davies will direct the Indian dramas in the absence of Frank Montgomery, with Helen Case added to the cast whilst Mona Darkfeather is east. Of course Charles Bartlett and Rex Downs will be the mainstays of the acting force as usual. Monty expects to be gone about three weeks.

Dave Kirkland of the Sterling Comedy Company got a cruel one off on Hank Mann the other day in a restaurant. He told the waitress on the side not to serve Hank with any meat no matter how hard he begged for it, as he always had fits after eating meat. Hank did his best to order and got angry when the girl put him off and suggested a nice piece of pie, etc. Finally when the others had about finished they broke it to Hank and left the unfortunate waitress to make her peace with him the best way she could.

I am a great admirer of Frank "Spec" Woods, who, next to David Griffith is it at the Reliance studios. I doubt whether there is a better balanced man in the picture game. He is an unerring judge of a good story and also of the way to put it on, and his days are one consultation after another, besides which he has a whole lot to do with the cutting of the films—a most important matter. With it all he is never too busy to pass a kind word to those who have business around the studios.

Big and handsome Harold Vosburgh and his wife Estelle Allen, who is short and as fair as he is dark, are well known figures along the ocean front at Santa Monica, where they take their evening stroll after work. There is a little Vosburgh who accompanies them at times—in a baby carriage. Miss Allen, who has been resting for some time on account of Vosburgh junior, is going to start acting again.

None of the manufacturers in the west believes that the war in Europe will affect the business here to any appreciable extent. In fact, they believe that it will do business film-makers a lot of good in a very short time.

The play of "Pursuit of Phantom," written and produced by Hobart Bosworth and in which he also takes the lead with Myrtle Stedman opposite him, turns around an artist and his studios in Paris. In these studios are some wonderfully fine paintings which are the art products of Bosworth himself. He is an artist of distinction and has exhibited many of his desert oils and water-colors. In this play Myrtle is seen with her hair down her back and short skirts, and very nice she looks, too.

As a novelty a bachelor girls' table was provided at last Wednesday's dinner at the Photoplayers' Club and the innovation was a decided success. The married ladies are now insisting upon bringing their offspring and demand that high chairs be provided and that milk be added to the list of drinks served. "Oh, Nurse—put that beer down and run and get the President's baby his milk bottle—and hurry!" (Note—In place of the "President" you may substitute "Vice" or "Secretary," or what you please.)

Rumor, fickle jade, has it that the Biograph studios are to be reopened about August 30th, when Dell Henderson and George Sullivan will arrive with their companies. So mote it be. I can't for the life of me figure out why this company jumps its players from east to west and vice versa so frequently. Probably wants to spend the money?

I came across Anna Little at the beach last Sunday and saw her playing ball with some friends. Anna can throw and catch like a big boy, and she looks rather like a good-looking boy in her bathing togs, too.

John E. Brennan says that his interview in the MOVIE PICTORIAL is by far the best he ever had. Thanks, John. When I last saw him he was purloining some sweet peas from the pretty garden which fronts the Santa Monica Kalem studios. He says that he is a benefactor and that his pilfering makes them grow better. You ought to see the rotund Brennan turning hand-springs on the beach near his apartments.

Louise Glaum is to be seen in a varied selection of comedies in the future, for the Universal like series will not monopolize her attention. She is not sorry, for she prefers to get a little change into her work and her director, Harry Edwards, feels the same way and so do we all.

Tod Browning tossed a baseball to Fay Tincher and invited her to throw it at him with all her might. She did so, and in attempting to stop it one hand the ball broke through and put Tod's nose out of joint. It transpired that Fay had played baseball with her big brothers for years.

By the way, I saw Fred Balsofer and he asked me to say that there is no truth whatever in the report that he and Sterling were about to split. He says they were never in better accord and that the comedies are in greater demand than ever. So puff goes another "rumor."

Eddie Dillon, the comedy director at the Reliance studios, Brother Jack and a sister have taken a jolly bungalow at Hollywood and are living the simple life there. Eddie says it is fine, too. The Press club had a dance the other night and there were a number of photoplayers there. The clubs are quite close together on Hill Street and the members mingle quite freely. Several belong to both clubs and both are largely attended and prosperous.

Despite statements to the contrary, Henry Walt-hall will sever his connection with the Reliance-Majestic forces and go east in a few weeks' time—that is, if he does not change his mind, and I do not think he will. "Wally" does not know just what he is going to do yet and has nothing in view.

Carlyle Blackwell went to New York and his auto followed him. Carlyle came back again and the auto is making the return journey. The auto is quite aristocratic, for it has journeyed both ways by rail and has not done any walking at all. Carlyle says it is a saving in tires. Possibly.

Donald Macdonald and Bruce Mitchell have organized "The Thistle" company and plan to put on one-reel comedies and three-reel features. Donald is an old-timer at the game even if a young man, and as he is a great favorite everyone has been wishing him success.

Cleo Madison

(Continued from page 13)

the general manager on thorns both for her and the future of the series. Only last week she pushed a boat out into the breakers and was supposed to get in and escape. Instead she was rescued by several of the male members of the company, and it took them some time to resuscitate her. Still she feels the risks are worth it in the added reputation this series will bring her, and her friends feel that way about it, too—all except that little sister, who does not think it worth while to run any risks at all. She says:

"I would love Cleo anyway but for her own sake, but I do prefer Cleo whole to Cleo with some parts missing. One invalid in the family is quite enough and Cleo is everything to me, fame or no fame."

Miss Madison came to the Universal Company as a novice in motion-picture work, but her worth and talents won recognition at once. She scored success after success in the productions of Otis Turner. Her work in Mr. Turner's production, "The Law of His Kind," in which she played the role of an adventuress, will long stand as a monument to finished and powerful acting. Soon afterward she was assigned to the Victor Company, where she played leads opposite J. Warren Kerrigan.

There is no doubt that Miss Madison established herself in the hearts of the public after her first picture—a most unusual thing—but then she is a strikingly beautiful young woman and possesses personality—the one great quality I always look for and seldom find. She had a long and successful experience on the legitimate stage and is known and loved all over the West, where she was a member of many well-known stock and repertoire companies. She was at the head of her own company for some time.

Miss Madison's first appearance on the stage was in the role of lead in "Captain Swift" with a repertoire company. After two months, she was induced to join James K. Hackett in his season's stock on the Pacific Coast. She was with Oliver Morosco for about a year. Then she was featured as leading lady up and down the coast. With her own company she was featured in "The Bishop's Carriage," "Paid in Full," "The Great Divide," "Wild Fire," "Zaza," "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and other well-known plays.

She is full of life and the love of living, and, as I said before, is very beautiful and graceful. She excels in emotional parts and roles which require sincerity of treatment.

Altogether she is a delightful young woman.

FLO LA BADIE, heroine of "The Million Dollar Mystery," entertained cottagers and residents of Shippan Point, near Stamford, Conn., with one of the most daring feats yet attempted in motion pictures. She leaped from a hydroplane going at the rate of forty miles an hour into the water. She was rescued by Jim Cruze, who (in the picture) arrives at the critical moment in a hydro-aeroplane. When asked afterwards as to her sensations when she hurtled herself from the speeding hydroplane, Flo said she only remembered that she lost her breath when she struck the water.

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J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

(Continued from page 12)

scarcely read the lines. He looked at another—and another—and devoured their contents like a famished man would glut on food.

"Oh, Dolly," he cried in exultation. "They are here—hundreds upon hundreds—of Lombard scenarios! They have the art—the same big punch. They may have been written a long while ago—ten or more years. I can't understand it! But they will save us till we find him!"

Dolly clapped her hands and laughed in her delight. The future of the house of Ewing and Walling was solved! Suddenly, Dolly espied a black-bordered envelope in the top tray. She picked it up curiously, and opened it. There was a letter inside—and its inscription was as follows:

"Long have I dreamed of the photoplay as a means of universal entertainment. I have seen it rising slowly, like a slumbering giant arousing to the knowledge of his power—gaining in his might to engulf the novel and the magazine, the theatre, opera, lecture hall. I have watched it like I once watched over my baby—little Fritz! And in the days of my greatest happiness, I constructed these scenarios as I felt they should be written—but alas! the market for such works as these had not arrived. And all the while, I had to fight for bread for little Fritz and for Hulda, my wife. She begged me to turn to better employment, but I had beheld the vision and I foolishly thought the day for such talent as this was near at hand. But the years have passed—the years are dead—and with them gentle Hulda and little Fritz. And so as they were entombed and taken from me, so must these works be entombed until such time as they may be put to account for some great cause. Until then, I beg no hand to touch them in the profanity of gain.

"Conrad Lombard."

Very slowly and thoughtfully Dolly and Walling placed them back—one by one—and returned the letter to its faded, black-bordered envelope, and the envelope to its tray. They lowered the lid and locked the trunk—and said nothing to one another as they walked out into the gathering gloom of an overcast day.

"Poor Lombard!" Dolly sobbed as she clutched Walling's arm tenderly.

"Poor Lombard," he echoed solemnly.

Somebody touched him on the sleeve. They looked up, startled. It was Lombard himself!

"Now would I work for you forever!" he cried gladly. "It was I, disguised, who took you back to the vault. I planned it all from the first—the receipts, the keys, the kidnapping. I wanted to see how you would act—when you knew about the treasure you have seen. Wilkes had offered me fifty thousand dollars to ruin you—and I wanted it so much—for a cause very dear to me—a cause that only makes me live and labor. And if you had touched those scripts—" and Lombard's voice rattled in his throat. But he wiped his eyes and smiled.

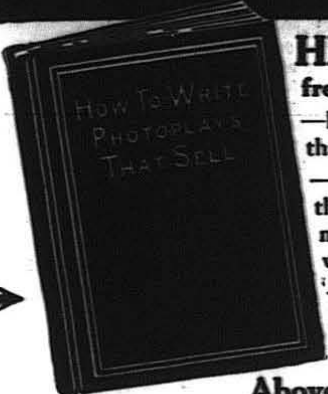
"You are human," he said softly. "I know now how you would act—and because of it, Gott!—all my art is at your feet for as long as time endures!"

And it seemed to Dolly that Hulda and little Fritz were running down the walk to meet them—and that the baby was laughing, at the very moment the sun burst through the leaden clouds, and chased the autumnal shadows down the street.

No Help Needed

WHEN Mignon Anderson is playing she insists on taking her role clear through regardless of the discomfort or danger into which it may take her. In one of the latest Thanhouser productions, "Jean of the Wilderness," it was intended to substitute Mignon in the leap from the cliff until she heard about it, when the directors were given plainly to understand that if her role called for a leap from a cliff she was going to take it and no one else—and she did.

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The Enterprise Publishing Co., Dept. A, 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of Players In and Around New York

RICHARD TUCKER, Edison leading man, is now "monoplane broken." Never again will the innocent looking engine located in front of the seat be able to spit oil in his face. It got one opportunity during the making of "While the Tide Was Rising," and it made such good use of it that the next time Tucker rides in one of the beetle-shaped machines he intends to be intrenched behind a raincoat, goggles and hood.

When not working in Edison pictures Andy Clark is kept busy at the studio defending himself from the attacks of the stage-hands, carpenter, and everybody else that passes close enough to him to muss up his hair or pull one of his ears. These, however, are only signs of affection inspired by long acquaintance, for Andy is a universal favorite. One proof of this is the fact that he has been chosen as mascot by the baseball team.

Florence La Badie, heroine of "The Million Dollar Mystery," is learning that the life of one millionaire's daughter at least is something more strenuous than a chain of tea-parties and receptions. One of the events accorded the life of Florence Gray and enacted by Flo La Badie several weeks ago was jumping off the dock of the big German liner, George Washington, into the seething water fifty feet below. The leap was made as the boat steamed past Sandy Hook. Director Hansel stood at the rail of the following tug-boat with a megaphone in hand, shouting instructions and encouraging her. The big waves tossed her about like a cork, but, undaunted, she battled with them, making little headway but managing to keep up, until the liner left her far astern, when a rope was thrown out and she was pulled aboard the tug, tired, but still with plenty of nerve left to do it over.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" came near losing its Uncle Tom during the making of the picture when Sam Lucas, the seventy-two year old colored actor who is playing that rôle, jumped into the water to save Little Eva, forgetting that his swimming days were over. Mary Ellice, the "Thanhouse Kid," who is playing Eva, is an excellent swimmer and kept Lucas from going down until the camera man, Irving Willett, came to their assistance. Though the film will show Uncle Tom saving Eva according to the story, in reality the conditions were exactly reversed.

John E. Ince, leading man and director at the Lubin plant, is one of those people whose capacity for work has rubber dimensions—can always accommodate extra work regardless of the pile on hand. His newest responsibility is being at the head of a newly organized company whose purpose is to own and operate a chain of picture houses throughout Pennsylvania. Enthused with Ince life and backed by Ince faith this company's future is bright indeed.

Clara Kimball Young, who plays such an excellent part in the big Vitaphone feature, "My Official Wife," is known as one of the most beautiful women, photographically. Many capable actresses are unable to work in pictures because of the camera's queer trick of blurring their features, but in Miss Young's case the camera reproduces clearly, recording all her natural beauty and registering her slightest change in expression.

John Bunny has been granted an unlimited leave of absence by the Vitaphone company and intends, according to present plans, to tour the world at the head of a company of minstrel, pantomime and vaudeville artists. Bunny's last appearance in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One thing is certain, whether alone or accompanied, Bunny need never fear of becoming lost—everybody knows him.

George H. Melford, Kalem actor-director, has seen service under the British flag in India. This experience stood him in good stead in staging the Hindoo drama, "The Rajah's Vow." A realistic Indian village was needed in the picture, and Mr. Melford constructed one that is an exact reproduction of a tiny hamlet in which he had lived.

Matty Roubert, "the Universal Boy," was visited at the Imp studio the other day by the Honorable Yong Yang Ying, Chinese consul-general, whose sole purpose was to meet the little star and appear with him in one of the scenes of the latest release of the series which relates to the solving of a Chinese kidnapping mystery. Matty's greatest charm is that he is just a plain, natural, mischievous boy, unspoiled by the screen popularity which has always been his.

Arthur V. Johnson of Lubin fame is getting stout. His pictures show it and he doesn't deny it. This lately acquired tendency to "fill out" has but one disadvantage—heretofore his lean figure has offered no temptations to that tribe of pests, the Jersey "skeeters," but from now on he will have to battle for outdoor comfort the same as Joe Smiley or Harry Myers.

William Faversham has at last agreed to appear in the All Star production, "The World." Since his leaving America some time ago the All Star people have been in constant communication with this great actor, but it is only recently that final arrangements were made. The amount agreed upon for Mr. Faversham's services is not made known, but it has been stated that it is in excess of \$10,000. He is leaving England for this country, and immediately after his arrival the production will be started at the Yonkers studio.

Pearl White has courted danger for so long that she meets it now in the most unexpected places. She was lately driving through Central Park in a hansom—a most harmless occupation—when the horse stumbled and fell, throwing Miss White out on her head. When she recovered consciousness she learned that her arms and face were badly lacerated and one wrist sprained, but she refused to listen to the appeals of an ambulance driver and continued her drive through the park.

Joyce Fair is a pretty busy little girl for an actress of only ten years of age. She is playing a part in "The Dummy" on the legitimate stage and during her spare time is taking "kid" parts at the Edison studio.

Visitors around Ithaca, N. Y., might have been horrified to see a trolley car plunge over a bridge into a 200 foot gorge, where it was dashed to pieces at the bottom. It was a pre-arranged accident and all caught by the cameras of Wharton, Inc., who are busy in staging "The Kiss of Death" for Pathe Freres.

Three hundred Lasky players are en route to the South to take part in the Belasco play, "The Heart of Maryland." The plot is laid in southern Maryland and the scenes will be taken in the famous Shenandoah Valley and along Braddock's Road, which was the tramping grounds of the Army of the Potomac. It is planned also to take a few scenes at Harper's Ferry, Greene Springs, W. Va., and along the Potomac as far as Piedmont, W. Va.

Nothing at the Thanhouse studio is of too small a consequence to be lost and hunted. Time, aspirations, and snakes have traveled the wayward path, and now Mayre Hall announces that her dog has departed without leaving a forwarding address.

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Information Department

Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE, ST. PETER, MINN.: Yes, the John Stepping now appearing in American films is the same John Stepping who used to appear in Essanay pictures. *Ralph's father* in Princess' "A Telephone Strategy" was Charles Horan.

MISS W., KANSAS CITY: Fay Tincher and Tom Browning were the husband and wife in Komic's "Hubby to the Rescue." Baldy Belmont, who used to play in Crystal comedies, was the husband's pal. He's just as funny as ever, isn't he?

DUNCAN K. L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Ida Lewis was the character woman in American's "Footprints of Mozart" and played Ruth's mother in that drama. Mary Scott was "Mrs. Goodman" in Beauty's "The Courting of Prudence," but she and Ida Lewis are two decidedly different ladies. You must have them confused.

KITTY ST. C., CINCINNATI, OHIO: The complete cast of Eclair's "The Blunderer's Work" is as follows: *George Lewis*—R. Stanley; *the ranch owner*—Fred Hearn; *the ranch owner's wife*—Lucie K. Villa; *Ethel*, the niece—Edna Payne.

X. Y. Z., NEW YORK CITY: That picture was made in Europe and we haven't, except in a few rare instances, cast sheets of European productions. Perhaps if you wrote to the home office of the company in Paris you could obtain the information you seek.

JOHN M. B., NASHVILLE: W. S. Hart, the famous western character actor, must be the man you refer to in the New York Motion Picture Company's productions and we quite agree with you that he is splendid. His stage experience covers a period of more than twenty years and he has been seen on the legitimate stage in such typical western dramas as "The Squawman" and "The Virginian."

PHOTO PHAN, PORTLAND, ME.: Yes, Mary Fuller has really left the Edison Company and gone to work for Universal. You'll still be able to see her on the screen, though, so it isn't half as bad as though she had gone on the legitimate stage, is it?

BERNICE W., DANVILLE, ILL.: We hadn't heard of the actor you mention being forced to return to Germany to fight for his country, and it seems highly unlikely, so guess you must have been misinformed. It is true that a number of the Pathe employees have returned to France, but up to the time of going to press this is about the only American company affected by the war.

HAROLD J. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.: Mary Pickford is still with Famous Players. The fact that you have recently seen her in Biograph and Imp films only means that Biograph and Imp, for whom she worked several seasons ago, are re-issuing the old prints they had in their storages vaults, thereby taking advantage of the tremendous popularity which Mary has acquired since the days when she worked for them. So far as we know, Mary has no intention of leaving Famous Players, and it is in films of the Famous Players brand that you will find her acting for some time to come.

BLUE EYES, WILMINGTON, DEL.: The actor who plays *Dunbar*, the man of mystery, in the "Our Mutual Girl" films is Edward Brennan. Maym Kelso is still enacting the role of *Mrs. Knickerbocker*, Margaret's Aunt, and you are surely mistaken if you think another player has taken the place of the one who first appeared as Margaret's Aunt.

BESSIE C., CHICAGO, ILL.: The complete cast for Vitagraph's "David Garrick" which you recently saw on the screen is as follows: *David Garrick*—James Young; *Ada*—Clara Kimball Young; *Ingot*—E. M. Kimball; *Smith*—Albert Rocard; *Mrs. Smith*—Kate Price; *Araminta*—Flora Finch; *Mr. Brown*—William V. Ranous; *Chivy*—Arthur H. Ashley; *Mr. Jones*—Mr. Drane. The dog that appeared in the Vitagraph picture, "The Violin of M'Sieur," is the famous Vitagraph dog "Shep," who has appeared in a number of other films of the same brand. The original Vitagraph dog to whom we imagine you refer was named "Jean" and was the property of Miss Florence Turner. When Miss Turner left the Vitagraph and went to England to make Turner films for the open market, she took Jean with her and he still appears in films, though not a great many of them have been exhibited in this country.

ANNA M., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: We guess you mean Hal Wilson in that Eclair production. He was "Clancy, the politician," in "The Price Paid," and so comes nearest to corresponding with the character you mention in your letter. The cast in "The Pearl of Great Price" was as follows: *The faithless husband*—Fred Truesdell; *the wife*—Julia Stewart; *the maid*—Helen Marten; *the jeweler*—Charles Morgan. Can't find any record of the other film you mention. Are you sure you have the brand name right?

IRMA ST. C., DENVER, COLO.: Goldie Colwell was Nan in Selig's "Nan's Victory." The young man with whom Nan fell in love was Franklin Hall. *Francis Scott Key* in Edison's "The Birth of the Star Spangled Banner" was Augustus Phillips. No, Mr. Phillips has not joined the Universal Company. Some of the other Edison players have, but Mr. Phillips was still at the Edison studios the last we heard.

THESPIAN, CHICAGO, ILL.: Yes, the Walter E. Perkins who appears as "A Keen Shaver" in Edison's "My Friend From India," is the same Walter Perkins who for years starred in the same comedy on the legitimate stage. Mr. Perkins, you will remember, was a member of the Frohman Empire Stock Company at the time when Maude Adams was a member of it, and appeared in a number of plays with James A. Herne. Of late years he has appeared in vaudeville and starred in stock.

EUNICE L. P., CLEVELAND, O.: The cast for Majestic's "Down by the Sounding Sea" is as follows: *The old beachcomber*—Fred Burns; *his daughter*—Mae Gaston; *her sweetheart*—Robert Harron; *the man from the sea*—Wallace Reid. *Buddy* in the Beauty film "A Midsummer Love Tangle" was Kathie Fischer, so you see it was a little girl and not a "cunning little chap" after all.

ANXIOUS, NASHVILLE, TENN.: Irving Cummings is still with the Thanhouser stock company. The last picture he appeared in was "The Messenger of Death," released July 28. You must have missed some of the recent Thanhouser films.

PAUL MAC'D., DALLAS, TEX.: Yes, it is somewhat confusing, isn't it, to know just what programs certain films are released under? Perhaps this will help you: American, Beauty, Broncho, Domino, Kay Bee, Keystone, Komic, Majestic, Princess, Reliance, Royal, Thanhouser, Griffith and Mutual Weekly are all Mutual releases and what is known as "the Mutual Program." The companies releasing through the Universal are Crystal, Eclair, Frontier, Gold Seal, Imp, 101 Bison, Joker, Nestor, Powers, Rex, Sterling, Universal Ike, Victor. The Broncho, Domino, Keystone and Kay Bee are all made by the New York Motion Picture Corporation.

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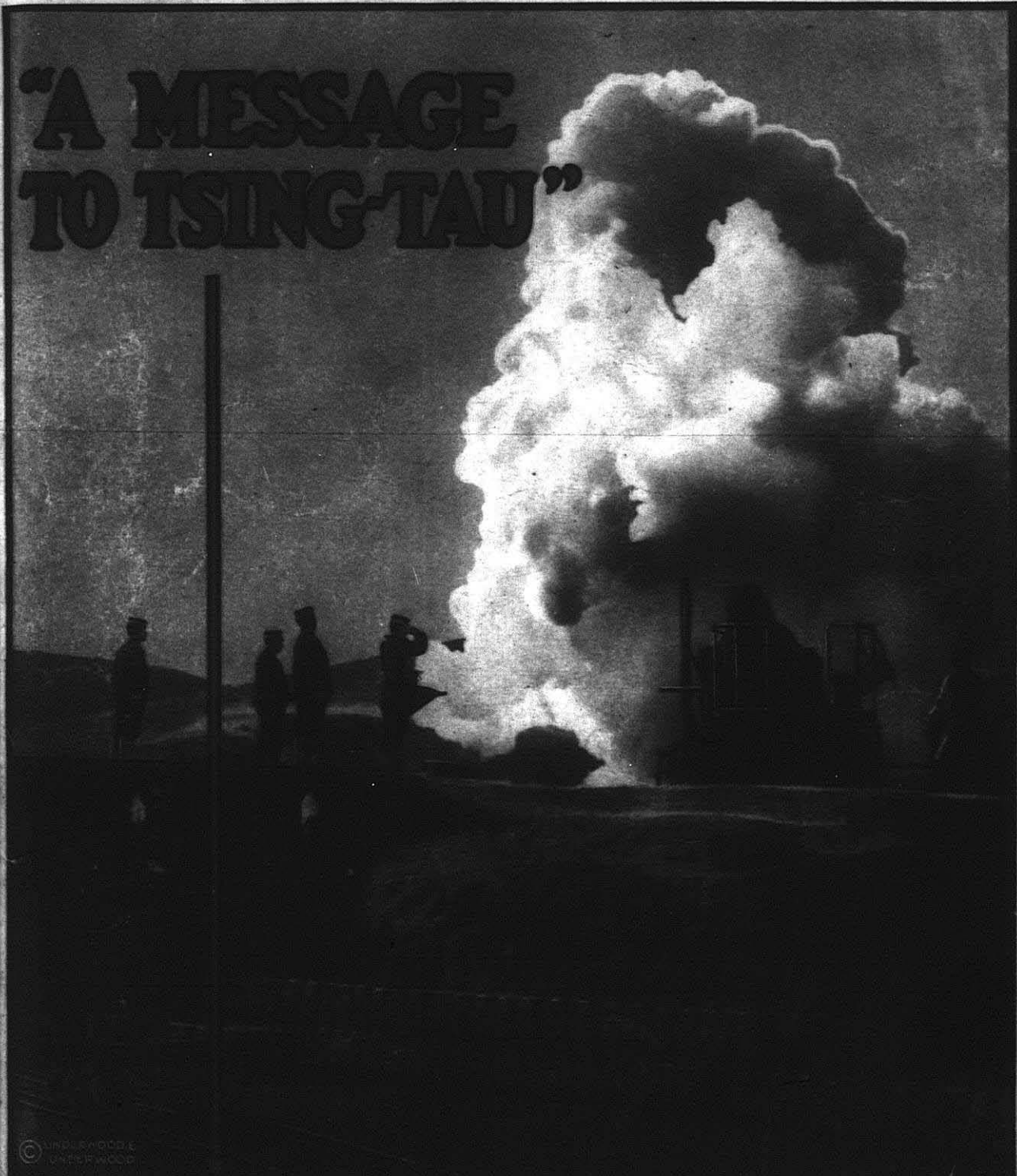
September 19, 1914

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Chicago and New York

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Published Weekly by the Cloud Publishing Company, Chicago

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CONTENTS

Photoplay Stories and Features

"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS"	Vivian Barrington	21
JAPAN BREAKS INTO THE WAR		18
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WAR RIDDEN BELGIUM		19
PHOTOS FROM THE FIRING LINES		20
PHOTOPLAY FEATURE PRODUCTIONS		
"Post No Bills"		24
"The Million Dollar Mystery"		25

Special Articles

A MESSAGE TO TSING TAU	Lloyd Kenyon Jones	5
HOSPITALITY ABUSED		6
Taggart Escapes Through Germany to England.		
"THE MAN FROM MONTCLAIR"	Selwyn A. Stanhope	8
Edison's Manager of Negative Production.		
THE MOVIES AND THEIR FUTURE	Katherine Synon	13
An Interview with Daniel Frohman.		
HELPS TO THE SOLUTION OF "THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"	William J. Burns	14

Serials

THE MAKING OF AN ACTRESS	William Curry	11
FELICIA OF THE FILMS		16
The Letters of a Would-Be Movie Actress.		

Departments

FEATURE FILM REVIEWS	Vanderheyden Fyles	28
THE CALENDAR OF PAST PERFORMANCES	Johnson Briscoe	30
WEST COAST STUDIO NOTES	Richard Willis	31
EASTERN STUDIO NEWS		33
INFORMATION		34

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The greatest delight in the Movies is found in watching real people doing real things. The moment any person does something that slaps our good judgment, the reality of the picture-play diminishes. Perhaps in stories, authors may "stretch a point," and so long as we accept what they say as plausible, the interest in the story is not lost. In the Movies it is different. You must certainly see illogical situations. Sometimes processes of law are disregarded, or cowboys do what real cowboys would never think of doing, or there are errors regarding household scenes, or farming, or gardening or in any other direction. The time has come when we must demand that plots be reasonable, and the only way to succeed is to constitute the millions of "picture fans" into a great "Board of Realism Censorship." Will you watch the films and write a 100-word letter whenever you see realism abused?

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If you see something done wrong—or some inconsistency of plot, write in and tell us about it. The thing that keeps 20,000,000 persons attending the Movies is REALISM. We must have it! The sooner we point out film weaknesses in this respect, the better. Help make the Movies REAL—and be a Realism scout. Names and addresses will be published unless we are requested not to do so. Numerous letters will be published each week; the best one, in our judgement, gets \$5 as an award. Get right at it—and ridicule inconsistencies as much as you like!

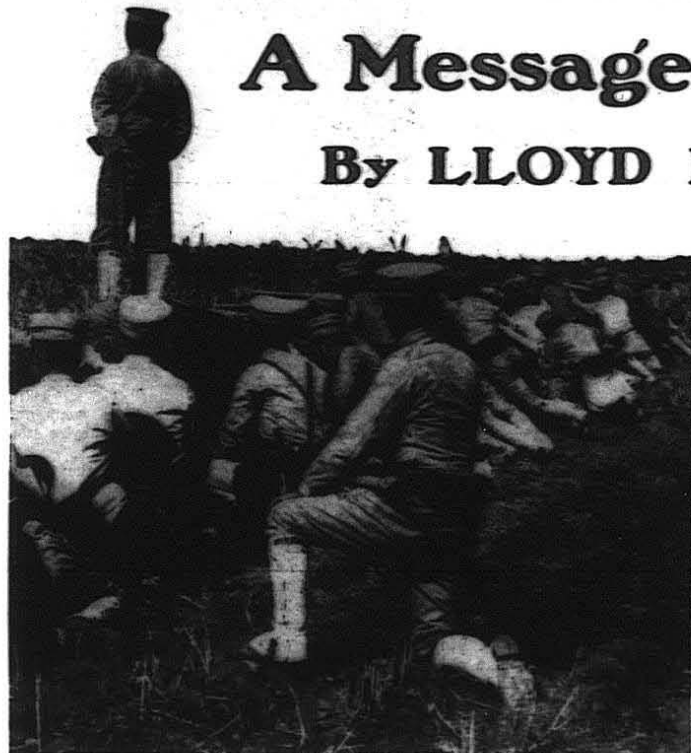
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914

NUMBER 20

A Message to Tsing-Tau By LLOYD KENYON JONES



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TAMAKURA loved Lonnaveta, and the dainty little maid of Nippon reciprocated his affection. Indeed, before the harvest moon was done with its mellow duty, the wedding would occur—all of which put the song of gladness into the heart of Lonnaveta, and made Tamakura bold and ambitious and very brave.

"It is a fragrant gift to my little lady of the roses," Tamakura whispered, as he pressed a tiny vial into his sweetheart's hands. She withdrew the stopper expectantly, and a delicate bouquet floated on the wings of the air and made everything more adorable because of its exquisite essence.

"It is this way in the starry places of Buddha, beloved," Lonnaveta murmured, "beautiful with roses and redolent with rarest incense—"

A step upon the stone walk of the little garden aroused them from their dreams of bliss.

"The Mikado calls!" a soldier whispered as he saluted, and Tamakura understood.

A day had passed, and then another went its way and little Lonnaveta counted the slothful minutes until Tamakura's return.

The harvest moon beamed upon them, so round and burnished in its pale light, as he held Lonnaveta to his breast and trembled at thought of the news he bore her.

"Poor little Rosebud," he breathed at length. "You must be brave, for I shall be with you again soon."

"You are going—away?" she queried anxiously, for before the great circular beacon of the night should have waned in its monthly visit, their marital vows would be pledged. The moon was already round and full—and very sympathetic, as it always was before its decline.

mote, and the wedding hour was so romantically near.

"But there is danger," she protested, poutingly.

Tamakura's chest heaved at thought of it—not that he lacked courage, but because, alas! his life was not his own. His body belonged to the Mikado—his heart to Lonnaveta—his soul to Buddha.

"I will take this comb—this hollow haub of tortoise-shell," he laughed bravely, as he withdrew the trinket from her raven tresses. "There—I shall wear it—with the message in its centre—so. And if I win, you will know it, little Rosebud—and scatter this wonderful incense as an offering to the spirit of the harvest."

"And—if you—lose?" She faltered with a sob strangling her pulsing throat.

"There, there!" He patted her gently on the shoulders—pressed his dry, hot lips to her temples—and was gone.

The next night, as the silvery orb shone upon the garden, two vials were side-by-side; the wondrous perfume for unstinted use should Tamakura win—a deadly vapor-producing nostrum, should he fail!

Through the haze that hugged the waters of the Bay of Kiao-Chau, the grey spectres of Japanese warships were silhouetted against a jet background. Beyond them lay the German protectorate of Kiao-Chau, the walled city that grimly waited its impending doom.

Hugging the gloomy shores of Shan-tung, a billowing junk felt its way cautiously. A giant coolie manned its helm; a quiet, furtive Mandarin squatted in its bow, looking intently ahead into the clinging fog.

The Mandarin's breath rasped and rattled in

"I go to Tsing-Tau," he told her, "on a message for the Mikado—to Tsing-Tau, and then to Kiao-Chau—to bear a message to Len Sun, the banker in the beleaguered town. But it must be so always, Rosebud, when the emperor commands."

For a long while Lonnaveta clung to him. It was difficult to comprehend—this awfulness of war. It had seemed so re-

his throat at times, for only as Buddha willed could he succeed. A million dangers lurked behind him; a thousand millions waited on his coming.

The junk turned its prow more boldly into the bay, and picked its course between the sickly yellow, restive paths of the searchlights' glow.

The guns of the forts of Kiao-Chau were silent, husbanding their shells against the morrow.

The Mandarin pointed warningly through the vaporous blanket and clicked his jaws. The coolie heard and layed hard on the rough beam that controlled the rudder.

The uncertain craft skimmed narrowly past a floating mine. The uncounted perils had been reduced by one!

There was a vibrant motion in the water. Some dark cigar-shaped object sped by them and a moment later a lurid tongue of flame leaped from the neighboring shore. A torpedo had missed them by a margin too small for computation; the restive searchlights of their best friends' ships had found them out—but the emperor's message to Tsing-Tau sanctioned no naval or military aid.

The junk swerved in its course, nearly capsizing in the miniature tidal wave that lapped in the explosive wake.

The watchful gunners in the Teutons' forts had heard—and they were answering now. Hot missiles sang angrily above their heads, or dropped like giant firebrands into the protesting yellow waves. The gods of destruction had roused from their scant slumbers, and the night throbbed and ached with war—and agony—and death. Here and there mines were pressed into service, until the inferno raged above them, at all sides—and beneath their quaking feet.

Tamakura, disguised in his Chinese garb, dare not so much as think of pretty little Lonnaveta, lest she catch his mental message of despair and perish with the long shadows that kept company with the moon.

At length, the firing abated, and the dangers seemed diminished. Once more Tamakura squatted hopefully in the bow, while the junk lapped through the sickening saffron waters on the road to Kiao-Chau.

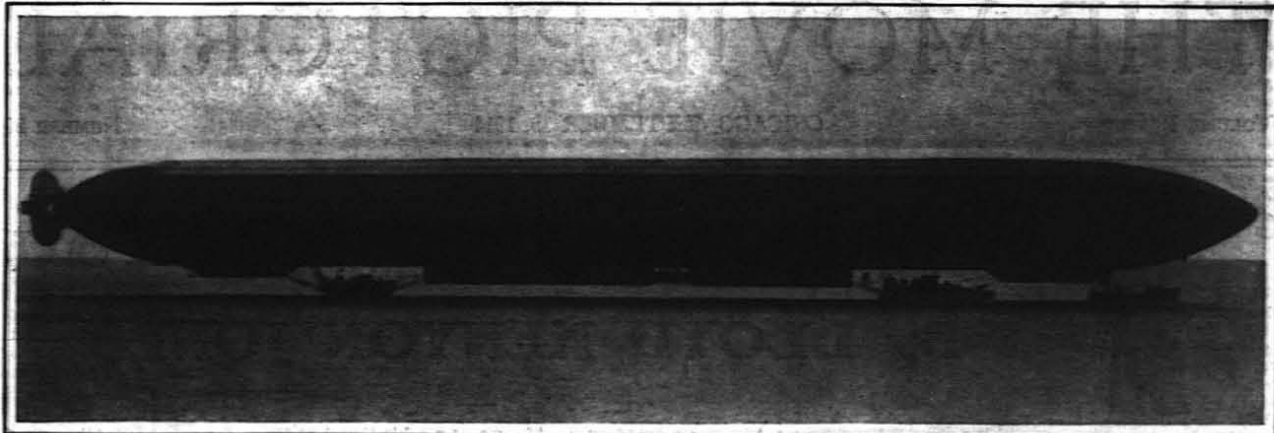
The battlements at last were dull-himmed through the humid veil, but Tamakura knew that beyond the parapets there lay in wait for creatures such as him a malignant fate—and he compressed his jaws lest his teeth rattle a chilly tattoo and betray his thoughts.

Once discharged of his duty, he could drift southward, and he could yet return to redeem his avowals while the month of roses held sway.

Suddenly a launch darted through the fog—like an arrow through a loop of lace. Tamakura's heart pumped fast, but his features remained serene. A glowering German countenance was thrust close to his. No word was spoken, but Tamakura understood.

(Continued on Page 27)

HOSPITALITY ABUSED



They Saw One of the Great Battleships of Zeppelin as the Sun Shone on its Great Cigar-Shaped Shell

Taggart Escapes Through Germany to England

Photos © Underwood & Underwood and International News Service

SWITZERLAND is a neutral state. About all the important powers in the world have guaranteed that, no matter how savagely war may rage beyond its borders, Switzerland shall be left to enjoy its memorial privileges in peace. That is necessary for the continued existence and prosperity of the country—for its main industry, that of shaking down American tourists, is essentially one of peace. It is a highly developed industry, too, and the natives regard it with affection.

And yet—if Clem Taggart and Billy Reynolds, having been saved from a German firing squad by the providential capture of Altkirch by the French, thought that their flight to neutral Switzerland was going to transport them at once to happy scenes of piping peace, they had, in the parlance of the day, several more things coming to them. Switzerland believes thoroughly in the good faith of its neighbors—France, Germany, Austria and Italy. It knows that they will never violate its neutrality. But—every able bodied Swiss has gone through his period of military training, and understands thoroughly the theory of war as practiced with modern guns and mountain artillery. In other words, the nation that invented the tip and the maître d'hôtel is taking no chances. It took its precautions before it learned the fate of Belgium in the present war, too. Belgium, you know, is another neutral state. But then, the innocent bystander is usually neutral, too.

Clem Taggart and Billy Reynolds, still a little unstrung, it may be admitted, managed to get to sleep in the house of the old peasant near Basle. There had been a quality about the tone of the German colonel who had caught them at Altkirch that had affected Billy's spinal cord in a most unpleasant manner. He had meant to have

them shot; there wasn't any doubt about that. Billy felt an undying gratitude toward the French. It didn't make any difference that they would cheerfully have supplied the firing squad that the Germans, for reasons not under their control, had been unable to furnish, as Taggart had explained. The point was that they hadn't done it. From that moment Billy was pro-French. In fact, his last words, before he fell asleep, were: "I'm going to learn that French song—the Marseillaise, Clem! See if I don't!"

He hadn't learned it when he woke up. He hadn't had time to learn anything. The old Swiss peasant knew his duty. And the awakening of the two Americans was accomplished by a lieutenant of the Swiss army, who was, in normal times, a captain of waiters in a Lucerne hotel. For that reason he was polite—as soon as he found that they were Americans.

"I am sorry, m'ssieurs," he said, after one of his men had prodded them into wakefulness. "Your passports, please? Your authorization to remain in Swiss territory?"

"I pass," said Taggart. Then he sat up, blinked the sleep out of his eyes, and regarded this new captor attentively. "I haven't got

anything that you would like," he went on. "My passports are all right, but they're not valid for Switzerland. However—"

He paused. There was something about this man that bothered him. Then, quite suddenly, he got it.

"Emile!" he said, with passion. Reproach crept into his tone, into his eyes. "Emile! Would you do this to me? You who have so often warned me against the creations of Mr. Mouquin's chef? You who have opened so many bottles of wine at my order? You—I blush to remind you—who have so often accepted my poor *pourboire*!"

He was embraced—to the indignant surprise of Billy Reynolds.

"M'sieu Taggart!" exclaimed Emile. "My friend—my patron! Two thousand pardons! Wait! I go—but I return! And with me I bring all that you require of papers! Behold—I have promised—I, Lieutenant Emile Picard!"

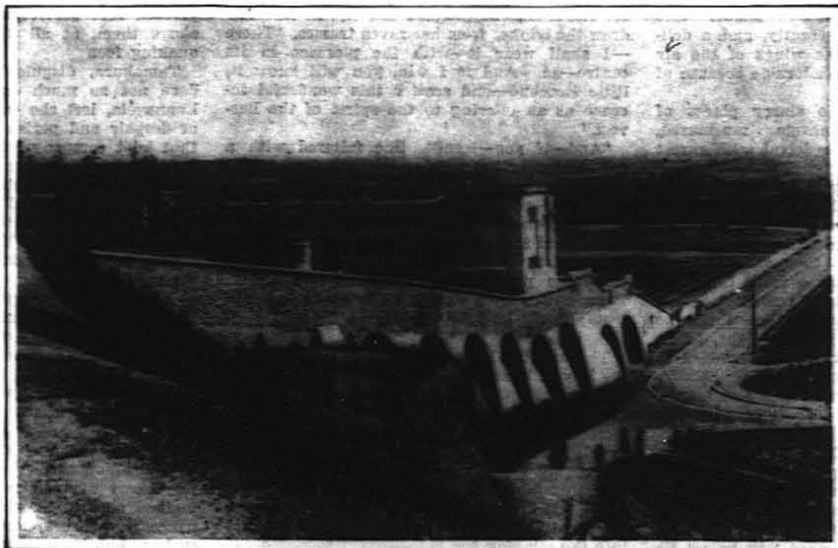
He made good, too. And while he was gone Taggart explained.

"Always tip your waiter, Billy," he said, earnestly. "There's no knowing when you'll see him again—or how! Emile was the best waiter in Mouquin's, in New York—and look at him now! An officer of the Swiss army! I bet Max is a major general somewhere! Do you remember Max? Sure you do! He looked after us sometimes—big, round chap, with one of those fierce moustaches!"

Mr. Reynolds expected to be damned, and said so.

"If you say that this is a small world, after all, I'll kill you," said Taggart. "And I'll tell Emile you're a German spy, and they'll give me a medal of honor beside acquitting me of murder!"

"All right," said Billy, meekly. "I won't say it, then. But, look here—what are you going to do with Switzerland, now you've got



One of the Fets at Hamur Which Was Captured by the Germans

it? Eh? That's what I want to know!"

"I'm going to find some one that can take our films to Naples or Genoa for me—that's first," said Taggart. "Then they'll be on their way back to Broadway. And then—well, I don't just know. But I guess the first movie will be to go to Lake Constance and see if some of those Zeppelins aren't flying from Friedrichshafen. We ought to get some good pictures of them—that's where they try out a lot of the new ones, you know."

"Is it safe?" asked Billy Reynolds. Taggart grinned. He understood his camera man pretty well. Billy could work up plenty of nervousness—until the crucial moment came. And then he wasn't simply brave; he wasn't simply indifferent to danger. He didn't even know there was any danger about! From the moment when either his own eyes or the voice of Taggart told him that there was something for the camera to record, he could think of nothing else. It had been so when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was killed; when the Austrian shells, at the Drina, were bursting within a hundred yards; in Altkirch, when the French were driving the Germans through the streets.

"Safe? No — of course not!" said Taggart. "But it's great stuff—or will be."

"All right," agreed Reynolds. "But I won't walk there—not if it's only three blocks! I've walked across half of Germany already, and enough is enough!"

That was pretty nearly a true statement, too. They had crossed parts of Belgium, sneaked through Luxembourg, got behind the German advance into Lorraine, and crept, making their way by night, past Metz and through half the battlefields of 1870, only to be caught by a German patrol outside of Altkirch. They had no pass; permission to follow the fighting with a moving picture camera had everywhere been denied.

They had known, therefore, or, at least, Taggart had known, that a meeting with the troops of either army was pretty sure to mean not only confiscation of all their films, which included some pictures that promised to be truly remarkable of dirigibles and aeroplanes in action, but a chance to observe a German firing squad from the point of view of those facing its rifles. That, in fact, was exactly what the German commander had promised them. But he had given them respite enough to let them develop their films—and in that brief interim the French had come. Taggart and Reynolds hadn't stopped to congratulate the French. They felt that they were likely to be misunderstood. So they had seized the chance to get to Switzerland, knowing that the red-legged soldiers didn't know of their existence.

"We won't have to walk—not very far, anyhow," soothed Clem. "We'll ride in a nice Swiss railroad train—and, after you've done that for a while you'll be glad to walk!"

In spite of which slanderous statement the maligned Swiss railway system took them, in considerable comfort, to Constance. They reached the Swiss city, on the shores of the lake from which it takes its name, early in the morning. And almost at once they were rewarded. For, just emerging from a great hangar in Friedrichshafen, on the Württemberg shore, was one of the great air battleships of Zeppelin. The sun shone on its great, cigar-shaped shell; even Reynolds exclaimed at the sight.

"Only one thing to do—they'll never let us

work in the open here," said Taggart. "You wait!"

Taggart carried gold—and an eloquent tongue. He needed them both. But he returned, to drag Reynolds with him to a house overlooking the lake, from one room of which he was now privileged to do what he might wish with his camera.

"Of course," complained Taggart, "there'll be no action to this—not unless she takes a dive into the lake. And even that wouldn't hurt her—she'd float. That's why they try them out here. But, Lord—she's the biggest I've seen! What a monster! I bet this is one of the big ones they figure on sending over to drop bombs in England!"

"Great little stunt, this telescope," said Reynolds. He adjusted the device by which Taggart had made it possible to annihilate distance in the taking of pictures. Then he studied the range, using a synchronized glass that let him see the relative size of the objects within his range. And suddenly he exclaimed, sharply.

"Got a glass?" he cried. "Then get the Zeppelin. Right? Now—about ten degrees

camera—saw what happened. Saw the linked bombs strike true, the chain that held them drooping over the cigar-shaped shell. Saw the frantic efforts of the men on the gun platforms climbing out, regardlessly, on the frail footing of the gas bag. Saw the sudden flash; the crumpling of the huge Zeppelin as both bombs exploded. Saw the whole mighty structure collapse in a puff of smoke and flame. Saw, a moment later, the smoking wreckage dive, like a plummet, for the lake. Saw the cloud of steam that marked the grave of the air monster and every man aboard. And saw, finally, the monoplane winging its way back toward the west, whence it had come to deal that blow!

Then, and only then, the camera stopped. And the two Americans looked at one another.

"Did you get it all?" asked Taggart, awed.

"Every bit!" said Reynolds. "And I've got just three feet of film left!"

"Think of it!" said Taggart. "Can you see that on a screen, Billy? Gosh! It's too good to be true! They'll get it away from us! No one was ever meant to pull off anything like that! And we'll never see a thing like it!"

Reynolds was silent.

"Here's where we lose the camera!" said Taggart, with decision. "It's no good without film—and I don't know where we'll get any, short of London or Paris—and I wouldn't bank on Paris. Anyhow—we can get another camera anywhere where we can get film. Here—I'll darken up this room—or, you do it. I'll go down and fix up some kind of a lantern we can use."

"We can't develop here," protested Billy.

"Don't intend to. But we can't carry that film around loose, either. I just thought—I've got a chance to beat even a German search."

When he returned, with an improvised red lantern — actually, a pocket flashlight, with a red covering—the room was dark.

They cut up the film then into short lengths—all that they had. And each length Taggart wrapped, first in red oil silk, then in black cloth.

"Thought of this sort of a fix long ago," he explained. "Then I got rattled, for a minute, and forgot. All right—give me your coat."

He removed his own coat. Deliberately he ripped out the linings. Then he produced needle and thread and distributed the precious packages of film. After which, having seen that each length was securely fastened, and that it would not rustle, or bulge unduly, he sewed the linings in the coats again.

"Some seamstress!" said Billy, derisively. "I suppose you learned that putting on your own buttons!"

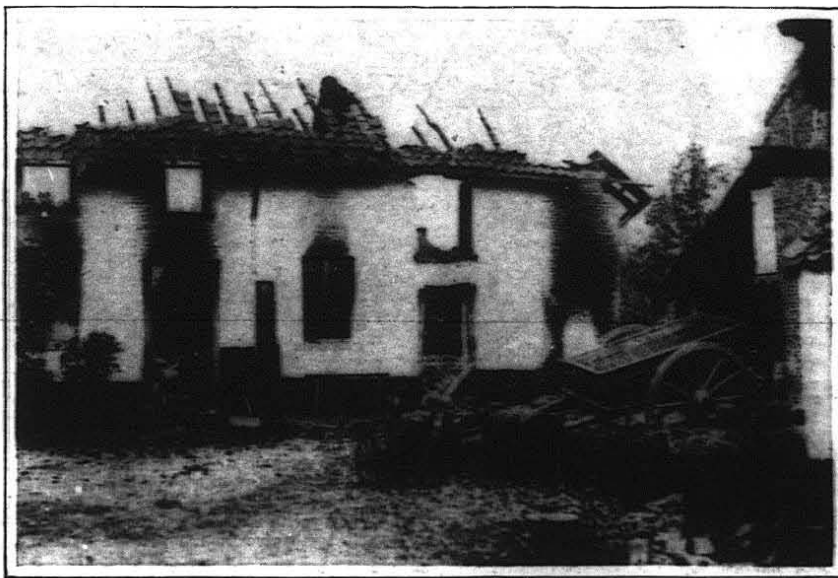
"I learned it, anyhow," said Taggart, grimly. "And I suspect it's going to annoy some people a whole lot, too! The result is, anyhow! Even if they shoot us, they may have the decency to ship our clothes home as relics—and that'll do the trick. All right. I think we'll go home through Germany!"

"Help!" cried Reynolds, weakly. "Do you want to commit suicide? You've had lots easier ways than that of doing it!"

"Nix," said Taggart, cheerfully. "We used to be movie men, Billy. But I've had a chance to read the papers. Now we're stranded American tourists—who didn't have sense enough to get passports. See!"

He tore up the documents that had done

(Continued on page 26)



A Burned and Blackened Farm House Near Lings Which was Destroyed by the German Troops

west—and much higher. See that speck? It's too big for a bird, isn't it?"

"Jove—yes!" said Taggart. "Aeroplane! Coming, too—coming like a streak! Funny! Wouldn't think they'd have a 'plane coming that way! Heading from the French border—Strassburg, maybe. Hello!"

Suddenly he was vastly excited.

"Get ready!" he almost shrieked. "I can't believe it—but—yes, by the Lord Harry! That's a Depperdussin monoplane—and the Germans never had a 'plane of that type! Ready—start her, Billy!"

Nearer and nearer came the aeroplane, flying with the wind behind it, at a speed almost incredible. And, as it came, it was sweeping downward, volplaning in long curves, then being caught up again. The big Zeppelin was up perhaps eight hundred feet; it began to maneuver now. And suddenly, from the gun platforms above the great gas bag little puffs of smoke began to rise. About the flying, dodging monoplane other puffs appeared; the smoke of bursting shells.

"Glory be!" said Taggart, solemnly. "Billy—that's a Frenchman, raiding! Look—there he goes!"

The aeroplane was circling above the airship now. And they saw something drop—something that separated into two black dots, dropping in a sort of union.

"Linked bombs—Lord!" gasped Taggart. "See?"

But Billy wasn't looking. He was thinking only of his work. Taggart alone—and the

"The Man From Montclair"

Edison's Manager of Negative Production

By SELWYN A. STANHOPE



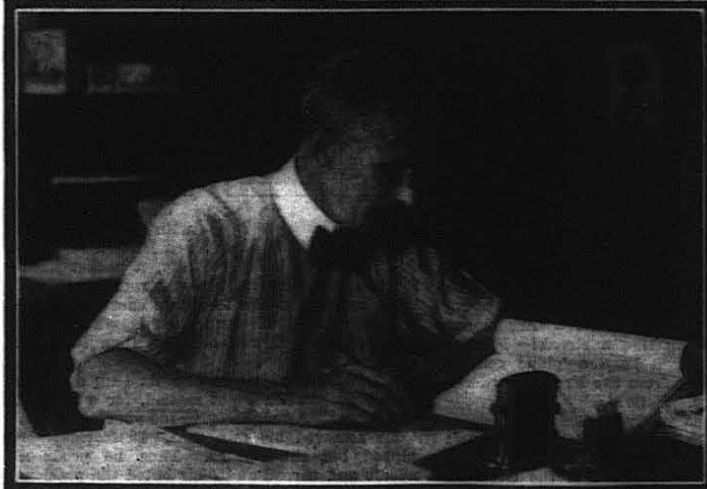
Horace G. Plimpton

ONE night, almost five years ago, there was an amateur performance of a well known stock play at a theatre of importance in Montclair, New Jersey. It was strictly a private affair as far as the sale of tickets were con-



ally, the cynical critics didn't expect much real art in the way of dramatic talent to percolate during the production's denouement. But there were others who were sure the play would prove a success, and thus convince the world that the very cream of the world's talent was being harbored and fostered within the confines of Montclair.

Frank L. Dyer, a Montclair citizen, and at that time the President of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., was among those present. Mr. Dyer attended out of sheer curiosity, since his friend Plimpton had invited him. Also, according to statements since made by Mr. Dyer, he was worried over business matters—that of motion picture production—so decided to attend a performance given



This Genius is Given Credit for the Individuality and Success of Edison Productions

cerned, in that the performance was given by and for the members of the Montclair Dramatic Club. In fact, tickets were not sold. Invitations were the order of the evening.

Horace G. Plimpton, an artistic rug-maker of Montclair, then holding a position of importance with the Bigelow Carpet Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the leading lights of that particular evening's entertainment, for he was President of the Montclair Dramatic Club. He had acted in the capacity of stage director during rehearsals, and was the "king bee" of ceremonies on this evening of evenings.

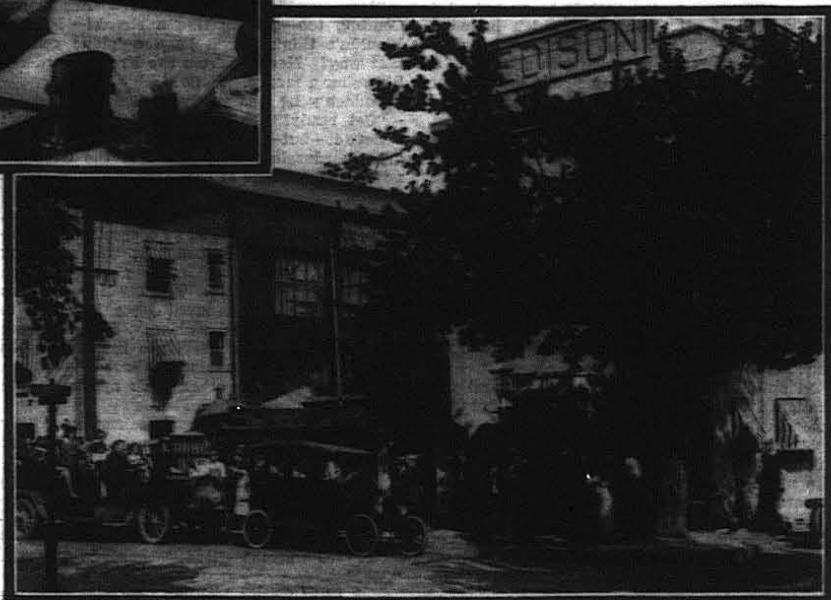
A number of dramatic critics representing various New York papers, some of Mr. Plimpton's friends, and many prominent people—acquaintances and friends of the club's members—were present by invitation. The elite of Montclair was participating in the play. Natur-

The New Edison Studio Located in the Bronx, New York, is now Under Construction. The Picture at the Bottom of the Page Shows a Group of Edison Players Leaving the Old Studio to Make an Exterior Scene

by the Montclair Dramatic Club that he might drive dull care away.

Next day Horace G. Plimpton held a long conversation with Frank L. Dyer, and the latter urged the rug-maker to give up his position with the carpet company and immediately assume complete charge of the motion picture plant of Thomas A. Edison, Inc. By watching the result of Plimpton's rehearsals, Dyer became convinced that Plimpton would make a success in handling picture production, and offered him the position at a salary figure he could not ignore.

And so it was that the man from Montclair journeyed

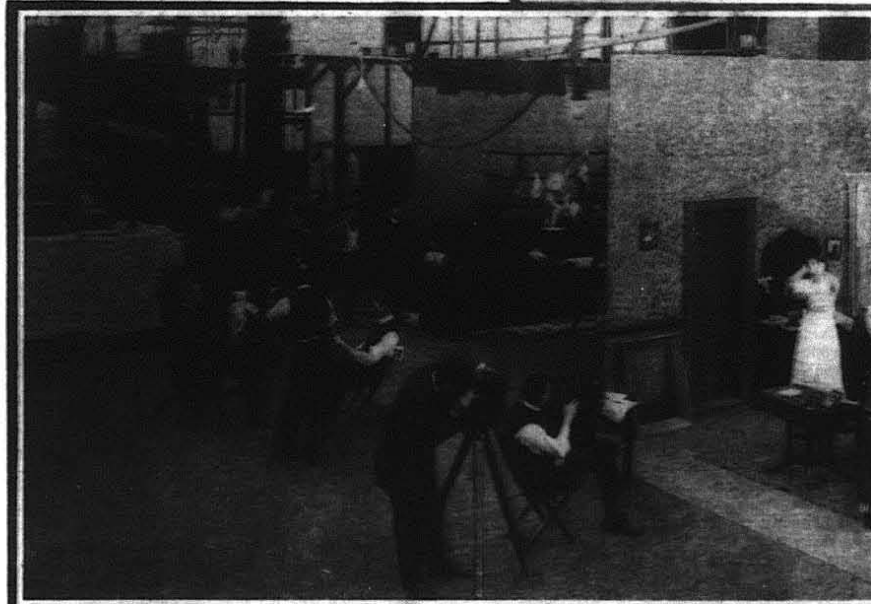
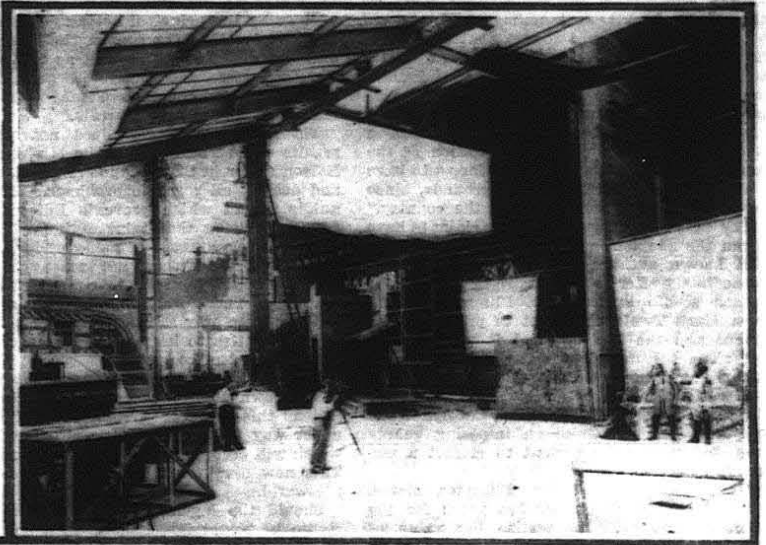


over to the Edison studio in the Bronx and began to create order out of chaos, place the Edison photoplays on a par with the offerings of competitive companies, and establish a reputation for the moral cleanliness of all productions bearing the Edison trade mark.

But the Edison studio's birth dates back to 1898, and shortly after the time that Thomas Alva Edison startled the world with the announcement that he could make pictures which would show things and people as they actually appeared. The first office and studio was a movable contraption which was carried on pivots, and very much resembled a "Black Maria," being twenty-five by twenty feet in size. It had a flat glass top, and had to be moved around as the sun changed its position.

At this stage of the motion picture's development, or evolution, only forty and fifty foot subjects were produced. No one thought of it as a commercial proposition. For a long time the experimenters under Edison used the "Black Maria" van for all pictures requiring interior settings. Later a studio was established on the roof of a building on Twenty-first Street, New York City, but in 1907 a studio was opened just opposite Bronx Park, New York City.

When the motion picture began to demonstrate commercial possibilities, people of all classes began to jump on board, and to infringe on the Edison patents.



Interior Views of the Edison Studio Showing the Different Sets in Position. The Lower Picture Shows Marc MacDermott and Miriam Nesbit Enacting a Scene in a Society Drama.

Horace G. Plimpton assumed charge of the Edison studio when only one Edison picture was being released each week. There were few available actors for motion pictures, and quite often the property men and electricians, also carpenters were made do double duty. None of the picture companies then in existence employed a company of players as is the practice today. So one of the very first things Mr. Plimpton did was to surround himself with actors and actresses with personality, and who could register emotion.

First, Plimpton devoted his time to assisting his directors, but as the business began to grow and the demand for more Edison pictures became insistent, he hunted high and low for the sort of men who could and would carry out orders as pertained to matters of direction. Once he finds his man, he gives him free reign to employ his own ideas.

"The picture director," says Mr. Plimpton, "is supreme in his domain. With the rapidity necessary to the production of a certain number of pictures

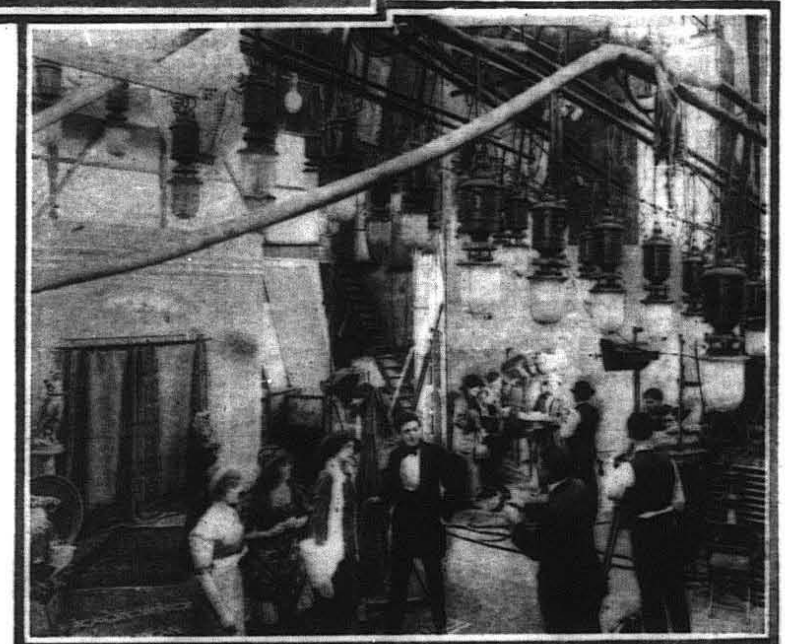
The company organized to produce and promote Edison pictures let production matters go that they might prosecute the trespassers of their rights. Thousands of dollars were spent in the courts, and the expenses were enormous. All the profits reaped from the Edison productions of the past were spent in litigation.

Realizing that they were not sufficiently strong in matters of finance to win out, the directors of the company behind the Edison patents decided to license their competitors instead of trying to make them cease operations entirely. Licenses were granted the Lubin, Vitagraph, Biograph, Pathe Freres, Melies, Kalem, Essanay, Selig, and Kline organizations, and in 1907 the motion picture industry took its first big stride.

Under the terms of the license, each one of these companies were compelled to pay a tribute for the use of infringing devices. This sudden condition began to pay the backers of the Edison patents more money than they had been able to make as manufacturers, so it was but natural that they devote the major part of their attention to the developing of the industry, leaving the matter of production to persons not so vitally interested. Though other producers were issuing one new thousand-foot subject each week, but two photoplays bearing the Edison trade mark appeared during a month.

Further, the early Edison releases were not exactly the type that the store-show exhibitors of the times were clamoring for.

Then Frank L. Dyer hired the man from Montclair, calling him the Edison studio's "Manager of Negative Production," and he has been just that ever since.



weekly, the motion picture director must be allowed to do his work unhampered, and as he sees fit, allowing of course, that due attention has been given the scenario prior to its being turned over to the director. I believe the scenario writer should be taken into consultation in a measure by the director before the picture is produced, and at the Edison studio I try to assimilate the position of the scenario writer. It is impossible for us to have the author of a script on the grounds, since we buy scenarios from all over the country."

The Edison Company can justly claim to have begun the adaptation of copyrighted works, by well known authors, to motion picture form. Immediately after taking affairs in hand at the Edison studio in 1909 Mr. Plimpton bought from Mark Twain the right to produce "The Prince and the Pauper" and it was brought out as a feature picture for those days, in one reel. This was followed quickly by the works of such authors as Rex Beach, Richard Harding Davis, E. W. Townsend, Carolyn Wells and Roy Norton. Quite an imposing galaxy then, but now not sufficient to attract a moment's attention.

"It seems strange," Mr. Plimpton states, "that it has taken almost five years for the producers generally to realize the value of utilizing prominent current fiction for motion pictures."

For two or three years after Mr. Plimpton inaugurated this idea of using current fiction stories by well known authors, the Edison Company had this field almost to itself. Of late, however, the demands have come with a rush, and today there is hardly an author or a dramatist of prominence whose works have not been bought for the screen, and some at very high prices.

In this connection it is to be noted that it was Mr. Plimpton who first began the issuance of serial films by the appearance of the "What Happened to Mary" pictures. The published serial and the pictures appeared simultaneously, a popular woman's publication doing an unheard of thing by building its circulation to above the million mark through the publishing of the story of the film. This was followed by the "Who Will Marry Mary?" pictures, and which was conducted in the same way. "The Chronicles of Cleek," and "The Adventures of Octavius," are more recent Edison serials.

The weekly output of the Edison studio is six different subjects each week, five of them being single reel subjects. It is Mr. Plimpton's belief that the single reel photo-drama is the keystone of the motion picture industry, and that picture patrons desire their program as diversified as possible. This belief accounts for the fact that the Edison Company has never tried to outdo their competitors by offering more than one multiple reel subject a week.

At the Edison studio a rather peculiar policy is pursued in the handling of scenarios. A staff of three synopsis writers is maintained. All submitted scenarios are read by the members of this staff, and those which seem fitted to the company needs are held back. The impossible stories are immediately rejected. Synopses of not more than 250 words are made by the staff, and these are submitted to the various directors, Mr. Plimpton inclusive. The directors read the synopses and on a slip of paper attached for the purpose, marks his decision with one of the four words "Accept, Reject, Read or Discuss." If marked "To Read," then the original scenario as submitted by the author is given to that director to read. Should all votes on the synopsis of a particular story be "Reject," the scenario is automatically sent back. If however, it is held out even by one person marking it, "To Discuss" it then comes up for a full discussion. This discussion is held every Wednesday night, at which time there is a conference of the entire producing force, and all matters connected with future work is gone over.

After accepting a scenario the producing director takes it and makes his own working scenario, making such changes as he thinks best. This working scenario is submitted to Mr. Plimpton before the picture is started, and any further changes thought desirable are made after consultation. The working scenario is, of course, used as a basis for the stage manager

in regard to scenery, sets and properties, as well as by the principal actors. Copies of the scenario are made and given the heads of the different departments as well as to the actors and actresses, and before a production is started, all concerned are made thoroughly familiar with its requirements.

Though Mr. Plimpton does not wear the regalia of a scenario editor, he is virtually the Edison editor in that it is his mind that weighs and decides all scenario problems. His is the guiding hand which prevents Edison dramas from possessing that taint of impurity which marks the production of many of his competitors. He believes there are comedy ideas that do not depend for success on the risqué and the illicit. Therefore, Edison pictures are clean. If there were only Edison pictures there would be no societies to keep an eye on the movies, and no board of censors.

Since 1909 the Edison studios and laboratories have grown to five times their original size, and as this is being written preparations are under way for a bigger and newer studio, and which will occupy the site of the present studio. This new studio will be equal to the best in the world.

Should the lay-man visit even the present studio he would find himself in a new world, and bewildered by the rapid coming and going of many people, the sinister glare of strange lights, the sharp ringing of an unseen gong followed by a sudden hush, another clang of the gong, followed by renewed activity, curt commands in a strange jargon; all this is perplexing—the first impression is confusing.

This impression is soon dispelled. The comings and goings have a definite purpose and produce immediate results. The lights and bells have their ordered place in the general scheme. There is no confusion, in reality, for the Edison studio is a place where things are done, and done well and quickly by men who know how to do them.

Imagine a vast hall, with a stretch of floor space, that would delight the heart of an old Viking, who liked to sit at meat with all his people at one great table. He would have no trouble here. There would be room for some outsiders.

Overhead is a network of steel beams, overhung by a glass ceiling. Every inch of this vast floor space is utilized for the production of the interior scenes. The sets are arranged side by side, a beautiful Fifth Avenue hotel sociably rubbing elbows with a sweat shop; a drawing room next to a kitchen; an Italian palace next to a room in a dingy hovel. A company of players works in each one of these sets.

Nothing is too great or too small for the Edison studio to do well. The compass of its achievement ranges from the microscopic to the gigantic, and though the past achievements of the Edisonites rang to the fore, it is the hope of still greater achievements which has brought about the need of a new and larger

studio. It is the keynote of those who comprise the large Edison staff to do the very best, and their output is measured in excellences instead of numbers. Quality, not quantity, is the goal. Every man, woman and child in the studio seems animated with the desire to excel.

Listed on the roster of Edison players are the names of many who have achieved big success on the legitimate stage. Some of the chief Edison players are Mabel Trunelle, Charles Sutton, Richard Tucker, William Wadsworth, Alice Washburn, William West, Cora Williams, Miriam Nesbitt, Edward O'Connor, Barry O'Moore, Augustus Phillips, Herbert Prior, Julian Reed, Jessie Stevens, John Sturgeon, Elsie MacLeod, Duncan McRae, Frank McGlyn, Richard Neil, Bliss Milford, Dan Mason, Marc MacDermont, Gertrude McCoy, Bessie Learn, Carlton King, Harry Linson, Gladys Hulette, Arthur Housman, Edna Hamel, Harry Grip, Nellie Grant, Robert Brower, Bigelow Cooper, Sallie Crute, Andrew Clark, Edwin Clark, Helen Coughlin, Kathleen Coughlin, Harry Eyttinge, May Abbey, Mathilde Baring, Harry Beaumont, Yale Benner, Gertrude Braun, Edward Boulden, William Bechtel, Yale Boss, Viola Dana and Joyce Fair.

It is Mr. Plimpton's belief that it is impossible to obtain better acting in the motion picture drama than is shown today.

"If the motion picture play holds its popularity in its present form, the development will be in the line of better plots," he says. "We cannot improve the acting for we have obtained the very best. Present day photography cannot be improved upon. But we can have better stories. Of course, in the five years I have been connected with the motion picture business I have seen a great many changes, and I wouldn't dare go on record as saying the motion picture play has reached its zenith. Rather, I prefer to believe that the future holds a great many changes. I am not certain about the permanency of the present picture, and perhaps something may happen to revolutionize the art—perhaps the talking picture will come next. Who knows?" In the next five or ten years it may be possible to give an evening's entertainment with the talking pictures, presenting in five or six reels, some well known play.

Mr. Plimpton hesitates to speak of himself, and of his ideas, but briefly recites the story of his entire life as follows:

"I was born in South Brooklyn. My father was one of the original residents of that part of the city, which at that time, was considered a very desirable dwelling place. I lived there until twenty-four, at which time I moved to Bay Ridge where I met the present Mrs. Plimpton. Our home, since 1900, has been in Montclair, N. J. My first and only business experience before connecting myself with the Edison Company was with the Bigelow Carpet Company of Brooklyn, where I went as a boy, and with whom I remained until 1909."

Mary Fuller Battles with a Snake

SOMETHING is always "happening to Mary." The latest thrill to be added to this girl's life is a battle with a snake in which said snake met his Waterloo. Mary Fuller, with director, Walter Edwin and a company of some thirty-five players, was up in Blue Ridge mountains, Shohola, Pike County, Pa., putting on a three-reel Universal feature, "The Heart of the Night Winds." The hotel people affirmed there hadn't been a snake in the "Crick," which comes down from the big falls at Shohola, for twenty years. But when Mary pulled off her white stockings and little black shoes and began to "sozzle" her pink toes around in the water, a big water moccasin lifted its head from the moss across the stream and admiring beauty from afar, slipped into the water and swam quickly over to pay his respects to "our movie heroine." No Mary didn't shriek or run, but grasped a hickory stick and waited.

"I'll spank you, naughty snake," she warned. But with blood in his eye he darted at her leg. After a series of terrific "whacks," the big nettled black lay still, and Mary was safe to go wading.



The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

VIII

GOING back to work at the counter was not easy for Vera. Or, rather, it was easy enough to go back—the hard thing was to stay. She had reckoned scarcely at all on the things that would make it difficult; her action had been, in a sense, impulsive. And she had no guide of experience, of course, to help her to realize, in advance, how much worse the work was going to seem than in the old days before the wonderful incursion into the movies.

Then it had been hard. There had been few easy days. She had risen sometimes with the feeling that she could not force herself to go through with the day's work; she had felt that her feet would not sustain her through the long drawn out agony of ten hours of constant standing. Gudge and Bartlett, of course, provided chairs, or stools, rather, for the girls. They had to do that, under the law. But the law politely ignored the fact that the firm fined any girl who was seen sitting down, whether there were customers about or not!

The deadly monotony of the work had affected her before, too. She had wondered, dully, at times, if she was never to do anything else, never have a chance to do something she could enjoy. And with her scanty wages, she had had to pinch and starve, had had to go without clothes that she might eat, or, sometimes, go without food that she might be decently covered.

But—in the old days only her imagination had supplied her with a different outlook. Only her imagination had enabled her to feel what it must be like to have plenty of money, to have work that was enjoyable in itself, to be amply fed. And her imagination, vivid as it was, had fallen far short of the reality. Now she had that—the memory of a time in which her dreams had come true. She could subject every moment of her life, now that she had returned to the drudgery of the store, with its corresponding moment in the wonder time that was over. And it was hard.

Vera was conscious of no wrongdoing. She felt that she had maintained the standards that, in some miraculous fashion, she had created and preserved for herself since she had been thrown upon her own resources. In every crisis she had confronted she had asked herself which course was right, which wrong—and each time she had chosen what her conscience told her was right, irrespective of the consequences to herself. And now—it had brought her back to the store—after an experience that had sickened her of stores, and all the humiliations, all the petty sufferings, that they impose upon their employees.

Inevitably, therefore, contrasting what she must do now, what she must endure, with the ease and splendor, from her point of view, that her work with the Climax company had given her, Vera came to the point of asking the eternal question of those placed as she was placed: "Is it worth while? Does it pay to be straight?"

The most dangerous of questions that, that a man or woman can ask! For it implies a mood dangerous in itself; a mood wherein sophistry, always on the side of self-indulgence,

is re-enforced by such innumerable evidences that it does not pay. Against abstract principles concrete necessities, hardships, deprivations rear their heads. It was so with Vera. Now for the first time she knew, out of her own experience, just what she was giving up. She could match every rough spot she had to travel with the ease she might be enjoying.

And another element entered into her suffering. She found in the other girls in the store a derisive unwillingness to think of any expla-

been fired, they knew, at a time when work was hard, if not impossible, to get. She had not found work in another store, or some one of them would have known it. Instead, indeed, she had left her boarding house, and dropped completely out of sight of her old associates. Yet she returned with every evidence of prosperity. There was only one explanation possible, as they saw it—and, nine times out of ten, unhappily, they would have been right. Some man had given her these things, had cared for—at the usual price. Now there had been trouble with him; she was forced to return—and had been lucky enough to get back.

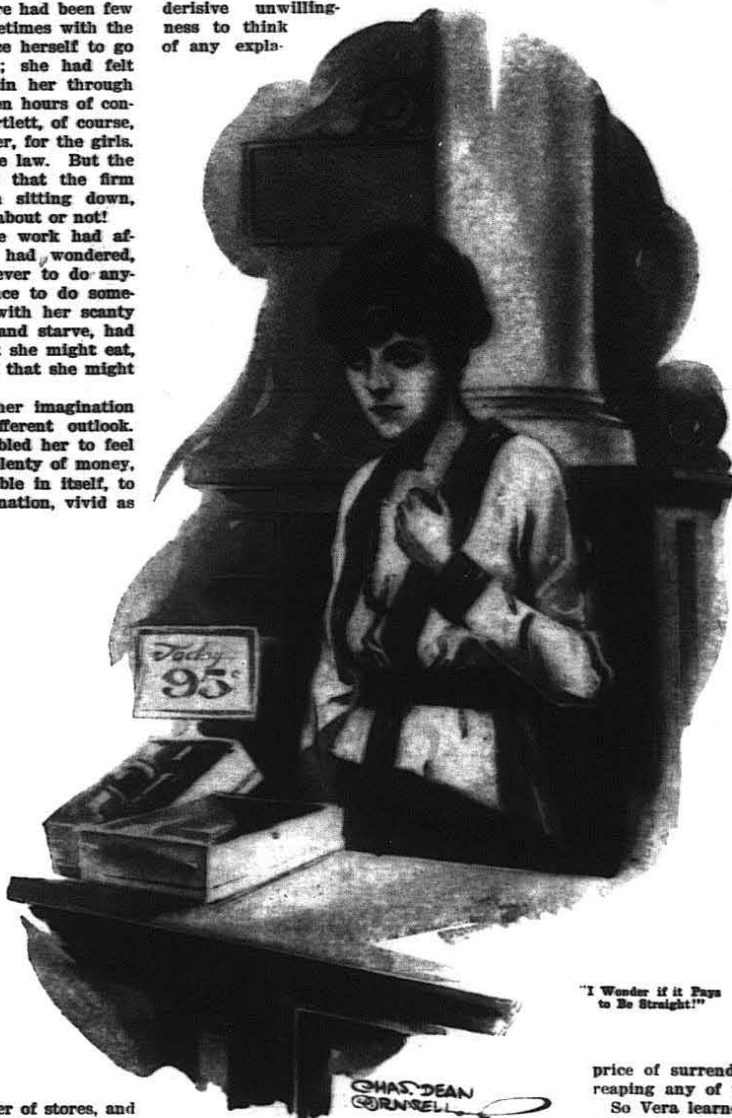
The inevitable result was a sort of ostracism. The girls with whom she had formerly associated would have none of her; they felt, fighting as they were, always on the battle line, that they must keep their skirts clear of one who had given up the fight. And the other girls, not numerous, but important in the store, who had frankly given up the fight long before, and welcomed the Hazards and the others of his type, horrified Vera. She had never had anything to do with them; she repelled their insinuating advances, which were quickly made now, with horror. They regarded her as one of themselves. With the instinct that drives those who have gone down to welcome anyone who follows, they courted her. But she felt toward them, in a milder way, as the other girls did toward her. She knew too much, she had learned too much, for her old savage intolerance to have survived. She pitied them now. But—she still held herself above them. And so she was suspended in space. She belonged in neither camp.

Inevitably, therefore, the question of whether it paid to be straight, that she was beginning to ask herself, was coupled with another, just as sinister in its implications, in its indications of a shifting mood and a changing point of view. She had paid part of the

price of surrender; should she suffer without reaping any of the benefits?

So Vera learned the lesson, as it was necessary and inevitable that she should do, that cutting the Gordian knot is seldom enough to resolve a difficulty. She had, as a matter of fact, evaded, or tried to evade, the problem created by Forster's resignation. For that she had felt herself to blame. She had believed that he had, on her account, risked his entire future. And, being determined that he should not be allowed to do anything of the sort, she had tried to solve the problem by her disappearance. There had been another reason too.

She had been touched by his loyalty to her; by the passionate vehemence of his speech when he had explained what he meant to do.



"I Wonder if it Pays to Be Straight!"

CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

nation save one of her absence, of the sleek plumpness she had acquired during its term, of the good clothes she was wearing now that she was back. In her essential, innate decency Vera had never thought of the construction these other girls were so cruelly certain to put upon her absence. None of them knew what she had been doing; a true, wise instinct, that served her well, had impelled her to silence. She had told no one—and had spared herself, by her silence, the fruitless annoyance of knowing that she was not believed.

They had only one explanation. She had

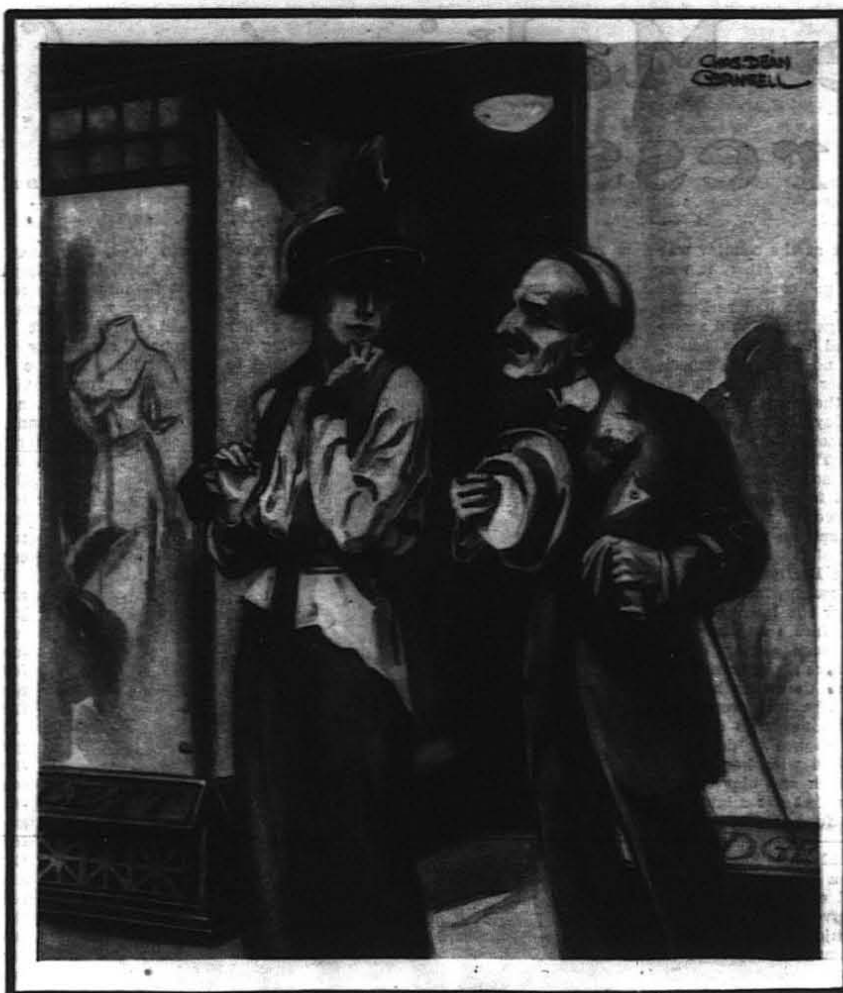
And—she had been afraid. For the first time she feared Forster. Knowing what he thought, or had thought, concerning her; knowing, too, his views of life, she had felt certain that he would, sooner or later, renew the talk they had begun on the night of the motor accident. And—could she resist him again? Burdened with gratitude, knowing what she owed him, how much he had sacrificed for her, could she trust herself? That fear, too, had been a factor in her flight. But she was learning, in her suffering, that flight is never a solution.

Certainly her flight had solved no problem for Harry Forster. It had presented him, instead, with a host of new ones. After their parting, on the day when both of them had left the Climax Film Company. Forster, as he had told her would be the case, had been more than busy. He had told her even less than the truth when he had said that he had no regrets for his action. He had, even more than he knew, been falling into a rut. The malign influence of Beatrice Brewster would, before long, have arrested his progress and his growth entirely. Now he found himself with his whole stock of enthusiasms renewed. He went at the task of building up a new connection with an energy that delighted and surprised him.

Naturally, too, he made discoveries concerning himself. Half a dozen offers reached him that day. As soon as it was definitely known that he was at liberty, bidding for his services began. Neither he nor the Climax Film Company had realized in what esteem his work was held by others. He discovered, to his amazement, that several concerns would have sought to engage him long before, had they not supposed him irrevocably bound to the Climax by a long term contract.

All this pleased him, of course. But it did not throw him off his balance. He had left the studio of the Climax Company with a definite plan in his mind; a plan that involved, not only his own success, and provision for Vera's future, but a personal, obvious revenge upon Beatrice, conceived in the only way that could possibly avail to hurt her. It was a revenge, moreover, that appealed to him aesthetically, for it would stop at hurting the woman who had so deeply aggrieved him; it would do her no real injury. It would lacerate her feelings, but that would be all, unless, as might well prove to be the case, she suffered through losing his direction of her work. That, of course, time alone could prove, and it was something, in any case, for which he was not responsible, since it was she herself who had made it impossible for them to work together on the old basis any longer.

Forster's execution of his plan was helped by the fact that he was invited to pick and choose between various concerns that wanted to employ him. Two hours of going about made it plain to him that he had arrived; that



"So You're Back, My Dear," Hazzard Said, Falling into Step Beside Her. "You're Looking Well. You're Prettier than Ever"

his position in the film industry was hereafter to be a much bigger and more important one than he had dreamed of. And, as his plan involved using Vera, this made it easier for him to get the terms he wanted for her. She was unknown; a manufacturer, asked to give a contract to a girl he had never heard of, might be expected to balk. But when that contract was made a condition of getting Forster, the whole situation was changed.

By nightfall he understood how things were going, and he tried to reach Vera on the telephone. Only the maid answered; he did not understand her attempt to tell him that Vera had gone, and, assuming that she was simply out, dismissed the matter until morning. That night he might, conceivably, have managed to trace her; in the morning it was too late. She had vanished utterly. At first he was angry. The thought that she should leave him thus, without even a note, irritated him. But he put it down to caprice; he still expected, three days later, when all his arrangements had been made, to hear from her at any moment.

But he did not. And then, seriously alarmed, he began a real search. The one place that should have come first to his mind, Gudge and Bartlett's, he never thought of. Vera, in the moments when she had allowed herself to think that he would look for her, had anticipated that. But, actually, she had never seriously believed that he would spend much time looking for her. She had fancied that he would be more likely to heave a sigh of relief and forget her.

He did not. He searched, instead, in every place that he did think of. He went to her old boarding house; there he was rebuffed. And, though he knew that to look for her was like seeking a needle in a haystack, he did not

stop. He tried other stores; somehow he felt certain that if she were hiding from him Gudge and Bartlett's would be the last resort. And, as his search went on, with failure as its only reward, the whole plan he had made and begun to execute was threatened with the direct of failures. Vera was essential to his success. He depended upon her to carry out what he intended to do. So far as he knew there was no one he could substitute for her, even had he been willing to make the effort to do so. And he grew desperate. Half angry, half sorry, he realized only one thing clearly—he must find her.

He engaged detectives, finally, for he began to be afraid. He did not know what she might not have done. And the bureau he retained had orders to stop at nothing, so long as it found her. He had set it a difficult task, however—one far more difficult than at first appeared. For Vera, not knowing that she was being hunted, would do none of the things that those consciously seeking to evade discovery do. Detectives, as a mat-

ter of fact, work according to a formula almost algebraic, so little does it vary. They know that criminals, or those who, for any reason, are likely to try to keep themselves hidden, almost invariably do certain things to maintain their seclusion—and that these very things, as a result of their almost universal employment, are the most likely to betray their users.

But Vera, in utter ignorance of the trouble she was causing, simply went on living the normal life that had been hers before her great adventure, so pitifully brief in its duration. She rose in the morning, ate her scanty breakfast, and went to the store. At noon, with hundreds of others, she was released for the brief luncheon interval; at the closing hour she was free to take her aching body and her swollen feet to the tiny cubicle she called home.

For days there were no breaks in the routine, though there were chances. Old Hazzard, like the girls in the store, drew his own conclusions from the gap in Vera's service, and from her changed appearance on her return. She had succumbed at last, he reasoned—to some one else. Well—all the more reason, then, why she should be willing now to listen to him. He approached her again, in his sly, detestable fashion.

"So you're back, my dear," he said one night, falling into step beside her as she walked away from the store, alone—as she always was now. "You're looking well—you're prettier than ever."

Vera was silent. She quickened her pace, but he clung close to her, though he did not venture to touch her. Three girls, just ahead, turned and saw—and she heard them snickering. A blind rage assailed her, and her

(Continued on page 27)

The Movies and Their Future

An Interview with Daniel Frohman

By KATHERINE SYNON

THERE was a time, not long since, when dramatic producers and makers of the film drama bore to each other the relation of David and Goliath, Achilles and Hector, Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries and other famous fighters of history. It was the rule for a dramatic manager to stand on one side of the fence and rail at the film producer on the other, and the rule for the latter to point only to his box office as an incontrovertible answer to all the former's arguments. But times are changing; and there is, perhaps, no stronger proof of the revised attitude of the dramatic producer, and incidentally of the film producer, than the fact that Daniel Frohman, one of the deans of the American drama and manager of some of the most successful plays of the last decade, has crossed the fence.

Daniel Frohman has been a photoplay producer long enough now to speak with authority on both sides of the oft mooted question of the relative value of photoplays and the spoken drama. He has attained, in his association with the Famous Players Company, the same notable successes that have marked his earlier work in the theater. In the first interview that he has given on the subject Mr. Frohman takes the middle ground that is characteristic of men who see a controversy from both sides, pointing out the peculiar advantages and disadvantages of the two methods of entertainment and finding how the reactionary influences of one on the other have broken many holes in the dividing fence.

In the studio of the Famous Players on West Twenty-sixth street in New York, Mr. Frohman was directing the production of a film for Mary Pickford's appearance with the same concentrated attention to detail that he has been wont to give to productions of the spoken drama. He criticized and commended from the point of view of a manager who makes a production with the thought of the death watch first night verdict ever in his mind. The advantage of his years of judicial direction of plays became evident as the work proceeded, but when noon came, everyone in the studio but Daniel Frohman was limp. He flung himself into a philosophical consideration of the value and the future of motion pictures with the zest of a man who has just opened his office desk after a month's vacation in Colorado.

"It's only beginning—this work," he said, with a wave of his hand toward

A discussion between Two Such Wonderful Men as Sir Henry Arthur Jones, Dramatist, and Daniel Frohman is sure to evolve some brilliant plan

the miniature theater where a film was being run off for members of the National Board of Censors. "It's been so scattered that it's only just beginning to concentrate. With the concentration comes the better results of the kind of films used and the manner in which they are produced.

"The films have come through periods of history closely paralleling the history of the American drama. There were Indian plays first, then rank melodrama, then extravaganza, then spectacle, then comedy, then genuine drama, romantic preferred. Of course, some of the earlier film styles still remain with us, but I mean that the more progressive film producers have gone ahead through these phases of work until the standard film drama of today is very like the standard drama of the regular theater."

"Are these dramas taking people away from the regular theater?"

"No, I should not say that they are," Mr. Frohman decided. "There is always, and probably will always be, an audience for a good play

that can not be taken away from it by any other form of entertainment. It satisfies

some sense that no other form of pleasure appeals to. But the standard film dramas are taking their following from another group, from the readers of 'best selling' books. Where a man used to stay-home in the evening and read a book, preferably a book of adventure and romance, he now goes to the motion picture theater in his neighborhood. This has an advantage in that only one person may read a book at a time, but every member of the family who goes into the theater sees the play at the same time. In this way, the matter of the play becomes a family topic instantly. And discussion is always valuable in the education of families.



Daniel Frohman—the Famous Players' Managing Director

"That suggests to me," the manager continued, "one of the most important phases of the value of films. I am sure that there has never been so broadening an educator as the films.

The visualizing of a place, a person or an event is an educational factor whose value can hardly be estimated. One of the great difficulties of teaching children in the primary schools is their lack of ability to visualize the places, the persons, or the events which the teacher is trying to impress upon them. For this reason geography is usually very vague to children, and history is simply a collection of names. But haven't you noticed that children are tremendously interested in pictures of the people and the customs of foreign countries? It would be so easy to utilize this interest in furthering the teaching of history and geography. The boy who sees a picture of Lincoln signing the Emancipation Proclamation will remember that act far longer than if he had simply read of it in the course of his study. The boy who sees a picture of Zanzibar will have an idea of East Africa that the reading of ten books would not have given him.

"New York seems to be awakening to the educational value of the films," Mr. Frohman said, "for Mr. John Purroy Mitchell, the mayor of Greater New York, has just returned from a trip which he made to Indiana for the special purpose of studying the system of the Gary schools in which films are an important, possibly the most important, factor. Gary, which seems to be setting a new educational standard, has discovered the value of the films.

"The educational value of the films need not be confined altogether to the schools. Perhaps no factor has done as much toward increasing the general information of the American people concerning the rest of the world than has the

(Continued on page 32)

Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF TWELFTH EPISODE:

A ship bound for the Bahamas had just hoisted its anchor, and a sailor, who chanced to gaze down, saw a strange box fastened on the bill of one of the anchor flukes where it retained its position by means of a rope or wire. The sailor climbed down the chains, rescued the chest and wrapping it in his blouse, disappeared into the hold. This box bore the name of Stanley Hargreave. He placed the box in a sack which he hid in his room. The Countess, who had been staying at the farm house after her experience in the wreck, sent word to Braine, who came for her in an automobile. About this time, the ship landed in the Bahamas and the sailor, suspecting that the treasure-box contained great wealth, attempted to smuggle it ashore. He had an altercation with another tar, and as a result, the box was dropped into the sea. Jones had a mysterious visitor, who came to the Hargreave home and whistled. This visitor was an exact counterpart of Jones. While they were talking, Braine and Olga drove up in a taxi and spied on them. Braine took a pistol and was evidently going to fire at the moment when Florence, in her room, happened to draw aside the shade and saw the conspirators. Taking a pistol from the bureau-drawer, Florence aimed and shot Braine in the wrist. He dropped the gun and fled. Jones or Hargreave picked up the pistol and shot at the fleeing villain. When Florence came out of the house, the double beat a hasty retreat—Jones promising to tell her some day who it was. Returning to New York, the sailor talked around the saloons about the mysterious box with Hargreave's name on it. Vroon heard the conversation, and a man was commissioned to go south and engage divers. He was successful, and brought the treasure-chest back with him. Vroon was spying on the Hargreave residence when Norton surprised him and overpowered him, and Jones and Norton bound and gagged Vroon securely. Rifting his pockets, they secured various articles that they confiscated. Jones and Norton then went to the rooms of the Black Hundred, gaining admittance behind their black masks. The man from the Bahamas brought the box into the room and placed it on the table. The Black Hundred were prepared to open it. Just then the lights went out, and when the illumination again came on, the box was missing, and also three men. At the close of the episode, the treasure chest was seen to be sinking into a well or a hole, and only the hands of the person who held the rope were visible.



Why Did Braine and Olga Recognize Hargreave, Who Was a Duplicate of Jones, When They Had Not Suspected Jones?

ITOLD you that Stanley Hargreave would return! You have seen him—the counterpart of Jones—the man who, in the twelfth episode, signaled to the butler and who was joined by Jones! Which was Hargreave and which was Jones? I can not say. They did not tarry long enough to give us an opportunity of studying them. The appearance of Braine and Olga rather hastened the scene. However, one was Stanley Hargreave and one was Jones!

Now, you will ask me how I could have been so certain in past articles that the millionaire would return. In several of my talks preceding this one, I have told you that I could lay my hands on Hargreave. For your benefit, I am going to explain what processes of reasoning I employed. First of all, in Episode No. 1, I wondered why Hargreave never turned his face toward us after he had shaved. Such view as I did get convinced me that he was an exact counterpart of Jones. This idea had been augmented by a study we had of Hargreave when he emerged from the bank, after withdrawing his money preparatory of flight. His features were the same as Jones': Therefore, he and

Jones must be twins or doublet. Again, at different times, Jones has been all love and concern about Florence, and at other times he has been indifferent. When Florence dropped the

letter telling her to come to the Grove street address, Jones picked it up, but did not read it. Hargreave would have read it. I might mention numerous instances of like character to illustrate that Jones was sometimes keenly alive as to Florence's safety and happiness, and at other times was apparently unconcerned. Hence, Hargreave himself was undoubtedly posing as Jones, while the real Jones was absent, on some mission. Again, Jones was the butler and Hargreave was absent.

It is possible that Jones went away in the balloon to mislead the Black Hundred. The man who looked like Jones and who was trussed to a chair by the Black Hundred, chuckled at having deceived his enemies. He acted more like Hargreave would act. Or—would they have noticed the whitened skin where the beard had grown? Why was he any one other than Hargreave?

Vroon stood on the roof with a rifle, shooting at the balloon. We saw it drop. We assumed it was punctured. Possibly its occupants opened the gas-valve and brought it to earth, tossed out the ballast-bags, jumped out themselves, and permitted the balloon to arise, and it was blown out to sea,

where the air-craft was found later! It seems plausible that there may be some secret entrance to the Mystery House. It seems equally reasonable that Jones or Hargreave (whichever had really joined the Black Hundred in Russia) had always belonged to that order. This being accepted as a reasonable theory, we can understand how the Hargreave interests were able to thwart the moves and designs of the Black Hundred. In the MacGrath story, we have learned of some mysterious person whom Norton meets, and who watched the apartment house where Olga lives. We recall, also, in the newspaper story, that when Florence set fire to her veil (as she prepared to leave for the Grove street address), Jones rushed to the basement. It was possible that he expected to find Hargreave there, and to warn him of impending danger!

I have given you these points rather hurriedly, because they must be brought up again—will bear more or less directly on the outcome of The Million Dollar Mystery. We have seen that Jones and Hargreave are as much alike in "looks" as the proverbial twin peas in the pod; that through their similarity they have deceived the public as well as the Black

Hundred; that one, at least, has quite probably been in constant and prolonged association or communication with the inner circle of the Black Hundred.

This twelfth episode, however, embodies certain inconsistencies that we should analyze. We see Norton and Jones (or Hargreave, probably) put on their masks and enter the chamber of the organization. You will remember, away back in the first episode, that when Stanley Hargreave had a vision of his earlier indiscretion, when he joined the Black Hundred, as a youth in Russia, the others were masked; he was unmasked, until he had taken the oath. If this was part of the initiation, why has it changed? How could Norton get into the Black Hundred as a member when he had never "joined"? He could succeed only through tenuity—nerve—gall. This being the case, he took tremendous chances of being recognized. Now, I am going to tell you something about detection. I think I mentioned it in an earlier article. Suppose I wish to have a man "shadowed." I put one of my men on the trail. In a few days the "shadow" can recognize his quarry by form, habits, gait, etc., just as readily as that man's friends would recognize him by facial appearance. Braine, Vroon, Felton and others, must have some of the arts of detection. They have been both hunter and prey on different occasions for years. Even though the membership of the Black Hundred be considerable, still the appearance of Norton would at once awaken in the mind of a trained observer a suggestion that this newcomer was Norton! Every bodily movement of Norton would tend to betray him!

There were three persons missing from the Black Hundred rooms after the box disappeared. This merely confirms what I have been telling you right along; namely, that Hargreave's money might easily have corrupted a member of that order—or several members. Just add to this likelihood of bribery the possibility that Hargreave never gave up his membership in the order, and you will see why he had been forewarned, which means forearmed.

But—you may say, "Mr. Burns, if the Black Hundred could recognize Norton, though he was masked, why should they not recognize Hargreave as easily? If Hargreave had not belonged all these years, but had come in the way Norton entered, why should that recognition not have been more certain?" I do not state positively that Hargreave has always been in contact with the Black Hundred. He may have been. Leastwise, he has kept in touch with them through some such means as bribing one or more members. Some early friend of Hargreave's (some boyhood chum), who is a member, may have always kept in touch with the millionaire and been loyal to him. Jones,

who looks so much like Hargreave, never attracted undue notice on the part of the Black Hundred, probably because they took for granted that Jones was nothing other than a servitor! Once before I intimated that maybe somebody within the Black Hundred gave them misleading information about Jones and Hargreave. This inside person may have been Hargreave himself, or some close friend or confederate of his. Once a person takes anything for granted, that person may never pause to reason regarding it. You may have cherished misinformation about persons for years, and never questioned the authenticity of your belief. I recall having known a certain family from boyhood. I knew their antecedents. The parents and my parents had been neighbors. I knew every member of the family as well as I knew my own family. After one of the sons had grown up, he lived for a year or two in another town, and I later met a man from that other town. He learned that I knew Charley, this boyhood friend. I was amazed to hear this stranger say, "Why, Charley's folks lived next to mine all their lives; I played with Charley as a boy." The man was mistaken absolutely. Nothing I could say would convince him of his error! I repeat that Braine, Vroon and other Black Hundred members may have cherished some such fallacy about the real identity of Hargreave and Jones. Under this cloak of their misinformation that they "took for granted," Hargreave may have been able to foil and thwart the Black Hundred all these years.

Let us not overlook what led up to the appearance of Norton and Jones (or Hargreave)



How Was It Possible for These Two Men to Enter the Rendezvous Unrecognized?

at the Black Hundred rendezvous. It was the box. This shows that the Hargreave interests were being kept advised of the inner workings of the Black Hundred. It does not necessarily prove that the "elusive treasure-chest" contained anything of great value, because did it hold a treasure, Jones and Hargreave were unpardonably foolhardy for ever tossing it into the water to begin with! If it were a blind, if its purpose was to keep the spies away from the Hargreave mansion, where the million dollars was likely hidden, then it was important that the Black Hundred never be permitted to open it! So long as they could be kept busy chasing the box, that long would they attach great importance to it. We can judge what persons will do only by knowing what they have done. Jones, Norton and Hargreave have met situations with fearlessness as well as foresight—as much foresight as mortals could well have. It seems unlikely that they would entrust a million dollars (or any other valuable thing) to the "treasure-chest!" It does not fit in with their usual mental balance.

You will recall that previous to this I directed your attention to the fact that when Jones (or Hargreave, for their identities seem interchangeable!) tossed the box into the water in that stirring motor-boat scene, there was no wire or rope on the chest! When it came up on the anchor, there was a rope or wire around it! In Mr. MacGrath's newspaper story he has the mysterious person tell Jim Norton that the box shifted its position—moved from where Jones had dropped it. We may conclude that somebody tampered with the chest. Maybe there was a substitution. Perhaps some diver went into the water and brought the box to the surface and dropped another in its place; or maybe a diver fastened it to the anchor of the ship to start a new train of incidents following after it.

Whatever the answer, it is unreasonable to believe that the treasure-chest is of more im-

(Continued on page 22)



He Vanished into the Mold Clutching the Treasure Chest. The Elusive Treasure Chest May Be More Important Than It Seems to Be

Felicia of the Films

The Letters of a Would-be Movie Star

Chicago, August 9, 1914.

DEAR BETTY:

Tomorrow I'm going to be in a moving picture.

How's that for news?

Not next month nor next year, but to-morrow. It seems as if my dreams are really coming true. It's just two weeks since I left Danville.

Remember how, when you used to come over, we'd sit on the side porch in the hammock and talk about life and what we'd like to do? And I always said "I want to be a movie actress." Of course I'm not a real actress, yet, but I'm to be in a cafe scene tomorrow and then—well, you just wait.

Here's how it happened. I said I'd write everything. I got to Chicago all safe and hot and dirty. Nothing happened on the way except a fat drummer tried to start a flirtation—but, well, if I had wanted to flirt with cheap drummers I could have found them around the Commercial House in Danville, so I looked out of the window and read a magazine.

I went to the Y. W. C. A. as soon as the train got in. I'm still staying there. There's something about a Y. W. that sounds safe and friendly. They didn't put out any welcome banners for me, though, nor hurt themselves being cordial. I asked for a room. A stern faced woman looked me over until I wanted to tell her that I knew my hat hadn't any style and my suit was last year's.

"What are you going to do in the city?" she asked, "Study?"

I found out later that they seem to prefer music and art students to mere working girls but I answered truthfully.

"I'm going to try to get a position." If I'd have added, "I want to be a movie actress," she'd have fallen in a faint, I know, so I saved her that.

"We haven't a room left," she said and turned away.

"I've got to stay some place," I told her, rather desperately. "You know I don't know a soul in Chicago and the only times I've ever been here have been with father and then he'd look after me." I felt lost and frightened and forgot I was nearly twenty.

She waited a minute and then said, crossly, "All right, you can have the traveler's room. Temporary. Two dollars." That's high, I think, don't you? I paid in advance.

Next day I got a regular room at seven dollars per week. I left home with fifty dollars, but I know I'll make good before that's gone.

I have a roommate. She is a pale, listless girl who came to the city to find out about Art. She hasn't found out much, yet. But she is nice and friendly and told me all about her family. She has a younger sister, and her dog named Prinnie who can stand on his hind legs. Homey little things like that sound good when you are alone in a big city.

The day after I arrived I went to a drug store and in a telephone directory that made the Danville one look like a

EDITOR'S Note:—Thousands of girls all over the United States envy the movie heroines they see nightly on the screen and wish that they could become movie actresses. The film companies are besieged with young women who beg for a chance to "break into the movies." It is true that a few of the well-known stars began as "extras" and have risen to the top, but it is due solely to their ability and to opportunities which they saw and grasped.

Two months ago a girl with such an ambition came to Chicago from a small town in central Illinois where she had always lived. Finally she obtained work as an "extra" with a film company and her experiences are similar to those that have befallen scores of girls who have tried to become movie stars. She wrote long letters to her chum in her home town telling of her experiences and THE MOVIE PICTORIAL has been fortunate in obtaining permission to publish these letters—the first two of which appear in this issue.

week's laundry list, I found the moving picture companies under "Films." There were a lot of them. "With that many in town," I thought in my sweet Danville simplicity, "they must actually be crying for new actresses." I know better—now.

I called up the first one.

"Do you need a moving picture actress?" I asked. There was a pause. "Getting ready to send a taxi for me," thought I. Then a voice said, "We're only agents here. We have no studio in Chicago." Wasn't that an awful answer. I tried again. I spent nine nickels ringing up, choosing companies where we knew the players, like Vitagraph, Edison and Lubin. And always some one told me that they were only agents or business offices. Then I rang up a company whose pictures we both like a lot. Instead of "No studio here" came another answer, not one to make a want-to-be-actress greatly enthusiastic but the first answer I had had that wasn't absolutely hopeless—"We are not engaging actresses. We have all we need at present." They really took pictures there. It was a studio. Sometimes they would need someone. I felt as encouraged as if I had been engaged.

I spent the day looking through the shops and wanting, wanting, wanting the lovely things I saw. I never have had any pretty things. The next day I went out to the studio.

After much inquiring and several false starts, I got there. It's a great big building, looks like a factory from the front and is on a quiet, peaceful, pretty residence street.

A small flight of stairs leads to the office. I was frightened when I climbed them. So much seemed to depend on my visit there. Inside, there was a reception room, with benches and chairs around the walls and a long corridor leading out of it. About a dozen men and girls were sitting around the room. I sat down, too. After half an hour's waiting a man came out and spoke to one of the men. Then, together they went down the long corridor. The rest left. They were "extras" I found out later. So here is information for you: An extra is a person hired to be in a movie crowd. You know the pictures where there are dancers and society people and business men and country folks? They are the extras. All they do is to walk across the picture and fill in. They work by the day and get three dollars and a quarter each day. That's what I'm going to be, tomorrow.

After the extras had left I asked the telephone girl how I could get to be an actress. She said not a word but pointed to a sign which said that all positions were filled. I didn't know what to do. I wanted a position awfully bad and I didn't want to go back to Danville. I stood there, waiting. I guess maybe there were tears in my eyes. A small, shabby man came down the corridor. He spoke to me.

"Trying to get in?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him.

"Well, don't get discouraged," he said, "just hang around."

"Hang around here?"

"Come every day. Be here at nine. That's usually when they choose the extras. You'll get your chance if you'll only stick to it. Come every day. Why Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse started as extras. Now look at them."

Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse! Remember how we always admired them? And they started just as I'm doing. I felt cheered up a lot.

"Are you an actor?" I asked him. He smiled.

"Yes, a sort of an actor. I've been on the stage for thirty years, mostly with road shows. I'm doing small character parts here. I wish I could help you, but just don't you get discouraged."

He smiled at me, as he left. I liked him. He's the shabbiest man I've seen around here—and the kindest.

That was pretty nearly two weeks ago. I've been here every day since, except Sunday and one day that I had a headache. Every day the extras come and sit around. Every day a man, one of the directors, chooses a few of them and the rest go away. The extras are interesting to watch, though. Most of the girls are so pretty that I feel quite conceited for even thinking of trying to get in. They dress in lovely clothes, some a little too elaborate and wear a lot of jewelry. Most of them live near the



studio, I've found out. The men dress like the "dudes" in the funny papers and are too "smarty." I hope the real movie actors aren't like that.

Until today, the director never noticed me. Today he noticed everyone. He looked at us all and said: "Big cafe scene tomorrow—all of you come for it." So that means me, too. I'm to have my chance, a little one, but I'll show them what I can do.

I'll write again, after I've been in a real picture.

Felicia.

Chicago, 8-17-1914.

Betty Dear:

If you had been in two moving pictures and had earned six dollars and a half, wouldn't you be excited?

Remember, I wrote you about the cafe scene?

That was two weeks ago. I was there before nine that day. There were over fifty other extras there, too. I was so excited I could hardly breathe. We were taken down the long corridor into a dressing room. It is as big as an ordinary room, with a shelf running all around it. Small, white-framed mirrors are hung around the walls. The "regular" extras keep their make-up material there. The stars, of course, have private dressing-rooms. I believe they are on the second floor. A girl helped me to put a black line under and over my eyes and to redden my lips. That's all the make-up that even the principals use, unless they want to put on a "character" make-up. It's less than lots of people put on, on the street.

The girls laughed and giggled as we waited. One girl said "I don't have to do this. I just do it for the experience." Another answered her, "I don't care, either, if I get in this picture or not. I'm an actress and this is my vacation." But they both seemed anxious, when, after "the minute" dragged out to one hour and then to two, a director came to tell us to get out on the floor. I followed the herd, meekly, down another long hall. And then—I was in a real movie studio, which was all "set" for a picture!

It was a big room, lit with a horrible blue light that made even the loveliest complexion look purple and blotched and ghastly. I've learned since, that all indoor scenes are taken under that awful light. It's the kind of light they used to take post-cards under at night, in that little place on Main Street. The scene was already set for a cafe, a regular stage setting in the background. There were lots of small tables, each holding a bouquet of flowers, and correctly set for dinner. The table cloths and napkins were all yellow. I asked one of the girls why that was and she said that white makes a blur in pictures. Even dresses of pale shades are preferred to white. I'm learning fast.

The director looked us over and compared us to a list he had in his hand. He picked out some of the extras and placed them at the tables. He didn't choose me. A short, square-shouldered man, with lots of dark hair came up to help him. He looked at me. I guess I was pretty forlorn looking, in my Danville clothes.

"In this picture?" he asked.

"Wish I were," I answered and because he smiled, I smiled at him. I didn't like his looks at first. You know I always judge people by first impressions, and I felt that I couldn't trust him. Guess I was mistaken, for he's been awfully kind to me. His name is Carl Webber and he's an assistant director.

"Name on the list?" He talks in short, jerky sentences.



A Girl Helped Me to Put a Black Line Under and Over My Eyes and to Redden My Lips

"No, they haven't my name at all."

He raised his eyebrows, then smiled. He asked me how long I'd been coming to the studio. Then he spoke to the director. They talked for about a minute. The director nodded. Mr. Webber motioned for me to sit at a table in the rear where there were two extras already seated. I sat down. A few more extras were given places. Those that were left stood about disconsolately. I felt sorry for them, but a bit superior, now that I was "in." A person always gets that feeling, I guess.

Then the principals came in. They were the first real movie actors I had ever seen. They looked nice and human and not at all arrogant or flashy or "smarty." The only one I recognized was Bryant Washburn. He looks just like he did on the screen.

They went through their scene. Remember how we always wondered what they said when they talked to one another? Well, they say real sentences, just as if the scene were the real thing, not foolish things like some think they do. The sentences aren't stiff, learnt-by-heart ones, like in other plays but just the natural things that people would say to one another in real life.

When their work was satisfactory, we got our directions. "Act natural," said the director. "Don't stare at everything. Don't any of you dare look at the camera. Just be yourselves. Give an order to a waiter when he comes to your table. He'll bring you food. Then eat it, that's all. Try to act as if you're accustomed to something. Try it now."

We all ordered and chatted and smiled.

"Too much acting," he yelled. "Try it again."

So we ate and ordered and talked again. There was real food—lettuce and pickles, arranged to look like salad, and bread and butter and a few real club sandwiches.

"Don't eat up all the food," called the director. "Keep it for the pictures. Once more now." This time we did better, I guess. He growled, "All right."

A man with a camera came in front of the scene. The principals came on and went through their little scene. The camera man started to grind a little handle at the side of the camera. I wanted to look at him but I didn't dare. There's something that makes you want to look right into the camera. The grinding went on, regularly and slowly. I ordered food from an extra, dressed as a waiter, got it, ate slowly, talked to the girl and man at my table. The grinding stopped. "All over," called the director.

I had been in a picture!

Going out, Mr. Webber stopped me.

"You never applied for a position, did you?" he asked.

"I asked the telephone girl, that's all."

"You certainly are new here. You've got to

do more than that. Come on, I'll show you." He smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. I didn't like his hand there but I couldn't object, after he had been so kind to a little nobody like me. He took me up a flight of stairs, down a hall, into an office. A stern, solemn-looking man was seated at a big desk. My, but I was scared.

"This little girl would like to be an actress," said Mr. Webber. "Take her name, won't you?" Then he left.

"Be seated," said the man, who had piercing black eyes. I minded him. I think I'd have obeyed if he'd told me to jump over a desk.

"You wish to apply for a position?" I nodded.

He looked at me critically, solemnly, as if I were a puppy, a rather poor one, at a kennel show.

"Ever had any experience on the stage?" I had to say "No" to that.

"Ever posed any?"

I told him about the pictures Martin's took of me for their show window. It sounded conceited but I have a good profile, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't notice. He sees so many people. Then he asked me a few more questions, took my name and address, told me to send in a picture of myself and that when he needed me he'd let me know.

I waited at home for a few days, but no message came. Then I started going back every morning but no one paid any more attention to me than if I hadn't applied. Then, Thursday, Mr. Webber passed through the waiting room.

"I'll use you this afternoon," he said. When afternoon came, my name was called. I was in my second picture. This time the scene was an intelligence office and all I did was to sit in the office. But after it was over I received three dollars and a quarter.

Since then, I've been in no other pictures. I've changed my room. No, I haven't the Royal Suite at the Blackstone. Seven dollars at the Y. W. seemed pretty big and it meant long car-rides, too. I have a fine little room, quite small but rather pretty, in the home of an old lady. It's in a big apartment building, just four blocks from the "plant"—that's another official word. I pay just two dollars and a half for it and eat at lunch rooms. It's not a cheerful way to live and the evenings seem longer all the time—but when I'm a real actress, maybe I won't have to stay here.

I hope I'll be in some more pictures, soon. My money is getting pretty low. Sometimes, I almost wish I were back in Danville, with father and father's wife, who tries to be kind, even if she is only a "step," and you only a block away. It isn't easy, trying to get in. I wish that all the girls who wanted to be movie actresses would realize what a job it is trying to be one. When I see all of the extras, some of them beautiful, who appear each day, wait patiently to be called, and then go away again, it seems hopeless. My money is getting pretty low but I won't write to father for more.

Mr. Webber took me to dinner last night! He asked me to go while I was waiting in the morning to see if they could use me. For some reason, I don't know why, I wanted to refuse him. But I didn't. I was lonesome and blue and it seemed good to know that some one cared—a little. It's through him that I've been in the two pictures and he says that he'll try to arrange for me to be in more of them.

Write me all of the news from home. A letter post-marked "Danville" is mighty welcome, these days.

FELICIA.

JAPAN BREAKS INTO THE WAR

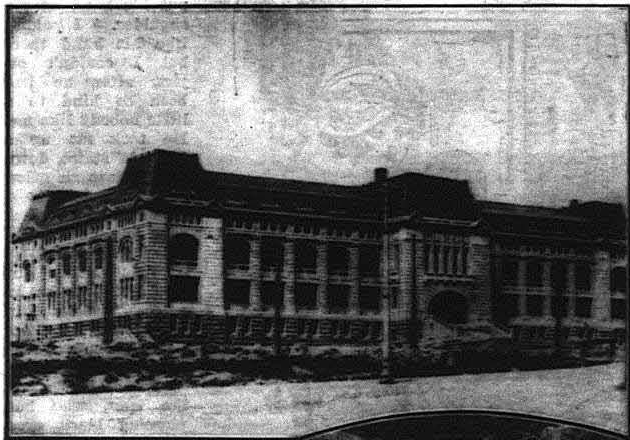


Photo by International News Service

A Government Building at Kiau-Chow, the German Stronghold in China, Which the Japanese are Attacking on Land and on Sea



Photo by International News Service

A General View of the City of Tsing-Tau, the Principal City of the German Colony



Underwood & Underwood

The Japanese Believe in Being Well Entrenched When Attacking a Strongly Fortified City and Spend Much Time and Labor in Constructing Breastworks for their Infantry and for their Siege Guns



Photo by International News Service

In All Probability the German Defenders of Kiau-Chow will be Able to Communicate with the Outside World Up to the Very Last, As a Wireless Telegraph Station is Located on the Highest Hill Overlooking the City of Tsing-Tau, as Shown in the Above Photograph



Photo by International News Service

Admiral Kato, Commander of Japanese Forces, is Attacking Kiau-Chow. He Has Received Orders from His Emperor to Capture the German Stronghold at Any Cost



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Mikado of Japan Declines to Be Photographed and this is One of the Few Pictures in Existence of Him

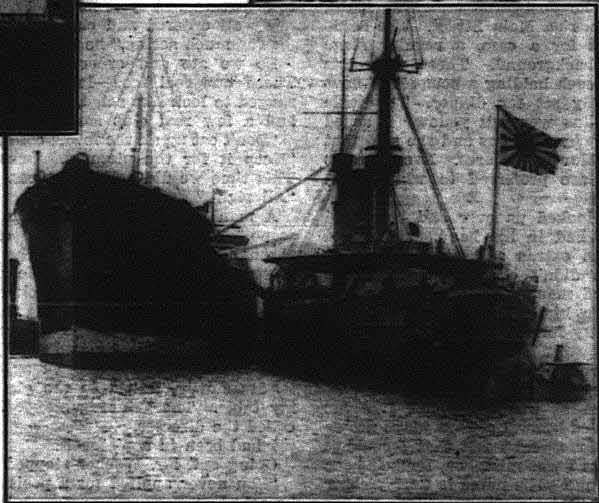
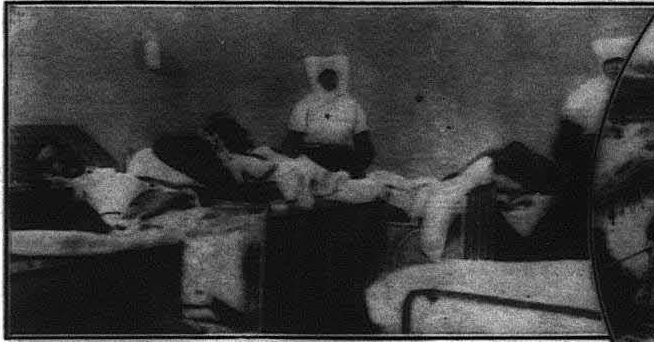


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Japanese Cruiser "Idzumi," Which has been Flying High and Fast with Two British Cruisers has been Searching for the German Cruisers "Leipzig" and "Nürnberg" Off Our Pacific Coast. The Above Photograph Shows the Japanese Vessel Coaling at San Diego, Cal.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM WAR RIDDEN BELGIUM



© Underwood & Underwood
Belgian Sisters and Wounded Germans to Whom They are Ministering



© Underwood & Underwood
The Regiment of Belgian Soldiers in a Temporary Camp Recently Established Under Hedgegroves and Well Screened from the Enemy's Aeroplane Scouts



© International News Service
Belgian Troops Constructing Entrenchments with Barbed Wire Fences to Check the Germans Advancing on Haslem



© International News Service
Wounded Belgian Soldiers in a Hospital at Brussels before the latter was Occupied by the Germans



The Belgian Boy Scouts are Making Themselves Useful During the Invasion of Their Country by the Germans. This Photo Shows Some of the Youngsters on Duty at the War Office in Antwerp



Photo by International News Service
The Citadel at Huy, Belgium, which was Attacked and Captured by the Center of the German Army Which was Marching on Paris

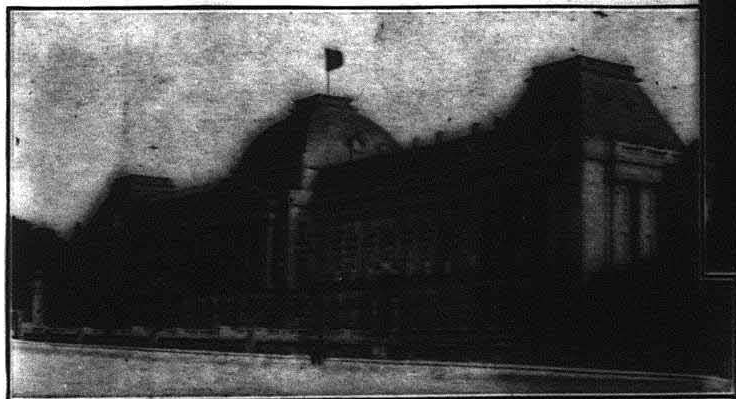


Photo by International News Service
The Royal Palace at Brussels after it had been Converted into a Hospital on the Orders of King Albert. Notice the Red Cross Emblems on Each Window and the Flags at Each End of the Structure



Photo by International News Service
Stores of Shops in Brussels Which Also Turned into Military Hospitals to Receive the Thousands of Wounded from the Battle Fields of Ypres, Namur, and Louvain

Photos From the Firing Lines

**Scenes on the Battle-
fields of the World's
Greatest War**



© International News Service

French Troops on the German Frontier in Alsace Firing at the Enemy at a 2000 Yard Range



© Underwood & Underwood

A Regiment of French Mountaineers and Alpine Guides, the Best Trained and Hardest Troops of France, on Their Way to Reinforce the Battle Line of the Allies in Belgium



Photo by International News Service

The French Wrought Havoc in the Closely Formed German Lines with Their Three-Inch Siege Guns. These are Equipped with a Recoil and are Fired with Great Rapidity



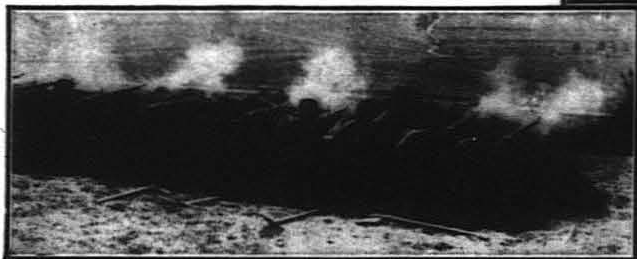
© International News Service

Belgian Infantry Awaiting Orders at One of the Alpine Camps Established to Prevent the Germans from Executing a Flanking Movement



© International News Service

A German Transport Camp near Liege. This Picture Illustrates the General Disorder of the German Camp Which has Led to a Great Shortage of Food for the Germans



© International News Service

French Troops Firing from Their Entrenchments on the Franco-German Frontier. No Regular Order for Firing is Given for Such Long Range Work. Each Man Picking Out His Objective Point and Firing at Will



© International News Service

A Scene in a German Camp near Vise Showing the Men Resting after a Two-Day Battle

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS

By VIVIAN BARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE VITAGRAPH FILM
SCENARIO BY MRS. BLANCHE OAKSHOTT

WHEN the Nortons got married the usual predictions were freely indulged in by their friends. That doesn't mean that every married couple draws the same sort of predictions at the outset, but simply that some predictions are made about each one. Generally speaking, they fall into two classes, these predictions by friends and relatives and acquaintances. The type of one class is: "I'll give them six months, or a year, or two years (as the case may be) before they're divorced!" And the type of the other is: "Well, there's one couple that's going to be happy!"

In the case of the Nortons there were doubts—with the result that some people thought they would break up in a year or so and that others looked for an ideal sort of happiness. In fact, they were, psychologically, a pretty interesting couple. It wasn't surprising that people should differ about the result of their marriage, nor that the probable outcome of their union should be a matter for discussion in the quiet suburb where they lived. Quiet? Well—it was, in a way. It didn't tolerate noise in the streets. Motor trucks didn't profane it. Street arabs didn't exist. But in other ways it wasn't so quiet. Socially, it was a mighty lively sort of suburb. There was a good deal of money; an address in that particular suburb almost implied, not perhaps, wealth, but certainly comfortable means.

The social life of the place was just about what social life in a community with plenty of money and in touch with a metropolis is likely to be. There were a good many swift motors; there was a lot of dancing. Each season had its fair share of minor scandals; usually, too, there would be at least one big one, a divorce, or something of the sort. Not that there was any naturalism going on; nothing of the sort. But the people weren't dead.

Lillian Haynes, as she was before she and Norton were married, was at least well in the centre of this life in the days of her spinsterhood. Not that the breath of scandal had ever touched her. She wasn't that sort of girl at all. Indeed, men rather passed her by. Perhaps it was because she was so gloriously indifferent to them, as men. They liked her; oh, there was no doubt about that! She had more attention, in one way, than any girl in the place. But it was because she played such a slashing game of tennis; because she knew how to sit a polo pony and how to swing her mallet; because she could ride all day and dance all night, that they flocked to her. As for love—well, they confided in her. She was that sort of girl, which ought to put her rather vividly before you. For the rest, she was pretty enough, with plenty of dark hair, and the lithe, slim form of the girl who has hardened herself by living and playing out of doors. Some men called her a good fellow, too. Certainly she knew men pretty well, and liked them without getting at all sentimental about them.

She fitted well into the place, you see. She loved it, too. She loved every phase of the

life it offered her. And, as for getting married, she probably thought very little of it. Until—but that is to anticipate.

Harry Norton, on the other hand, wasn't really of the place at all, except by birth and residence. For one thing, his father had broken the precedent of that suburb by losing all his money. The sensible thing for the Norton family, when the elder Norton died, practically penniless, would have been to sell their place and their rights as citizens of the suburb, and move away to some cheaper place. But that didn't accord with the Norton family tradition. So Harry, when all the youngsters he had grown up with went to college, went to work instead. He didn't have time to play, you see. For there was a mortgage, necessarily, on the family place, and interest payments had to be met regularly every year.

And she went out and played golf with him. And, in some occult fashion, he fascinated her. It was a long time, really, before any thought of sex entered into her relations with him. That idea had never come to her before, you see, and she was essentially of the Diana type. As soon as she thought of him as a possible husband, she turned shy—and that was all he needed.

He'd known girls before. He'd been dragged to call on a few of them; a few others, next door neighbors, and that sort, he knew quite well. But most of these were married, and when he dropped in he played with their children. He'd never thought of getting married before; he probably didn't think of it now until Lillian developed that fit of shyness, and, metaphorically, ran from him. But then he was the hunter, with his usual determination.

And of all girls in him to choose! That was what the suburb said, you see. It might have seemed more natural, of course, if he'd chosen one of the few rather quiet and domesticated girls. But it wouldn't have been natural at all, as a matter of fact. The play instinct was in him, right enough. It had been dormant, but of necessity suppressed. At bottom he ran true to type. He had simply been big enough to overcome his instincts and to attend to the job that circumstances had forced upon him. And so, in a way, like was calling to like, beneath the surface. Lillian didn't run far—or very fast. So they were married—and you can understand, perhaps, the predictions. The ones who looked for



She Took a Child's Delight in Their Early Morning Breakfasts but Outwardly She Was Still the Same Lillian

happiness recognized the underlying forces in Norton; the others didn't, and figured that Lillian, with her wild desire to play, to be amused, would drive him mad. He would want a settled down, domesticated girl. And they could hardly see Lillian playing that part. But how wrong they were—both of them! Both factions, that is. At first, those who bet on happiness were right, or seemed to be. Lillian was pretty exclusively occupied with Norton, to be sure. But that was to be expected. He was something like a new toy. She loved to pour his coffee for him, for instance. They took a childish delight in their early breakfast. But, outwardly, she was still the same Lillian. When he was in town she played as hard as ever. And rather often he would come out early and play with her, after the fashion of the husbands of the suburb.

Until the first baby came. That was the one thing none of the prophets had reckoned on. They hadn't seen the chance of that. They hadn't allowed for the chance that motherhood was going to make in Lillian. Lillian as a mother hadn't fitted in the picture at all, somehow. Perhaps they had not expected her to refuse to have children; certainly they had thought, if they thought of it at all, that she would not be bothered much by them, after

His job was to meet them, and keep the home going. Which he did, rather magnificently. All the heroes don't wear uniforms. But the job took a heavy toll of his youth. He never learned to play tennis; when he finally took up golf he wasn't young enough to get the virus acutely. But he made money! Lord—how he did make money! He seemed to have the Midas touch. He didn't, of course; no one has. What he did have was an indomitable will, and the ability, when the need arose, to work twenty-four hours a day or so, and to concentrate utterly on the work in hand. He was on the way to being a rich man at twenty-five; by the time he had passed his thirtieth birthday he was holding mortgages instead of paying them off, and he had more money than his father had lost.

And right then the suburb, or inherited instincts, or something like that, cropped out. He didn't quit work, by any means, but he eased up, as so few Americans who have been caught in the net of big business are ever able to do. And right about that time he met Lillian.

Met her, I say, but, of course, he'd known her, in a way, for years. He could remember her as a kid, toddling about; as a hoyden with long legs and flying hair. Lillian, moderately

grown up, was a novelty, however. He amused her, at first. Then she got sorry for this man in a land of play who didn't know the rules. She taught him to one-step. And she went out and played golf with him. And, in some occult fashion, he fascinated her. It was a long time, really, before any thought of sex entered into her relations with him. That idea had never come to her before, you see, and she was essentially of the Diana type. As soon as she thought of him as a possible husband, she turned shy—and that was all he needed.

they once came. There was money enough; she could have all the nurses that were necessary. She wouldn't have to concern herself a bit after she had accomplished the task of bringing a baby into the world. But—that was not Lillian's idea. She was mad with jealousy whenever anyone else tried to do anything for the baby.

And from the time of its birth the old Lillian vanished. She had been proud of her appearance. That seemed to be over. She thought only of the child. And she no longer played. She had no time for that. The baby demanded all her care, all her time.

Those who noticed any then felt that this was only a passing phase. The old Lillian would return. And Norton himself, a little puzzled, a little bothered, shared that view. At first, of course, he was delighted.

Like Lillian, he was fascinated by the baby. But the fascination wore off, in time. He wanted his wife, the playmate she had come to be. She had taught him to enjoy life, and he needed her. But that need was one she now utterly refused to recognize. It was nothing to her, compared to the call of the child.

Norton didn't exactly complain. But there were older married men who understood without the need of words on his part.

"The first child," they said, sagely. "Wait till she has another. It won't be so much of a novelty then."

That sounded well. But the second child made no difference, or, if it did, only increased Lillian's detachment from her husband, her absorption in her children. And the worst of it was that Norton could hardly complain. A man can't reproach his wife for being a good mother! But, of course, Lillian carried the thing to excess. There was bound to be trouble as a result.

And the change she had worked in Norton was what caused the trouble. He was no longer self contained. By that I mean that he had become far more dependent, not only upon her, but on all sorts of outside things. He had to be amused; he had to play. And when Lillian showed herself too busy to play with him he took his needs elsewhere.

And he had to pay, now, for the absorption in business that had cut him off from the generation with which he had begun to grow up. He was a duffer at a great many things in which they excelled; he couldn't travel at their pace. So, naturally, he took his needs elsewhere. And, because he had done so little of that sort of thing, he didn't go to the right market. He found himself very welcome among a crowd that rather crowded the speed limit. The suburb wasn't swift enough for them. He joined a new club, in town, that was pretty lively. And so—enter Car-

PICTURES

The motion picture business has played hob with the legitimate theatre. This is generally acknowledged.

But even if it were not so generally acknowledged, the fact that the theatre magnates have lately gone into the production of movies so extensively is proof of the statement.

The reason?

It is that the moving picture theatre makes a low admission price possible. This in turn increases the number of admissions.

And this in turn decreases the attendance at the home of the two-dollar seat and the ticket scalper.

The theatre-going public is a small one on the per day basis, because not everybody can afford two-dollar seats—and the accessories—more than about once in a fortnight.

Whereas, the motion picture public is tremendously large on the per day basis, because there are few who cannot afford a nickel or a dime almost every evening.

The motion picture public, therefore, has absorbed the theatre public, as it were, until now, in current phrase, everybody is crazy about moving pictures. The pendulum has swung to the extreme.

But it is about to start back.

And when it gets back it is going to carry with it a large public which will have been educated to an appreciation of the legitimate theatre through its love for and attendance at the moving picture theatre.

In other words, picture theatres are slowly but surely creating a new theatre public.

And the producer who survives the shiftings of the amusement pendulum will be the wise Colossus of Rhodes who stands with one foot on the "legit" and the other on the movies.

meia, who danced for a living. And she was a good sort; a mighty good sort, in her own way. Her way wasn't the way of Lillian, quite naturally. She had danced, or done things to amuse the public, in one way or another, since her third year. She never knew who her father was; there were those who said that her mother shared her ignorance. And—well, Carmela didn't regard all things from the point of view of Lillian and her crowd, which, while it was by no means the point of view of Mrs. Grundy, was still a respectable sort of one. She wasn't dissipated; not Carmela. She was a dancer, and a successful one. And no one who knows anything can fail to realize that a dissipated dancer lasts about as long as a dissipated baseball player.

But Carmela had her periods of rest, of course.

And however she chose to pass them struck her as her own affair. Perhaps she did things that were wrong; perhaps she didn't. Certainly she never troubled herself about appearances. If she liked a man she saw him when and where she chose. Rules were not for her, she used to say. Also, she took anything he chose to give her, if it pleased her, and—let this be put down to her credit—if he could

and delighted him. For one thing, she always looked so perfect. Her clothes were the best there were; she wore them, too, as few women know how to wear clothes. Lillian had trained him to appreciate that sort of thing. Before he had known her he had never paid much attention to how women looked. But Lillian had changed all that, and then, with the coming of the children, had deliberately given up caring how she looked.

Of course, it was all wrong. Morally, neither he nor Carmela had a leg to stand on. But—facts are stubborn things. And it was a condition, not a theory, that Lillian confronted, when she finally woke up, several weeks later than anyone else, to the true state of affairs. At first she was shocked. Then she was furiously angry. And then she was tremendously surprised—and hurt. For two or three days she forgot the babies and neglected them shamefully, while she raged, and wondered what she should do. Jealous—of course she was jealous. And it woke her up to be jealous. She realized that she had been letting Norton go—and that, after all, he counted for more than anything else in her life.

She loved the children as much as ever. But it wasn't the same, fierce, tearing sort of

afford the gift. It might be a novel; it might be a diamond necklace. Carmela really couldn't see the difference. And, after all, it is only one of degree.

Norton saw her first at a club smoker, at which she danced. The club was made up of rich men; otherwise it couldn't have paid Carmela's price. And, when the show was over, he met her. Also, he took her to supper. Naturally it didn't stop there. A woman was a woman to him, whatever she did, and to be treated with respect. And I suppose that to Carmela there was something wonderfully appealing about his manner. He treated her exactly as he would have treated his wife's friends. At least—it began that way. That didn't last, of course.

She was something utterly new in his experience. She dazzled him

and delighted him. For one thing, she always looked so perfect. Her clothes were the best there were; she wore them, too, as few women know how to wear clothes. Lillian had trained him to appreciate that sort of thing. Before he had known her he had never paid much attention to how women looked. But Lillian had changed all that, and then, with the coming of the children, had deliberately given up caring how she looked.

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She loved the children as much as ever. But it wasn't the same, fierce, tearing sort of

love, after all! She had a habit of direct thinking, or she had had it, before the children came, and every thing like thought had been subordinated to blind instinct. And now she resumed it. What was she going to do? That was the whole question. And she went straight to the core of it. The answer was that she was going to get Norton back. She wanted him. He was her man, and she didn't care what he'd done! She had got him once, and she was plucky enough to face the fact that she had reached out and taken him too, as a woman, in nine cases out of ten, does reach out and take the man she wants. And she rather thought she could



Norton First Saw Her at a Club Smoker at Which She Danced

reach out and get him back now, when it came to that!

What she didn't realize was that she had become—dowdy. She hadn't taken the time to buy new clothes for months and months. About the house she wore anything at all. And, in the street, she wasn't much better. Not realizing this made her all the angrier. And her anger, naturally, was directed at Carmela. So, characteristically enough, she sent for the dancer to come to see her, in an imperious little note.

Carmela, receiving it, laughed, at first, until the tears came. And then she surprised herself by going, ravishly dressed. When she saw Lillian, in one of those nondescript things women wear for house cleaning, she laughed to herself.

"You sent for me, madame?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," said Lillian, directly. "You've got my husband. And I want him back, please!"

Carmela laughed. Laughed wholesomely, delightedly.



"Look at Yourself in the Glass! . . . Now Come and Let Me See Your Clothes!"

"You want him!" she said. "You! Look at yourself in the glass! And tell me why you should have him?"

It was like a dash of ice water. Lillian looked at herself; then she gasped.

"My soul!" she said. "Do you know? I never thought of that!"

"By Jove!" said Norton, when he came home. "By Jove!"

He drew a deep breath. And she blushed when he kissed her. It wasn't a married kiss, at all.

(The feature story for next week will be "The Aztec Treasure.")

Something passed between those two.

"I don't want him!" said Carmela, magnificently. "And—do you know why? Because he doesn't want me—he never did! Not the real me—there is one! Come—let me see your clothes!"

"You mean?" said Lillian. She was amazingly attracted by this woman! She began to understand.

"I shall take you in hand," said Carmela.

And she did. To meet surprises in the process. The instinct of dress wasn't dead in Lillian; it was only dormant. They worked wonders between them. They made year-old dresses look up to date. And Carmela played maid. Just in time she went away.

Kid Gloves to Register Emotion

DID you ever give thought to the possible—say, probable—trials and tribulations of the actor who has to play a "mystery" part in a film serial? Not one of those rough and tumble, Desperate Desmond parts, either, though he does have to prove himself—right before the camera, too—pretty active with his fists, but a refined, well groomed man of the world type of a "mysterious" person.

Take it from one who knows, "It's no cinch!" The one who knows is Edward Brennan, the man of mystery in "Our Mutual Girl" fifty-two weeks a year serial. There are few things Brennan hasn't done in his active thirty-eight years of life. He has practiced criminal law on the Pacific coast, he was a soldier, both of arms and fortune, in Porto Rico and in South Africa; he was a member of President Roosevelt's board that arbitrated the friar land dispute in the Philippines, and he is an actor.

"Here's the difficulty of this mystery business," Brennan said recently: "If a man who has to play such a part could utilize the conventional 'drop them papers or you're a dead man' kind of stuff it would be easy. But when you have to maintain dignity and poise, be at once a man under suspicion of underworld connections and prove you have Fifth avenue acquaintanceships and clothes—it's a regular job."

"I found out early in my experience in 'Our Mutual Girl' that I could not use the usual tricks of eyebrow or supercilious smile or foot tapping that for years have been good form on stage and screen. After I had seen myself play my part—that is, when I saw a film in which I had acted projected on the screen—I realized I should have to adopt a new method of getting to the spectators in the theatre the role I was playing."

"It bothered me for awhile. I don't mind telling you, now that I've made a success of the thing, that it got my nerve good and hard at first, and then one night over a dinner table I worked it out."

"An old soldier friend of mine from the islands and I were chinning through dinner of the days of the big hike in Samar, and as we reminisced we spoke of an assistant inspector general who was a martinet. We always could tell whether he would pass our commands with

a credit mark by the way he worked his fingers up and down in his lisle thread gloves. Those gloves were eloquent—once you got to know their cabalistic meaning, and as my friend and I joked over this chap the inspiration came to me.

"For, whether it be warm weather or cold, the Fifth avenue man wears gloves for a formal call. I had frequently to call at Mrs. Knickerbocker's house—she's Our Mutual Girl's aunt, you know—and always I had my gloves, sometimes kid, sometimes suede, sometimes chamolix.

"And, taking a lesson from my old inspector general, I learned how to twist those gloves in my fingers to show tenseness or to slap my thigh gently with them to show satisfaction with the way things were running or to remove them slowly and in quasi fits and starts to show doubt and hesitation."



Edward Brennan

"I learned that if there are ninety odd emotions I could 'register' about one more than that number with my gloves. It has been an invaluable lesson to me in my film work. Because if a pair of gloves can be made as eloquent

as mine have become on the screen, there is a splendid field for utilizing other parts of one's garb for a similar purpose."

"Oh, you mean a wilted collar to show you've been under the lights?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes," came the lightning fast answer, "or a pair of pointed shoes to show a man the way out."

If that retort makes Brennan seem even the least bit discourteous he is guilty of libel on himself. A more generous, easy going, quiet and unassuming chap doesn't breathe than this man of mystery. In filmland he may be "mysterious," but in the ways of the world he is as frank, as unspooled and as ingenious as a lawyer with his first case.

Why Not Insure Them?

HOW much is a moving picture actor worth?

This question was raised by Manager Cullison of the Eclair company recently, when, after much mental calculation he refused to permit Norbert A. Myles, one of the company's leading men, to participate in the automobile race at the Prescott Pioneer Days celebration. Myles had anticipated entering the races as a mechanic to Charles Hunt, also an Eclair player, who drove Harold Steinfeld's Stutz car in the meet.

"You see," said Cullison, in explanation of his attitude, "Mr. Myles is now playing a leading part in six different scenarios which we are producing, and if anything should happen to permanently incapacitate him, the pictures would be ruined. At an average cost of production of \$1200 for each reel of pictures, this would mean no small loss to the Eclair company."

According to Manager Cullison's figures Eclair players would be worth in the neighborhood of \$7000 each to the company—a total of considerably more than \$200,000 for the troupe; and the Eclair organization should prove a fertile field for the invasion of a liability insurance man who will estimate the risk incurred by picture players, and write an insurance policy guaranteeing that player will finish the pictures in which he has been assigned a part.

"Post No Bills"

An Edison Comedy

CAST

Will Stark, a bill poster.....Arthur Houseman
 Bill Spivens, his assistant.....Harry Gripp
 Nellie Primm.....Gladys Hulette
 Her Aunt Susan.....Mrs. C. Jay Williams
 The Kodak Fiend.....William Wadsworth

SYNOPSIS

THIS is the story of the love affair of Will Stark, a handsome bill poster, and dainty Nellie Primm, the village belle. Much opposition to the match is made by the latter's Aunt Susan. She has decided views upon worldly matters and tries her best to break up the plans of the young couple. Arrangements are made, however, for an elopement while Aunt Susan is in town. As fate would have it, however, who should she meet but Bill Spivens as he is posting a glaring three-sheet of the ballet dancer while the Kodak fiend is taking a snap shot of the operation. Nellie's aunt is horrified and proceeds to express her views on such matters. Spivens and the Kodak fiend decide to decorate her barn in retaliation. Meanwhile elopement plans have gone along nicely and Stark and his sweetheart leave for town while Aunt Susan is busy in the barn. Hearing a noise outside, she opens a window and looks out just in time to appear in a photograph the Kodak fiend is taking of Spivens and his work in which her head serves to complete the poster. Meanwhile, the young couple have been married and on their return the Kodak fiend forces Aunt Susan's forgiveness by threatening to publish the photograph of her.



The Young Couple before Leaving for Town are Amused at Spivens' Joke



Aunt Susan's Head Appeared at the Window So Fined that It Completed the Poster



The Kodak Fiend is Preparing to Snap Spivens at His Work When the Window is Flung Open



Later the Three of Them Have a Good Laugh at the Joke on Aunt Susan



Spivens is an Idiotic Appearing Fellow and Always Full of Pranks



Stark Warns His Assistant About Using the New Paste



The Bill Poster's Assistant Listens Attentively While He Receives His Instructions

The Collapsing Stairs Fall the Officers



The Black Hundred are Determined to Find the Hargreave Million



Only a Skilled Banker Could Have Seen the Currency Was Counterfeit



Norton Repeats the Damaging Tale the Dictaphone Tells



The Silent Messenger of Science Does Its Work Perfectly

"The Million Dollar Mystery" *Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production*

EPISODE XIV—NORTON MAKES A DISCOVERY

ALL STAR CAST

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire.... *Alfred Norton*
Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter.....
..... *Florence LaBadie*
Jones, Hargreave's butler..... *Sidney Bracy*
The Countess Olga, member of the Black Hundred
..... *Marguerite Snow*
Braine, leader of the Black Hundred.....
..... *Frank Farrington*
Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter.... *James Cruze*
Susan Farrow, Florence Gray's chaperon. *Lila Chester*

SYNOPSIS

THE Black Hundred are determined to rid the Hargreave home of its occupants so that a thorough search may be made for the million dollars. That night, one of the order waits until everybody has retired, and he opens a window and gets into the library. Taking down three volumes from shelves, he places packages of money between their leaves. Just as he is departing, Jones appears, levels a pistol at him and demands that he halt. The crook leaps through the window, Jones' shot missing. The prowler goes to a hotel and writes a letter to the secret service, but Norton is there also, picks up the blotter and reads enough to make him hasten to Jones. They find the counterfeit money, but lay a deep plot, which means the installation of a dictaphone. Jones tells Norton of a secret passage from the stables to the house, and Norton perfects his plans, confiding in the government agents. The officers come and arrest Jones, Florence and Susan, who protest volubly. That night, the Black Hundred appear, enter the premises and look diligently, talking of their success the while. Hearing, by means of the dictaphone, Norton and the police who are with him, follow the band, and actually get into the building where the counterfeit press is located. They see one of the conspirators at the head of the stairs and rush for him. The stairs collapse, and they are plunged into the basement, and their plan fails.



Norton Tells Florence about the Dictaphone's Wondrous Properties



Jones—the Alert—the Undisputed—is Always on Guard!

Hospitality Abused

(Continued from page 7)

them so little good; then set a match to the fragments. Then he produced a letter of credit he hadn't tried to use since the real trouble began—having cannily arranged, long before, for a plentiful supply of gold, which had survived even the troubles at Altkirch.

"We've got no money except this—and no one will cash it for us, see?" he said. "Hof Berne and the American minister. We're going to England, Billy. I'll trust these films to no one but the purser of an American steamship."

They reached Berne safely enough. And there they found a crowd of American refugees that had become philosophical, after the manner of Americans, and was waiting patiently for the American minister to send them home. He was doing wonders, too, and the movie men had only three days to wait before they were part of a happy trainload being rushed to Berlin. The German government was doing all it could to make every one understand how much it valued the friendship of America; it explained that all it wanted was to help the Americans who had been caught by the sudden outbreak of war to reach their homes. It could do only so much; safe conduct to Rotterdam, however, it could guarantee. And that was all that Taggart wanted—or he thought it was.

In Berlin there were delays. There, too, strangely enough, they got a new impression of war. Taggart knew Berlin intimately. Yet he was like one lost. For this was a strange, new city. It was not the presence of soldiers; there were fewer uniforms in sight than in times of peace. It was something in the air; something almost indefinable. The first thing that brought home the difference was a sight outside a certain building. There great throngs of women were waiting. They formed in long lines. And others came out, also in lines, to break up when they reached the street. Many of these were weeping; others, one could see, were holding the tears back by main force. Taggart asked a question of a bystander—a German.

"It is there that the lists of the dead and the wounded are given out," said this man. He was not young, the man who told Taggart this.

Something about his bearing intimated that, had he been a youth, he would not have been there at all. He shrugged his shoulders now. "It is all one," he went on. "Some will come back—some will stay. I came back—in 1871. And I went to Paris, too—by way of the Spicheren, of Woerth, of Gravelotte, of Sedan."

Night, in Berlin—and with the fading of the light, silence. The restaurants with the French and English names—all were closed. Not even the names had survived. The electric signs had been stripped of their bulbs. No one had time to dance or sup. That night-life decreed by the Kaiser himself had been wiped out in a night—for now the serious business of life was at hand. Everywhere stores were closed. No carriages, containing members of the imperial family drove through the streets, to be saluted and cheered. Three of the Kaiser's sons were with the army; one was with the fleet. Even the women of the House of Hohenzollern had

gone to the front. There was work for them to do in the hospitals. And, like the humblest hausfrau, those women had to think, day and night, of the safety of their men, as truly targets for the French and English bullets as the poorest soldier in the ranks. War. That was it; here, in Berlin, it took on a sort of grimness different from the grimness of the field, lacking the slightest vestige of the spectacular, the glorious.

Fighting was one thing. But this—this was worse, it seemed. These women were bearing the brunt, after all. A man, once killed, might forget. But these had to remember, and to wonder what they were to do. And to go back, perhaps, to look into children's eyes, and listen to questions about the man at the front. . . .

For the first time Taggart was really sobered, as he had not been even in Altkirch, while the German lieutenant was so coolly explaining



Patrons of This Berlin Cafe Wrecked the Place Because They Were Not Allowed to Sing Patriotic Songs

what would happen to them in a few hours.

"I'm glad I'm an American," he said, fervently, to Reynolds. He looked down at the tiny American flag that he wore in the lapel of his coat. All the Americans did that, by advice of the Embassy. It won them the toleration, at least, of the Germans. And at that Taggart had to smile a little. He remembered German feeling before the war. Americans had been reasonably popular in Berlin even then—when they had money to spend, and among those likely to profit from the spending. Now it was different. Germany, isolated in Europe, feeling the world against her, was courting America and the Americans.

Even so it was necessary to wait. Neither the efforts of the American ambassador nor the eagerness of the German authorities could get trains through to Rotterdam until the military use of the railroads had dwindled somewhat. But they started at last, Taggart and Reynolds, and some hundreds of other Americans. And, until the train reached Hanover there was no hitch. There they were bundled out. The German officials were polite, but inexorable. There must be a delay. Troops were being moved south and west; the coaches were needed. The delay might be for a few hours; it might be for days. At any rate, there was nothing for it.

"Well—I've never seen Hanover," said Taggart. "It might be worse."

Hanover was not crowded with tourists, at any rate. They were told that the few who had been there had departed promptly. The

general paralysis of train service hadn't kept them from getting away. So they found comfortable hotel quarters, and then set out to see the town—or as much of it as the rules would permit. Here soldiers were very numerous. And here, also, they met, for the first time, a violent epidemic of spy fever. That is a curious disease, prevailing in countries that are at war. Its symptoms are a violent belief that every foreigner is a spy and an equally violent determination to conduct an immediate personal search. Taggart and Reynolds, despite their American flags, were arrested near the railroad station.

But the films, which would have served as their death warrant were not found; Taggart's method of hiding them defied all search. So they were released, with apologies. But other incidents made it plain that the desire to conciliate Americans had taken no deep root in the ancient free city of Hanover. The point was, rather, that they looked like the English, they talked like the English, and they probably were as bad as the English—which was the last word in sudden badness.

"So far, so good," said Taggart. "But we've got to mind our Ps and Qs here, Billy. The next lot might find those films—and, if they do, good-night! They wouldn't even invite us to explain—they'd stand us against the nearest wall and use us for targets!"

"Ugh!" said Billy. "I can't see this war thing at all. Baseball puts it all over it as an outdoor sport. This killing people isn't my idea of the way to do things at all. Even an umpire gets by in baseball—and tell me how long he'd stick here? They'd have hung Hank O'Day long ago if he'd tried anything in this league!"

So they mutually agreed to be cautious. Which was probably why they hurried themselves into the middle of trouble exactly

seven minutes after their release. Being Americans, however, they couldn't have helped it. For what they saw was two German civilians dragging a girl toward a police station. Not just escorting her; dragging her. Billy took one; Taggart the other. Billy chose an uppercut; Taggart a diving football tackle. Their tactics were good; their strategy was at fault. They failed to allow for the inevitable reinforcements. And a dozen Hanoverian policemen subdued them in short order. They were dragged, for the second time, to the police station. There the military officer surveyed them with a frown. He inquired what they meant by interfering with justice when they had just been favored by release?

"We saw two brutes maltreating this young lady!" said Taggart, hotly. "We did what any Americans would do—went to her assistance—"

"Silence!" said the officer. He spoke in a low tone to one of the policemen, who had been conferring with the aggrieved citizen who had felt the weight of Reynolds' fist.

"This woman is accused of being a British spy," said the officer. "Prisoner—your name?" "Spencer," said the girl. "Mary Spencer. And I'm not a spy."

She flung one swift look at Taggart. And in it he saw deadly fear, and a plea for help. For a moment he was startled. Then his wit came to his aid.

"Miss Spencer a spy!" he said, furiously. "What nonsense! You called me one, too—I suppose the evidence against her is as strong

as it was against me! Miss Spencer—"He paused a moment; then, magnificently, he went on. "Miss Spencer is my fiancée! Is it likely that she, an American, is a spy?"

Billy gasped. Miss Spencer blushed. But Taggart went on. Once started, he was not to be checked.

"Look here!" he cried. "We Americans didn't start this war—and we're not trying to interfere with it! We came over to spend our money—and your people were mighty glad to get it! We don't mind inconvenience and delay—we know that in war time people have got to expect that! But I tell you our state department won't stand for this sort of thing—American girls being dragged through the streets and searched in police stations! Here—I haven't done anything! Let me out and I'll find our consul here—I'll telegraph to the ambassador in Berlin! Miss Spencer's his niece—do you think he'll like this?"

Poker is not a German game. It isn't suited to the German temperament, which prefers the exactitude of pinochle and skat. The

officer didn't call Taggart's bluff. He growled an order, and then he turned balefully to Taggart.

"The train will proceed for Holland in half an hour," he said. "See that you take it."

How he did it I cannot pretend to say. Taggart, in those days, was accomplishing the supernatural. But he got a compartment for himself, Billy, and the girl, in that train, to themselves. She was strangely silent. Her thanks were expressed in monosyllables. But she changed after a certain point, where the guards gave way to stolid Hollanders and a suspicious German military patrol demanded reassurances. Once they were safely in Holland she turned to Taggart.

"You were wonderful!" she cried. "But, oh—if they hadn't believed you! You would have been arrested, too—for being in league with me!"

"But—you're not a spy!" gasped Taggart.

"They'd call me one," she said. "I'm English—and I've got papers that the man who gave them to me could never have got out of

the country. He got them from our military attaché the day before war was declared—and he passed them on to me. I'm taking them to our government."

Taggart looked at her admiringly.

"Really?" he said. "I—well, you know, that's what I call real pluck! And—I'm sorry—I'm not trying to be impertinent, really—I'm sorry our engagement was so—temporary!"

She flashed her first smile at him.

"Perhaps we'll see one another in England," she hinted. "And—I'm going to claim you as a fiancé until we get there! Are you going straight home?"

Billy listened for the answer.

"No—I'm coming back," said Taggart. "I'll be frank, too, Miss Spencer. I've got stuff on me that would make anything you carry look like the secret plans of a schuetzenfest. If you've really got a pull with the British government, you may have to get me out of a London jail by way of getting even."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Message to Tsing-Tau

(Continued from page 5)

The court martial was concluded. Stripped of his Mandarin robes, Tamakura stood before them—unspeaking and unafraid. Buddha had demanded his own, and the will of the emperor was nearly done. Only his heart remained beyond their mandates, and that was in a little garden in Nippon—in Lonnaveeta's care.

"You will not speak?" the officer roared in madness, as he came before Tamakura and glared into the messenger's unblinking eyes. But the herald of the Mikado returned the gaze unflinchingly. He had often wondered how it would seem to die—how it would be to leave suddenly and never more return. For years, he had not cared, even when the question thrust itself upon him—but it was different now. Why should a man be born alone and struggle all alone and die alone—and still have so small a voice in his own destiny? Of what value was a creed when the bitterness of reality obsessed one? What of Buddha—or the host of other gods? They dealt with gladness as they answered pain—in silence. All the mighty forces remained silent; only bonded automatons like Tamakura must stir around and about—and suffer.

"Well, as a pledge of faith, I offer you this one gift if you speak!" And the German officer bared his sabre-teeth and smiled—a grin as yellow and sickly as the waters of the bay of Kiao-Chan, or the fog that hugged the bay. "You may choose the manner of your death!" the officer continued.

"Behead me!" Tamakura replied in dry, laconic tones, "and deliver my head, as it is, to a man I've never met, but whose writings I have read deeply and with reverence—the banker, Len Sun."

The officer bowed, and his smile deepened. He was satisfied.

And when the gruesome trophy was handed to Len Sun, he displayed great fear, but accepted it in silence, for he knew that somewhere about it—possibly in the tortoise comb—was a message to Kiao-Chan—a message that would call into action the sleeping hordes of China!

Lonnaveeta awoke from a remarkably pleasing dream. A great joy surged through her soul—for she had heard chimes—a thin, golden tinkle, like the distant call of bells.

The harvest moon was just melting in the West, and the birds were proclaiming the coming of a new day. All night long, the maiden had slumbered in her garden until the roses at her corsage were limp, collapsed and dead.

"Oh, Tamakura has won!" she carolled gladly. "Tamakura will be back soon. I feel him near me now! See, I will loose his wondrous incense—I will revive the drooping roses—his roses—until they once more give out the fragrant breath of heaven."

She grasped the vial from the bench and pulled its stopper. She saturated the petals of the roses with the liquor—and then gathered

them to her and inhaled their fumes.

Lonnaveeta pitched forward on the stones of the garden walk without a tremor—and buried her graceful head among the bits of glass of the other vial—the container of the glorious perfume that had blown from the bench, and fashioned her dreams with its incense and imitated the tinkling bells with its breaking.

Lonnaveeta had gone to join Tamakura—at the minute and the second that Len Sun had opened the hollow comb and read the message to Tsing-Tau.

The Making of An Actress

(Continued from page 12)

color rose. But she controlled herself, and made no answer.

"Silly little girl," cackled the old roud. "Oh, I know! I'm too old for you. You found some young fellow you liked better. But— isn't it hard to come back to this?"

Still she refused to answer him, or even to look at him. And, after a time, he left her, still chuckling in his senile way. But such rebuffs could not discourage him. His skin was thick enough to be proof against them. And night after night he lay in wait for her—helped by that rule of the store, designed, it is whispered, for the benefit of just such creatures, that made it impossible for Vera to escape by using another exit.

And the night came when nature itself conspired to aid him. Vera was ill; all day black spots had been dancing before her eyes as she tried to wait on her customers. Her feet were like pieces of raw meat; for the last few hours of the afternoon all that sustained her was the thought of the fresh air that would smite her when the doors opened to release her. When closing time came she staggered, rather than walked, to the street. And, outside, she reeled against a post, and stood, clinging to it, while she drank in deep drafts of air that seemed like healing lotions to her lungs.

Then, every step an agony, she began the walk to her room. No dinner; she was far too tired and sick for that! All she wanted was to lie down, to get her shoes off, and rest her feet. And, as she began her weary progress, old Hazzard was beside her.

"You're tired," he said, with the first note of what even sounded like genuine sympathy she had heard in his voice. "Here—I'm an old man. Forget what I want—let me take you home in a taxi. You're only a child, after all."

She was too tired to look in his eyes for the baleful light she would have found there; it was never absent. She said nothing, but she stopped. A moment later he was helping her into a cab. He whispered his order to the driver; Vera did not try to hear, but leaned back against the cushions, infinitely grateful that at last her weight was off her feet. She closed her eyes in utter exhaustion; when she opened them again it was to see that they had reached the park, and were driving through

leafy roads, where the air was cool and clean.

"I want to go home," she said. "Please—I must go home—"

"Soon—soon," said old Hazzard. He cackled again, in the way she hated. "Can't let you get away as soon as this!"

He slipped his arm about her and drew her to him. In a moment she was vitalized.

"Let me go!" she cried, turning on him, rage in her eyes. "Don't dare to touch me—"

He only laughed. She screamed as he drew her closer. The driver turned around—and grinned! And at once Vera, all her instincts awake again, moved. Old Hazzard she struck, square between the eyes. He staggered back from her, freed her, for the moment, mouthing angrily. And before he could stop her she had torn open the door and was clinging to the step, screaming for help. The driver turned to force her back, slowing down; she seized the chance, and jumped, landing in a sprawled heap in the road. But she was not hurt and she was on her feet, still screaming, when the cab was stopped, and Hazzard and the driver started running toward her. But before they reached her another cab had come up from behind. From it sprang a man.

"Here—what's this?" he said, savagely. And then: "Vera!"

It was Harry Forster who faced old Hazzard.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

Being a Hero

PROBABLY there is no more enthusiastic motion-picture actor in the world than Francis X. Bushman. He takes as much interest in the production of a new film as the producer himself, and his suggestions as to scenery and costumes are considered invaluable.

"Sometimes I have a longing to return to the stage," said Mr. Bushman, "but these longings are few and far between. I am in love with my work, and I really think a great deal of good can be accomplished by the motion picture actor. He appeals to millions of people, young and old. On the stage his audiences are necessarily limited. I enjoy thinking that every day I am appearing on the screen and giving enjoyment to thousands. When I say 'giving enjoyment' I do not mean that my acting is unusual or anything like that. I mean that in most of the pictures I am cast for the hero, and as a hero I am doing big, brave things that must necessarily influence the people who see me."

"When I am appearing as the hero of a play, I try to forget that I am just an ordinary human being, and I try to throw myself into the part as a real hero. I act as I imagine a real hero would act, and as result my audience is with me from the start to the finish. These are some of the things that make motion pictures attractive to the actor."

"I do not think I will ever return to the stage. I have become a motion-picture fan as well as an actor, and I have ceased to listen to the call of the 'footlights.'"

Famous Feature Films



The Sale of Uncle Tom's Cabin



Sam Lucas as Uncle Tom and Marie Wilson as Little Eva

Reviewed By Vanderheyden Fyles

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "St. Elmo"

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE and Augusta Jane Evans would blink their eyes in wonder if they could arise from their revered graves and see their famous Southern novels told with eloquence and pathos on either side of the glare and turbulence and clatter of Broadway. More than half a century has passed since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published, and almost as many years since "St. Elmo" satisfied the taste of the times as well as "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" and "The Salamander" nowadays; and it would be impossible to calculate the number of readers even the less famous of the old romances since has had. Then, too, there have been the countless dramatizations of both books. These are, in a way, more closely akin to the photo-plays newly made from the stories and shown in New York. On the other hand, the pictures come more directly from the books, for the almost unlimited possibilities of the screen make it feasible to rehearse an entire novel and in less time than the ordinary acted dramatization takes to touch on only its more salient points. It is that very vastness of opportunity that makes one critical of results that are no more than reasonably good, where something extraordinary might have been achieved. In the making of motion-pictures imagination has not kept pace with the mechanics of the art. The technical advance has been—and continues day by day to be—remarkable; what is needed is scenario-writers and producers with imagination in some proportion to the facilities at their hands. As it is, the effect is not unlike the Boston Symphony Orchestra reduced to accompanying a player on the Jew's-harp.

No town in America is so small that it has not had its "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from the latest New York revival with Wilton Lackaye and an "all-star cast" to the hamlet invaded by an Uncle Tom who "doubles in brass" and, perhaps, "Two Topsyies—Count 'Em—Two!" The play has come to have sounds as traditional as its story—Topsy "with song," the baying of the bloodhounds, the plink-plink of the banjos and the harmony of the singers in the cotton fields. On the other hand, in place of the canvas cakes of ice on which Eliza has escaped so many times across a stationary river, the pictures give us thrilling realism in an actually ice-clogged river, even though the bloodhounds show the emasculating influence of a highly cultured age by acting no more savage than a group of cocker-spaniels. But

then, it is something to know that during the taking of these pictures, Irving Cummings, as George Harris, fell into the water and was nearly drowned. The newspaper stories added that he was carrying Little Eva at the time; but, as no such incident occurs in the play, we suspect that the publicity promoter lured Eva to the shore and pushed her in.

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" photo-play arranged by the World Film Corporation begins, at least at the New York theatre, with Little Eva in the flesh. Before the first picture, the child known as the Thanouser Kid appears in front of a curtain and speaks a prologue designed to make a sort of Peter Pan of Little Eva. The little girl is rather pretty and engaging, and she speaks her few lines well. The exact analogy between a child who was incidental to a powerful arraignment of an infamous condition long ago abolished and the symbol of youth, in Barrie Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up, is a little difficult to make out, but the prologue serves to introduce a child who has made many friends on the screen.

There is nothing much to be said about the World Film Corporation's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It rehearses Mrs. Stowe's story fairly lucidly, picturesquely and dramatically, with some humor and more pathos. The separate flights of Eliza and George Harris are so jumbled that only people familiar with the book (are there any who are not?) would suspect that the two negroes did not start and pursue most of the journey together. Then, too, more should have been made of the desperately daring crossing of the frozen river, second only in fame to the crossing of the Delaware by an earlier American—if, indeed, second; and with the market glutted with war pictures, less might well have been made of the guerrilla warfare between George Harris and the Quaker and the Haley agents in pursuit. Still, it is something to hear an orchestra placidly play "Down on the Suwanee River" as a suitable accompaniment of gun-play and destruction.

On the whole, the World Film Corporation has done very well with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Its version will serve until the day (not far off, let us hope) when it will occur to photo-play producers that something more than scenery and competent actors and crowds of supernumeraries is needed to catch the spirit that made a classic novel. Augustus Thomas might do worse than try his expert hand at "Uncle Tom."

It has been a good many years since I read "St. Elmo," and no film firm in business can drive me to read it again; but my memory must be bad if the story's chief attraction was not its highly sentimental picture of the South before the war. The photo-play shown at the Strand Theatre (makers unnamed) pointedly mentions that the play has been "produced amidst the beautiful scenery of Long Beach, California." That insures some rather charming (if highly colored) views, even though they have little to do with Mrs. Evans-Wilson's story. That, I fear, is as out of fashion as hoop-skirts and daguerreotypes. On the long road traveled between the publication of the book, in 1866, and its "filmization," in 1914, "St. Elmo" has picked up "Oh, Promise Me." As a prelude, Caroline Cassels sings the verses written by the late Clement Scott and sent immediately by him as a personal tribute to twelve different women, who unfortunately compared notes before sundown; set to music, some time later, by Reginald de Koven, and sung for many years by Jessie Bartlett Davis in "Robin Hood," apropos of nothing in particular, but with complete success.

The story of "St. Elmo" (I rely on my memory rather than the baffling mix-up on the screen) has to do with the wealthy owner of a Southern plantation. He is a hero of romance if ever one existed outside the pages of Ouida. On the very verge of marrying the girl he believes he loves, he discovers that her only interest is his fortune. Thereupon he casts her off and takes to drink. Then a railway train is wrecked, and one Agnes, daughter of a blacksmith, or otherwise related to the lowly forge, is injured and is carried to St. Elmo's place—perchance to die, or yet, mayhap, to live. You will hardly be surprised to learn that Agnes decides on the latter course. Then St. Elmo falls in love with her. He would marry her. Unfortunately, he tells her the story of his life. He tells it several times. Indeed, he repeats it so often that Agnes is driven to refusing him, vast estates, jame-shackettesque physique and all. Then he goes away from here. Yea, even to the side of the sea. Whether he purposes jumping in or merely making sand-pies has not been made clear, when a vision comes to him. Answering it, he goes home and studies for the clergy. Finally, we see him delivering his first sermon. Agnes is in the front pew. The sermon is a very long one, and evidently Agnes concludes that, with a helpless congregation to address at will, St. Elmo will be less garrulous at home. In any case, she falls into his arms and all ends well.

MOVIE NEWS

Paul Revere's Ride

WHILE the armies of Europe are compelling the attention of the world, quite unknown to the people of Boston there has been re-enacted during the past week some of the events that stirred the world during the American revolutionary period.

The lanterns have flashed their signal from the steeple of Christ Church, Paul Revere has again made his famous ride, while British and American troops have been in conflict out Lexington way, and the townsfolk have wondered what it was all about and why the modern shutters had been removed from some of the historic dwellings.

The explanation comes from the board of Panama-Pacific managers for Massachusetts, who are busy preparing the state's exhibit for the big show. Motion pictures are to play an important part in showing the Massachusetts of today, but particular heed is being given to the enactment of four historic occurrences of the earlier days, viz., the Boston tea party, Paul Revere's ride, the battle of Lexington and the Deerfield massacre.

American Films Gaining

DUE to the present European military activities and the temporary suspension of film brands of a foreign manufacture, American made productions, whether of comedy or dramatic subjects, will gain a foothold on the eastern hemisphere that will supersede domestic subjects, according to Robert M. Savini, resident manager of the Warner Features, Inc., in discussing the situation.

"Bulletins from across the Atlantic gave American manufacturers cause to worry during the incipient stages of the war, for the reason that they thought their domestic output would be handicapped and overflow the film mart," said Mr. Savini. "Such is not the case, however. We find an outlet in every corner of Europe for our brand, and I believe other feature companies are experiencing little difficulty in doing the same.

"Quite naturally a little depression is bound to be felt, due to the uneasiness caused at the front. This stage has already passed in the states. When the war is over there will be a big demand for American pictures. Prices in this country for regular or feature service still remain the same. In London, Berlin, and Paris they have soared skyward, as trans-Atlantic shipping is practically at a standstill. The supply can hardly equal the demand, which will undoubtedly result in a continued increase."

War's Brighter Side

NOT the least interesting of the moving pictures made of stirring scenes of the last Balkan war was that of the work of the Red Cross within sound of the guns on the battlefields, repairing damage to flesh and bone that bullets and shell had done. In one scene, it is recalled, a fine young woman from the British Isles was shown using a gun barrel as splints and bandaging up the smashed arm of a Greek soldier. She was going about her work in a businesslike way, not shedding tears over war's horrors, but smiling on everybody while her deft fingers were giving relief to the suffering fighting man. Her smile apparently was infectious, for not only the doctor, who seemed more her assistant than she was his, was grinning, but even the wounded man's face was divided between smiles and the grimaces of pain.

After all, there is a bond between warring nations that seem to endeavor to tear up and root out all things they have in common, for the Red Cross knows no nationality and is as ready to bind up the wound of a French soldier as that of a German fighting man, or an

Austrian soldier as that of a stricken Scottish Highlander. If it were not for the Red Cross the horrors of war would be intensified, the list of dead would be far greater after each battle, and the sum of the torture of wounded men would be incomparably more intense. It cannot hope to repair all the men war wrecks and soften all the pain war causes, but it has earned the gratitude of the race because of what it has accomplished and what it is doing now on the battlefields of Europe.

Urge War Film Neutrality

THE National Board of Censorship of Moving Pictures, which is directly in touch with 90 per cent of the total output in the United States, has sent a circular letter to moving picture producers which says in regard to preserving a spirit of absolute neutrality on the part of the American people:

"When you are producing pictures containing war scenes, please precede actual pictures with about five feet of caption, asking the audience kindly to refrain from any expression of partisanship, adding that this request is directly in line with the policy of President Wilson. We further suggest that scenes which tend to arouse race hatred because of their realism and horrible detail be treated in a restrained manner."

Movies Affect Book Sales

MOTION picture or cinema depiction of standard works of fiction dramatized for production on the stage or for the picture shows is said to be favorably affecting sales of novels, and also increasing demand for them at the public libraries. Just as the new device that at first was deemed an enemy of the spoken drama is now said to be developing a new constituency for it, so the mechanism that makes possible visualization of a story like "Les Misérables" is found to be inciting book reading by persons to whom Victor Hugo hitherto has been unknown. The same is true of other authors whose books are now being dramatized and pictured for the masses.

It is true no doubt that increased use of novels circulated among readers dependent on free public libraries will not quickly enrich writers of fiction, and as a matter of fact the novels said to be most in demand as a result of cinema production are chiefly by writers who are not now concerned with book royalties. On the other hand, the novelized drama, the dramatized novel and the motion picture method form a combination which, if it works with the output of a contemporary author, insures an income enabling him or her to become quite self-possessed in the presence of publishers!

Films Lost in Europe

BURTON HOLMES, the lecturer, and M. H. Hanson, the concert director, returned to New York yesterday from the region of war. They came, as did many other refugees, on the Audania of the Cunard Line, which landed them in Quebec.

Both Mr. Holmes and Mr. Hanson had many experiences and the former lost many moving picture films he had taken. He said that all camera men were looked upon with suspicion, and that several of his operators, who were in middle Europe when the war began were lucky to get away alive without films or cameras. Mr. Holmes succeeded in bringing many films, some taken in the places where the fighting is now the hottest. His lectures this winter, he said, will be devoted to the war countries.

Mr. Hanson was loud in praises of the American committee working in London. "The

committee perfected a wonderful organization on a moment's notice," said Mr. Hanson, "and has been working day and night in the interest of the Americans marooned abroad. All members of the committee have worked hard, but Theodore Hetzler, vice president of the Fifth Avenue Bank, and Oscar Straus seemed to be everywhere all the time, and it was on them that Americans in trouble leaned."

Safety First

EMPLOYEES of the Bay State Street Railway Company are to be taught the principles of "Safety First" by the means of motion pictures. The company is perfecting a series of moving picture films which will be taken about the system to the different headquarters and shown at meetings of motormen and conductors. Later, it is possible that the general public will see these pictures.

There is a two-fold purpose in this new and up-to-date move of the company. One is to prevent injuries to the traveling public, which are also expensive to the corporation, and the other is to avoid accidents that will cause expense in repairing cars and other running gear.

One idea is to teach the motormen, especially the new men, how to control a car properly. Other pictures will show how to give aid to employees who have been shocked by an electric current. How to give first-aid to injured passengers will also be shown.

Getting the Punch

"ANYTHING for punch" is the slogan of the feature film producer of today, and in the endeavor to show exciting scenes which will grip the audience and cause a shiver of apprehension along their spinal column, the lives of those participating in these feature productions are really very often placed in jeopardy.

Take the instance of "The Aztec Treasure," a two reel Elclair western drama, in the making of which it was necessary to have Bob Frazer, the leading man, take refuge in a quicksand pit overshadowed by the crumbling ruins of an old Spanish mission. The scene was rehearsed and gone through with much gusto, and as the artist sunk deeper and deeper in the sand, the director took it to be a good bit of realistic acting and ordered his camera man not to miss a foot of it.

It was only when Frazer shouted in desperation that he was sinking rapidly in the sand, which had reached his waist, that the director realized the true state of affairs, and by the aid of ropes the actor was drawn out in the nick of time. The photograph shows that the sand had reached his waist some time before the camera man was stopped.

As a Nurse in Belgium

SAMUEL GOLDFISH of the Lasky Feature Picture Play Company recently received a letter from Edna Goodrich, who is marooned at Ostend. Miss Goodrich should be here now to act in motion pictures of "The Heart of Maryland" and "The Warrens of Virginia" for the Lasky Company. The letter, written Aug. 12, describes the excitement in Belgium, and says:

"I have been busy every minute of my time making bandages for the wounded and trying in my small way to add a mite to their comforts. They are turning the various hotels into hospitals for the wounded and every one has come forward with a magnificent spirit toward alleviating the pains and suffering of those who are giving up their lives for their country."

The Calendar of Past Performances

Where you once could find our screen stars upon this very date—September 19th.



Crane Wilbur

© Vitagraph Co. of Amer.
Clara K. YoungPhoto by Witzel
William Clifford© Vitagraph Co. of Amer.
Julia Gordon

Alexander Gaden

1889—Lucius Henderson, then one of our most capable actors of juvenile and young heroic parts, was high in public favor as Colonel Robert Ellingham in Bronson Howard's masterpiece, "Shenandoah," which was in the early days of a lengthy New York run, being current at the Star Theatre.

1890—Rolinda Bainbridge was a treat for the eye in the role of the little maid, Rachel, in "The Maister of Woodbarrow," which pretty piece of sentimentality was a powerful magnet at the Lyceum Theatre, with E. H. Sothern in the stellar part.

1891—Percy Winter was a member of the supporting company surrounding E. S. Willard, who upon this date completed the first week of his very first visit to the city of Philadelphia, where he offered "The Middleman," at the Chestnut Street Opera House. Somewhat coincidentally, Mr. Winter is today somewhat actively concerned around Philadelphia and its environs through his Lubin company associations.

1892—Oscar Eagle was on tour, visiting the principal cities in "The White Squadron," in which he played two widely different roles, Deodoro da Fonseca and Commander Robertson, thus proving his subsequent Selig versatility thus long ago.

1893—Frank A. Lyon was vastly satisfied with life upon this particular occasion because only the night before he had registered a success as Dr. Caldwell Sawyer in Hoyt's "A Temperance Town," which had opened for a stay of considerable time at the Madison Square Theatre.

1894—Josie Sadler, though she has known many stage successes since this long ago, will probably always be best remembered by the theatregoers for her quaintly funny work as Gretchen in "Prince Pro Tem," which had just opened a return engagement at the Museum, Boston.

1895—Mrs. E. A. Eberle was almost as busy at this time as she is now in pictures, for she was a member of E. M. and Joseph Holland's company, playing at the Garrick Theatre in "A Man With a Past," but as this play was a dismal frost all her day time hours were devoted to rehearsals of "A Social Highwayman," in which she created the role of Mrs. Munyon Pyle.

1896—Frederick A. Thomson was enjoying that happy actor's boon, a lengthy New York engagement, playing one of the important parts in "Under the Polar Star," which was running at the Academy of Music, and which, according to the voice of rumor, we are soon to see upon the screen.

1897—Etienne Girardot, who during his foot-lights days made something of a specialty of playing young men who masqueraded in female attire, was cast for just such a part at this period, being Frank Staynor in "Miss Francis of Yale," which farce-comedy caused no end

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

of merriment, at the Metropolitan Opera House, St. Paul.

1898—Otis Turner was displaying a fine Irish brogue, this as Sergeant Barket in "Shenandoah," which was having a somewhat notable revival by Jacob Litt, being the tempting fare at the Davidson Theatre, Milwaukee.

1899—Frank Dayton was a fine figure of heroic virtue as that splendid young man, Frank Layson, in "In Old Kentucky," a melodrama with which he was identified for some time, upon this date attracting the crowds in great numbers to the Opera House, Elgin, Ill.

1900—May E. Abbey was a candidate for ingenue honors, playing the role of Lillian Weathersby in "Uncle Josh Weathersby Abroad," in the support of Cal Stewart, who had just opened his season, this day settling down for a lengthy run of two nights, at the Lyric Theatre, Allentown, Pa.

1901—William Clifford had temporarily laid aside his Shakespearean mantle and was paying tribute in the romantic field, being leading man with Walker Whiteside in "Heart and Sword," a drama which vastly impressed all those gathered beneath the roof of the Ware Opera House, Ware, Mass.

1902—Alexander Gaden was in happy possession of a season's engagement with the Dearborn Theatre Stock, Chicago, this being the opening week, his initial role being Lieutenant Haines in Opie Reid's new play, "The Harkriders."

1903—Joseph Crowell, reliable character actress that she is, this date completed a stay of eight days at the California Theatre, San Francisco, having just begun a lengthy season's tour as Aurelia Miller in "A Friend of the Family."

1904—Phillips Smalley kept a perfectly sober countenance, playing with all the seriousness in the world as a police court captain in that entertaining little classic, "Why Girls Leave Home," which was showing an object lesson, at the Academy of Music, Scranton, Pa.

1905—Carey Hastings was delighted with her professional progression, feeling reasonably sure about her future as a character actress, playing the role of Mrs. Martha Brown in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," at the Grand Opera House, Peoria, Ill.

1906—Julia Swayne Gordon, who specially delights us with her work as adventuresses and wicked ladies in countless Vitagraph releases, was working havoc behind the footlights then, being a handsome picture of feminine depravity as Olga Warrenough (wouldn't you know that as the name of an adventuress?) in "Secrets of the Police," which was the thrilling fare at the Folly Theatre, Brooklyn.

1907—Crane Wilbur caused many a flutter among female hearts as Frank Mason, that handsome protector of the distressed maiden, Lottie Love, in that pretty picture of the working girl's tribulations, "Lottie, the Poor Sales-lady," which fairly had them yelling, at the Granby Theatre, Norfolk, Va.

1908—Robert Vignola, whom Kalem patrons specially like in roles of the Latin races, was a picturesque figure as Petro Mendoza in "Lucky Jim," in which that now popular Broadway star, Joseph Santley, was then playing, this day fulfilling a two nights' engagement, at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa.

1909—Vivian Prescott was whooping things up in a lively and energetic manner, her imitable animal spirits having an especially happy outlet as "Sal, the Circus Gal," which almost had them prostrate with joy, at the Grand Opera House, St. Paul.

1910—Thomas Chatterton was making an ambitious bid for popularity with the patrons of the stock company at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, where he was a new member, his role this day being George Huntley in "The Wolf."

1911—Clara Kimball Young was also a climber in the stock company ranks, playing ingenue parts with the Orpheum company, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, being thoroughly in her element as Madge Casey in "The Heir to the Hoorah."

1912—Donald Hall, most of whose career behind the footlights was devoted to the musical comedy stage, was having quite a happy time of it as Hector de Souza Ipecac in "Tantalizing Tommy," in which Elizabeth Brice was featured, at the Chicago Opera House, in the city of that name.

1913—Robert W. Frazer, who probably little guessed then that both pictures and matrimony were awaiting him around the corner (Mildred Bright recently became Mrs. Frazer), was leading man with Cecil Spooner and her stock company at the Bronx playhouse bearing her name, this day having an especially happy chance in "The Girl and the Detective."

GREATLY to Donald Hall's discomfiture his fellow players learned that August 14 was his birthday and celebrated it accordingly. Immediately after his arrival at the studio in the morning things started to happen. As he entered his dressing room to make up for an important scene in which he was due in a few minutes, he was seized by several masked men and bound and gagged. He then had the exquisite pleasure of listening to a long lecture on imaginary misdeeds of the past. Following this he was ducked in a tank and locked in the engine room to dry out. About this time Mr. Hall's usual good nature began to ooze away, but it was soon restored when, at noon, he was released and ushered into the big studio where an elaborate luncheon was set in his honor and he was toasted and presented with a handsome gold-headed cane, by his co-workers.

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

I SPENT a morning at the Norbig studios seeing part of Carlyle Blackwell's first picture under the Favorite Players' brand and if the picture is not a brilliant success then I have missed my guess. In talking to his leading lady, Edna Mayo, I find she is an ardent devotee of sculpture but she does not like cast-

bed, just clean tired out after working for months with a wounded shoulder. Cleo Madison is still performing wonders in the "Trey of Hearts" series and receiving numerous notes of commendation.

Had lunch with Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, and Grace asked, "Have I a love scene in this movie? Afternoon?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative, this graceless person

the Lasky people are busy on preparations for coming features.

Out at the Reliance studios I found Jack O'Brien putting on a two-reel Western, "The Final Verdict," and the unfortunate Indian, Eagle Eye, is scheduled for another big cliff drop. This man must be made of rubber. Eddie Dillon has completed a strenuous prize fight comedy, "Bill Manages A Fighter," in which the scrapper, Hobo Dougherty, showed Eddie a vigorous few minutes. "Too much realism," says Dillon. Tammany Young is featured in this with Fay Tincher. David Griffith has a new straw sombrero. The dearly beloved old one had a hole in the top and as he had his head shaved, old Sol made it uncomfortable. Hence the new tile.

Special Reliance note. Lillian Gish has repainted and varnished her own pretty dressing room and it made her awfully sticky. They are going in for horse accidents at the Balboa. Jackie Saunders figured in a runaway and landed head first in a bush, scratching herself up, whilst Henry Stanley tried to beat an auto for speed and landed in a ditch and was unconscious for some time. Both are able to ride again now. H. M. Horkheimer has gone to New York with a big shipment of films. A good deal of misapprehension is caused by writers, including myself, mentioning actors and actresses at Santa Monica and stating they appeared at one time in a Kay Bee picture and at another Domino or Bronco. The artists at the N. Y. M. P. Corp. studios do not work for any one brand, but for all three. Admirers of Charles Ray, please note.

There is a real live Count polishing furniture at a Hollywood studio. It is Count Oily Zitka of Prague, and he can neither get home nor can he get any money, so he is working hard instead. He holds a motor car race record for Monte Carlo and is an all round good sportsman and an excellent musician.

At the American studios Thomas Ricketts has taken over his regular company again. Harry Pollard featured Margarita Fischer in "The Only Way," a strong dramatic story and is now on a comedy, "In a Tight Pinch," and William Garwood has a beautiful purple bathing suit and a healthy coat of tan. I understand from Lorimer Johnston that he has left the Santa Barbara Motion Picture Corporation and will be in Los Angeles in a day or so.

I have received a really interesting letter from Fred Gamble, who has been taking arctic pictures for the Sunset Motion Picture Company of San Francisco. It is dated July, East Cape, Siberia, and he says he has encountered lots of ice and snow and enough fog to make dear old Lunnon jealous. He had taken about 15,000 feet of film so far and expected to be in Nome in a week or so from his writing. Fred Gamble is one of the best known and most courageous men in the business.

Dr. Jackson

DR. J. A. JACKSON, a physician of Hollywood, California, takes exception to an item in the West Coast Studio Jottings of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL of May 30th. He states emphatically that the facts in the article are untrue and asks that same be corrected. Dr. Jackson says he has been a resident of Hollywood for twelve years, and is a physician with a large practice, being surgeon for the Pacific Electric Railway Company, besides his private practice. He was called to attend the late W. W. Kirby, an animal trainer, who was injured by a lion at the Universal ranch near Hollywood. After the death of Kirby some erroneous statements were circulated by his enemies, according to Dr. Jackson. He alleges that the publication of one of these statements has injured his practice. THE MOVIE PICTORIAL regrets exceedingly that anything published in its columns appears to have injured somebody. Inasmuch, however, as the article has been published—the truth of the matter stated becomes the point at issue and THE MOVIE PICTORIAL is having the whole subject thoroughly investigated. If it is found that Dr. Jackson has been injured by an untrue statement in MOVIE PICTORIAL we shall do all in our power to correct the wrong impression and restore him in the minds of our readers to the good standard which he apparently so well deserves.



THE KINGS' SCRAP BOOK

ing her own statuettes. She tried it once and there was a sudden pop and she got the stuff all over her hair, the fluffy dog and the room generally. She prefers to let others do the job now.

J. Francis Dillon is directing and doing well. G. P. Hamilton of the Albuquerque company is expected back shortly and Miss Dot Farley's holiday will cease. She has spent most of her time exercising her horse "Stumpy Bill" and in making the flowers grow in her garden.

Met Lawrence Peyton and Francis McDonald at the club. They have come up from the U. S. Film company at San Diego, closed down for a couple of weeks after which they expect to start up again. They are telling a tale on Louis Gottschalk, the composer and big stockholder in the Oz film company. Two small bears were caged to be used the following day and one got loose and scratched at the door of the projecting room. Gottschalk went into the dark passage to see what was the matter—a growl and the hasty and undignified retreat of a famous composer who created a record in getting to and through the window. They are getting along famously with the "The Magic Cloak of Oz."

Sorry to hear that Velma Pierce of the Sterling company has been in the hospital threatened with blood poisoning. She ran a rusty needle into her foot. She is convalescing. Things are running along the same old even way at the Sterling studios.

When at the big "U" I always like to drop into the dressing room of Jonathan and David, beg pardon, I mean Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran. I will likely find their director, Al. E. Christie, there too. I can always hear a good story there but make a quiet exit when they start their sextette (three Ukaleles and three voices!).

I was sorry to hear that J. Warren Kerrigan had hurt his foot and noted that he had a scenario written around it so as not to waste time. Wilfred Lucas was absent, home and in

remarked, "Then I shall eat onions." (Note. This would meet with William Garwood's approval.)

Don't you love coincidences? I do. Beverley Griffith, head-everything to Fred Balshofer and Ford Sterling, went to Chinatown to get a cook for Fred. The very first man he asked said, "Me savvy motie picter man. Me cookee Davie Horslee." He had cooked for Dave Horsley and as this same Dave possesses an epicurean taste, Ah Soon was engaged on the spot.

I received two post-cards from Gotham this morning, one from Edwin August saying he had some big news ahead for me and one from Mona Darkfeather, saying she was having a whooping time and would soon be back again. I received a letter from House Peters from San Rafael and he tells me he has resigned from the California Motion Picture Corporation, and will probably pay Los Angeles a visit. Whenever I think of House Peters I think of "The Bishop's Carriage," in which his work was so excellent. I ran across Fred Huntley of Ed. J. Le Saint's Selig company and Fred says his wife and girl have gone visiting the folks in Maine, and he's lonesome and he doesn't like keeping house and feeding the chickens. Mrs. Huntley, please return.

An interesting man at the Selig plant is the well known artist Gabriel Pollock, sent on by Mr. Selig from Chicago to paint the special scenery for "The Carpet of Bagdad." Out at Glendale Burton King keeps on plugging away with excellent one reels. He put on recently "The Road to Fame," by F. McGrew Willis and "Diverging Paths," by Hetty Gray Baker. Burton still keeps within a fraction of breaking the speed laws with his automobile and the cops have an eye on him.

Last week the Lasky combination produced their first one-reel subject, "The Day of the Dog," with Ed. Abeles and Bessie Barriscale. It is a western melodrama. At the present time



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Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 15)

portance than to mislead not only the Black Hundred, but you and me, as well! At this time I am not going to mention any other feature of the twelfth episode particularly. I may find something later on that will recall to my mind some other detail of this installment. There are a few apparently trivial things that will fit in when the time comes. Poor little Florence, who has saved her father, would likely not know him, or believe him, were he to come to her! I am not even going to dwell particularly on the remarkable attitude of Braine, who is ready to fire upon Hargreave when the millionaire and Jones are just alike! Has Braine recently come to realize that he is *outdone*? Does he know now how he has been fooled? Braine has lost so persistently, it is difficult to see him win very much—unless he succeeds through violence. Braine could commit murder without a qualm. Such fellows as he should be cared for before they do damage. He is out-generaled, and knowledge of it galls him—madens him. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

In behalf of The Million Dollar Mystery, I wish to say this: It has not only kept up the liveliest interest as a picture-play, but it is built on events and situations that might occur in every-day life. Unlike most stories, this one has been so much like the things we encounter in life, its solution is not a dullard's task. At this moment I have a score of amazing ideas in mind. I can see many fine offshoots that may lead to matters of great moment for us. I must ask you to wait. We are moving over the final half of the story. The very certainty that we feel now might easily prove disastrous to us. We must be cautious. We must not think of constructing a solution. It is indeed difficult to have forbearance under the circumstances. We feel just like saying, "Ah, ha, Mr. Lonergan, now we know!" There are ten more episodes to view. I have no more idea than you have what they will be.

Suppose Hargreave drops out of sight again? Can we be sure that he is not killed? Many terrible events may come before us. We are reasonably certain of only such things as we have seen. Suppose subsequent occurrences upset our reasoning? They may. But I can give you this assurance: I am just exactly as keen on this "case" as I was in the beginning. I shall not relax vigilance! Let us be prudent, take a new grip on the Mystery and watch for the thirteenth episode. Its numerical order suggests something ominous!

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The Movies and Their Future

(Continued from page 13)

motion picture, for the producers have had to present for the sake of novelty all sorts of places and conditions of men."

"Do you think that work in the motion pictures changes an actor's style of acting to its deterioration?" Mr. Frohman was asked.

"The arts of acting in the regular drama and on the stage are so fundamentally different that it would be as if a critic said that an artist could no longer paint in oils because he had tried his skill at etching. Occasionally there are actors who make successes in both kinds of work, but the rule is that success in one is no guarantee of success in another. There are great actresses who can not achieve the same success in motion picture work that girls without any stage experience can secure if the latter possess the peculiar gift of registering emotions in photographs."

That Mr. Frohman practices what he preaches was evident when the company returned to work. Through the heat of a New York July afternoon he counselled, carving players in roles as a diamond cutter finishes the gems, and demonstrating another unvoiced belief, a creed for producer as well as for player, that "genius consists in the capacity for taking infinite pains."

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of Players In and Around New York

MAURICE COSTELLO is learning that to be popular means to be pestered to death by anyone under the sun who has an idea he can write scenarios. The popular Mr. Costello is in receipt of one letter from Alberta, Canada, stating that its writer is perfectly willing to work for him exclusively providing he will be paid enough for his services. The generous applicant enclosed one scenario with the letter and promised to write a "world-beater" of twenty-five or thirty reels if his services were accepted.

Reports from the French war zone state that the first medal awarded for gallantry in action was conferred on Corporal of Dragons Escoffier. Pathe Freres are in receipt of advice that the hero is none other than the actor Escoffier, a member of their stock company in Vincennes. He is a talented screen artist and has appeared in a number of big Eclectic features, the latest of which is "Leaves of Memory."

According to Alice Joyce the ancient Hindu costume is an ideal garb for the hot weather. And she ought to know because for two long, comfortable weeks the Kalem star wore the costume and defied the sun, thermometer, and everything else that is generally blamed as being conducive to warm weather. The reason for all this joy and defiance was "The Mystery of the Sleeping Death," in which Miss Joyce is being featured, but now that it is finished she has no excuse for wearing the costume any longer and can only think of how nice it was while the privilege lasted.

Audrey Berry, the seven year old member of the Vitagraph Company, has received a letter from a wealthy admirer stating that on her eighteenth birthday she will become heiress to a fortune, the necessary legal arrangements being already completed. The man is so enthusiastic about her work that he has written for her exact measurements, color of her eyes, hair, etc., and intends to have a doll made which will be a lasting reminder of how Audrey looked when a child.

Morris Foster, leading man in Thanhouser pictures, will soon appear in a release which contains something entirely new in motion picture photography. The film's title is "Jean of the Wilderness" and it contains a real campfire scene which was taken between 10:30 at night and 3:30 in the morning. It was photographed by the aid of the fire's light alone. Generally scenes of this kind are taken in the studio and colored in developing, but Director Durkin promises this new feat of his to be attractive in its originality. The scenario is that of Phil Lonergan's.

While staging "The Sign of the Cross" the director of a company of Famous Players borrowed a well known New York society woman's estate to use as the background for several exteriors. Greatly to their surprise, when the players arrived at the beautiful country home and met its owner, instead of being given the privilege of converting the garage and other buildings into dressing rooms, they were escorted into the residence and told to make themselves at home as they were the owner's guests as long as they stayed. Needless to say they accepted the generous offer and enjoyed it immensely.

One day Kate Price and a number of other Vitagraphers sailed to Grassy Point, Jamaica Bay, to take a number of scenes for "Fisherman Kate" in which she was to be featured. While playing her part Miss Price became interested in the occupation and traveled a steady beat between her fish-line and the camera focus. When her line had been in the water for a solid

hour without attracting any scaly customers, Miss Price became discouraged and was about to quit when something began to tug like fury at the end of the line. Kate was happily excited until the victim was landed to the top and she saw that it was a four-foot shark. Right then and there the fishing game lost its charms for Kate Price. Hereafter, she says, when she goes fishing it will be right in off the street where they are packed in ice.

Lillian Herbert, Vitagraph actress, will soon be able to report at the studio for work, her nerves now being somewhat quieted after the disaster which attended the company in which she was working when one of the men, Chad Fisher, was killed by a bolt of lightning. At the time of the accident Captain Lambert, the director, was resting his hand upon Fisher's shoulder, and the shock passed through his

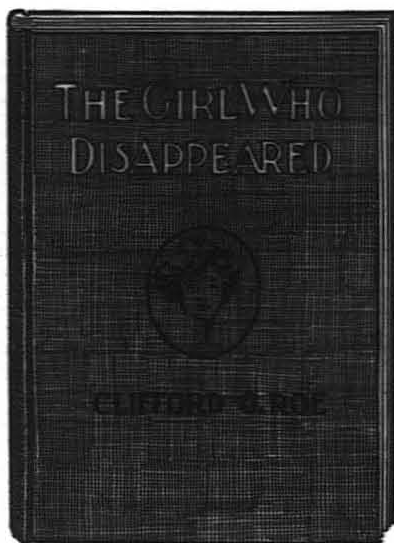
arms, paralyzing them and confining him to his bed for several days. Although he is badly burned and his bones and joints are exceedingly sore, it is hoped that he will recover entirely and soon be back in normal condition.

If "The Million Dollar Mystery" villains were right on the job they could catch Florence Grey (Flo La Badie) most any morning as she leaves the Hotel Shelburne, Brighton Beach, for the studio. Flo thinks that this seven o'clock stuff is pretty shabby treatment for a millionaire's daughter, but having a record at the Thanhouser studio for responding without a murmur whenever she is needed, her good nature does not allow her to break it.

Bessie Learn, the attractive little leading lady of the Edison company, has just returned from Europe safe and sound, much to the relief of her many friends at the studio. Miss Learn was due back on August 1 and when she did not appear at that time it was feared that perhaps something had happened to prevent her returning during this troublesome period. Gertrude McCoy will now have to unearth her oil can and put her auto in the smoothest condition to hold up her side of the rivalry which has long threatened to reach its climax in a race between the two actresses' machines.

A Chicago Girl's Harrowing Adventure!

Drugged in a Restaurant She Barely Escapes an Unknown Fate!



Under the title of "A Timely Warning," the Illinois Athletic Club Magazine for August, 1914, prints the story of Miss ———, whose father is a prominent club member. The girl is eighteen, cultured, refined. While shopping in Chicago one day, she stopped in at a well-known, and presumably respectable, restaurant for lunch. A well-dressed elderly woman sat opposite her, and failing to draw the young lady into conversation, dropped her kerchief. She asked Miss ——— to pick it up. A few moments later, the girl fell in a swoon — likely caused by some opiate dropped into her food during that moment of thoughtless courtesy. In the rest-room, she aroused sufficiently to hear the woman say, "She'll be all right soon. She has these attacks frequently. My machine is outside and I'll take her right home." The girl struggled for speech, denied knowledge of the woman, gave her father's name, and fainted again. She was saved from a nameless fate!

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Information Department

Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

HAZEL B. P., NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.—Kathlyn Williams is the real name of the popular Selig leading woman, and a letter addressed to her care of the Selig Studio, Los Angeles, California, will reach her. She has been married but is now getting a divorce. If she has the time she will undoubtedly answer your letter.

POLLY G., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The Perils of Pauline series of films has not yet been completed. Originally, we understand, only fifteen parts, each two reels in length, was contemplated, but the series made such a hit with the public that it has been lengthened and now there will probably be twenty-five parts in all.

NOELMAN B., ANDERSON, S. C.—Augustus Carney, formerly known as "Alkali Ike" and "Universal Ike," has not rejoined the Universal company.

LUDWIG M. C., NEW YORK CITY.—For the names and addresses of the eastern film manufacturers, we advise you to buy a copy of a trade paper in which nearly all film concerns advertise. Give up your hopes of becoming an actor. Without years of experience you have about one chance in a thousand.

MARIE, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Kathlyn Williams has been married, but we understand is now suing for divorce. Florence LaBadie is single. No, Florence is no relation to James Cruze.

MARIE A., COALGATE, OKLA.—Haven't you read time and again in this department that amateurs have practically no chance whatever to succeed in their ambitions to become photoplayers? People with years of stage experience are unable to get work with the various picture companies, so what possible chance would you have, since you admit that you are without experience except that gained in church and home plays. Give up your idea of becoming an actress and instead enjoy the work of experienced players as you see it on the screen.

BERTA H. L., ORLANDO, FLA.—The Cines Company of Rome puts on short dramas, comedies and scenic and travel pictures, as well as the big classical productions like "Quo Vadis," "Antony and Cleopatra" and others of that character. We could give you the name of an Italian film paper which contains news of this company's activities, but unless you can read Italian it would be useless. The American film trade journals contain items of interest frequently regarding this concern, and the Bioscope, published in London, England, also refers to them occasionally.

ZOE G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—That Nestor picture you mention was taken at Universal City, the plant of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, located near Los Angeles, California. The soldiers were supernumeraries of the Universal company and a small body of the California national guard. Grace Cunard, it was stated some weeks ago, was to leave the Universal to appear on the vaudeville stage, but late reports from Los Angeles indicate that Grace has received such a vast number of letters urging her not to desert the pictures, that she has renewed her contract with the Universal and will soon again be seen on the screen. She is already at work in a picture entitled "The Mystery of the Roses," being produced by Francis Ford. W. W. Kirby was killed at Universal City while working in a wild animal drama. He was attacked by a lion and injured so severely that he died within a short time. As to who saw the accident it would be impossible for us to here list the members of the company who were working with him, but all of them were present when the accident occurred.

EXHIBITOR, BLOOMING PRAIRIE, MINN.—There are three Reliance films released each week on the Mutual program, one on Monday, one on Wednesday and one on Saturday. It might be possible, of course, for you to get four Reliance subjects per week from your exchange, but you couldn't go on that way indefinitely, for there are only three being made each week.

MISS L. S., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Wheeler Oakman played the leading role in "In Defiance of the Law." We haven't a cast sheet of that "Little Mary" picture you refer to, but to the best of our remembrance Owen Moore played the lead in that particular film.

F. P. P., BIXBY, OKLA.—The complete cast of Eclectic's "When Rome Ruled" is as follows: Nydia, a young Christian girl—Nellie Craig; Caius, a young Roman—Clifford Bruce; Caius' father—William Riley Hatch; Nydia's father—Walter R. Seymour; Caius' bride—Countess de Marstini; the bride's father—A. H. Busby; a high priest of Jupiter—Charles E. Bunnell. The photograph you mention could probably be secured direct from the Eclectic company if you wrote for it. For pictures of the Keystone company appearing in that film write the New York office of the New York Motion Picture Corporation. For picture of Maude Fealy write head offices of Thanhouser Film Corporation; for Anita Stewart's photo write Vitagraph, and for Mary Pickford's write Famous Players Co.

ELIZABETH Z., LOUISVILLE, KY.—James Young is the husband of Clara Kimball Young. Would it make you any happier if you knew that Alice Joyce was married to Tom Moore? We draw the line at giving players' ages, as they sometimes object. Jane Fearnley was last seen with Famous Players. You don't give us the make of that picture you refer to, so can't say where it was produced. Can't tell you how many parts there will be to the Alice Joyce series. Harry Myers is now with Universal. The next three questions you ask would be only our own opinions, and we don't think it necessary to tell what we personally think of this or that player's acting. Form your own opinions. Courtenay Foote is now, we believe, playing with Bosworth, Inc. Charles Arling is now at liberty, we understand.

MRS. A. R. V., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Would suggest your buying a motion picture trade journal on the news stands and securing the names of the various film manufacturers and their addresses. Then apply direct to the studios and perhaps you will be given a chance to demonstrate what your little boy can do in the way of acting. If he is found to be capable he may "get on" in pictures, otherwise not. The chances are about one in twenty that he would secure an engagement, unless he has exceptional ability.

DOROTHY B., LYONS, ILL.—The cast of the Adventures of Kathlyn was as follows: Kathlyn—Kathlyn Williams; Umballah—Charles Clary; Colonel Hare—Lafayette McKee; Winnie Hare—Gordon Sackville; Pundita—Goldie Colwell; Bruce—Thomas Santschi.

EL. W., TORONTO, ONT.—Yes, the address you have for Grace Cunard is correct, and we are quite sure that the first spare moment she has she will answer your letter. As to her age, ask her and not us.

IRENE R. R., CHICAGO, ILL.—The Selig Company is not at present taking pictures at its Chicago studio, so if you want to see films made you will have to apply to Essanay, the only Chicago concern at present with a company working in the city. Call at the Essanay office in the First National Bank building and ask for a permit to visit the plant.

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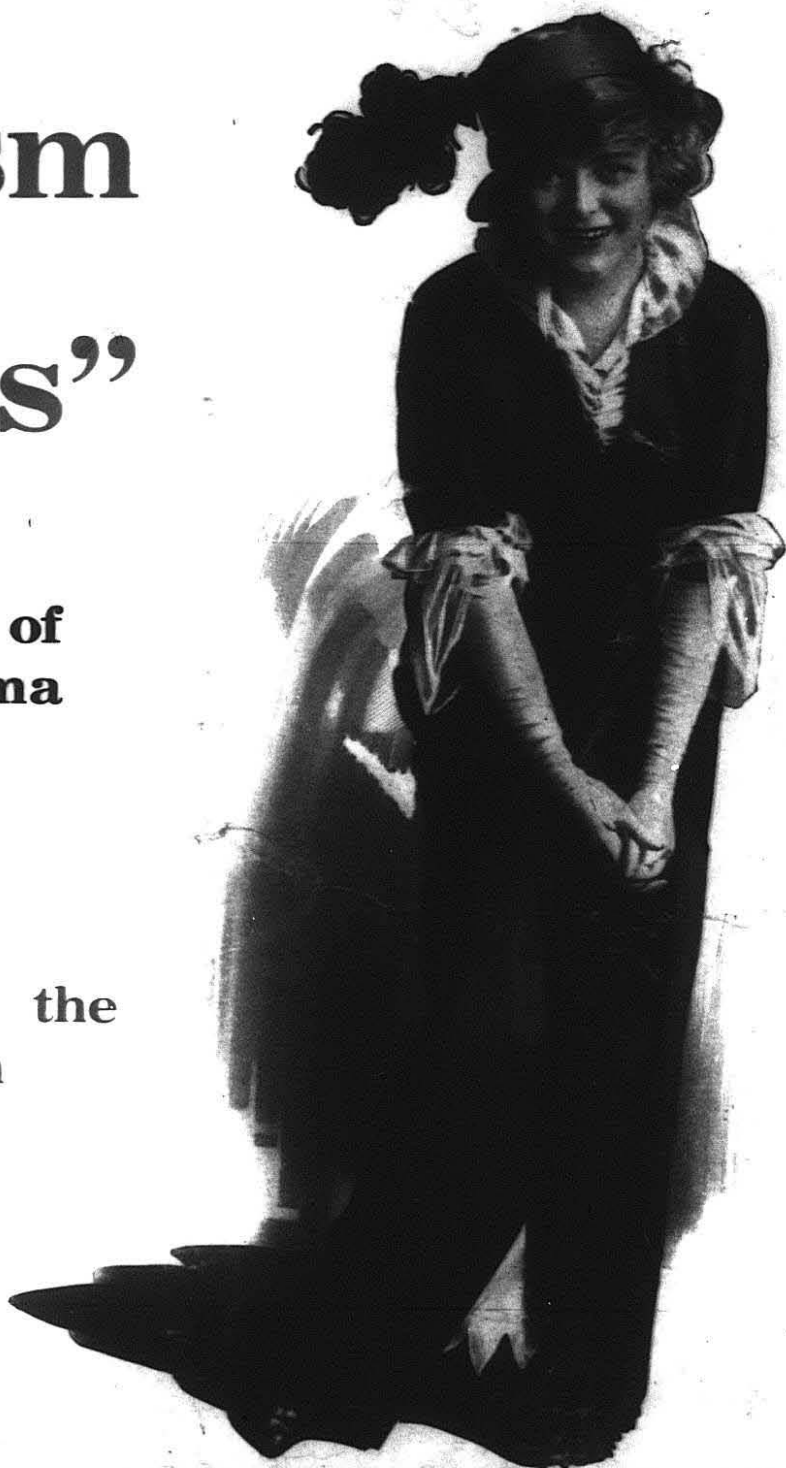
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The MOVIE PICTORIAL

The National Movie Publication

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CONTENTS

Photoplay Stories and Features

- "The Artec Treasure"..... 23
And the Part It Played in Many Lives
Minerva Martin
Death and Destruction on the Battlefields 17
On the Battle Lines..... 18
Scenes In and Around Paris 19

Special Articles

- An Empire's Call to Arms.... 5
Capt. W. Robert Foran
Modern "Old Curiosity Shop" 8
One of the Most Important Factors in Picture Making
William Lord Wright
Helps to the Solution of "The Million Dollar Mystery".... 13
William J. Burns
How the Ring-tailed Rhino Won Over Raymond Hitchcock 20
William M. Henderson

NEXT ISSUE

The World's Youngest Dare - Devil and His Thrilling Work in the Movies.

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Every subscription will be extended so that the subscriber in each case receives the same number of copies he would have received on the weekly basis.

We are in the market for—and will pay on acceptance for—ideas, articles, stories, photographs, humorous sketches, in fact, anything with a motion picture or entertainment interest that you—as a reader of the "Movie Pictorial"—have reason to believe will be interesting to other readers.

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS

- The Lonergan Family Circle... 25
William Lord Wright
A Camera for a Scout..... 28
Taggart Says Good-bye to England and the Lady Spy

Serials

- J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate 10
XI. The Adventures of the Red Sevens
Richard J. Henderson
The Making of an Actress .. 15
William Curry
Felicia of the Films..... 26
The Letters of a Would-be Movie Actress

Departments

- Realism in the Movies..... 22
A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism
Eastern Studio News..... 32
West Coast Studio Jottings..... 33
Information 34

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Commences in Oct. 15th Issue—Watch!

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 1, 1914

NUMBER 21

An Empire's Call to Arms

By CAPTAIN W. ROBERT FORAN
(LATE OF THE BRITISH ARMY)

THE Gods of War have been turned loose!

No less than seven great nations of the world are simultaneously battling for their very existence—for the peace of the world. Europe is trembling under the steady tramp of fifteen millions of soldiers; the four seas are hunted by fleets of dreadnoughts, battleships, cruisers, and destroyers; the upper air hums with the song of aircraft. It is war at \$12,000,000 a day—the most stupendous struggle of all the centuries.

And above din of preparation, the rumble of advancing armies, and the roar of battle has sounded a clear, clarion call—"Wake up, Empire! Rally round the Motherland!" The British Lion has shaken himself, roared, and called to his young. The time has come!

Some years ago King George of England—then Prince of Wales—stirred the British Empire with his slogan—"Wake up, England!" England has now awakened, grim and resolute, to the needs of the Empire. She makes no loud, blatant boast of what she will do and what she will not do. She has not lost neither her poise nor her balance. "Business as usual" greets you everywhere—but always beside the sign, flames Earl Kitchener's "call to arms." England knows it is her hour of dread, the most crucial period in her history; but she cheers not, neither does she wring her hands. The utter self-possession of England is almost incredible—and the British Empire is as England is.

As it was in the hour of the "Black Week" in the later days of 1899, when things looked bad for England in South Africa, so it is now. The Colonies of the greatest Empire on earth have seen the Motherland's need, and the British Imperial Lion is growling to some purpose. The overseas possessions of King George are rallying round the British ensign with ever-rising enthusiasm. What need for conscription, or compulsory military service, when an Empire can so easily, quickly and readily augment the paucity of its regular standing army?

The response to Britain's call has come from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—from Boers and British alike—from India, from Egypt and all the other portions of the globe that are marked with the scarlet of the British Empire. It is not only coming in men and ships, but also in foodstuffs, money, hospital aid, and the individual handling of the colonial situation by those on the spot. The African Colonies are capturing the German Colonies in the "Dark Continent"; New Zealand is annexing the German Pacific possessions; Australia is aiding the Eastern British fleet with her own navy; Hong Kong, and all the other British colonies in the Far East are taking a hand in the grim game of war to aid the Motherland.

Let foemen beware of a nation whose people are so determined to uphold the might and majesty of their Empire! Let them take

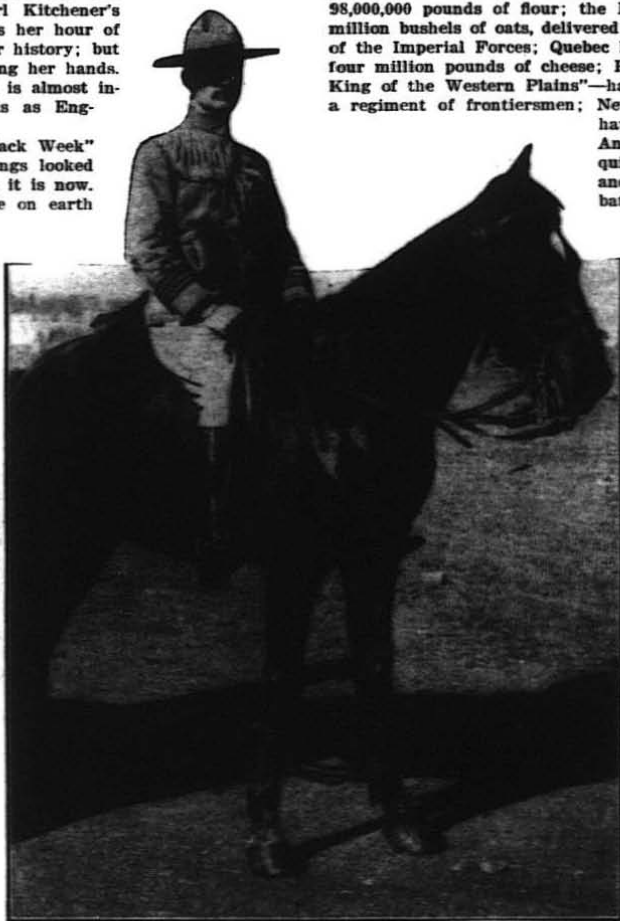
heed of the cost of arousing a people whose women do not wail at the sacrifice demanded of them, whose very boys are taking part in the preservation of a great nation's integrity. Britain's deep-seated, firm-rooted patriotism is a thing to marvel at, to glory in and yet, perhaps, not wholly to understand. It is too deep for surface displays; yet it is there in time of need.

In Canada already more than 20,000 able-bodied veterans and trained volunteers have been enrolled in the First Canadian Army Division. At the moment of writing the Dominion has more than filled the Second Division, and men are clamoring to enlist in the third, the fourth and even in the tenth division. The first regiment has already set sail for the front—the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, which is composed of over a thousand Boer war veterans, raised and maintained in the field through the personal generosity of A. Hamilton Gault of Montreal. Others will follow quickly, and keep on following as long as there is need for men and Canada has men to send. But not only in men has Canada again demonstrated her loyalty as in the Boer war. She has given her small navy to the use of the Motherland; she has contributed 98,000,000 pounds of flour; the Province of Alberta has given half a million bushels of oats, delivered free on the Atlantic seaboard for use of the Imperial Forces; Quebec has come forward with a free gift of four million pounds of cheese; Patrick Burns of Calgary—the "Cattle King of the Western Plains"—has offered \$50,000 to assist in raising a regiment of frontiersmen; New Brunswick, Manitoba, and Calgary have each raised and equipped regiments. Another Montreal citizen has equipped a quick-firing battery at his own expense; and still other patriots have equipped two batteries of artillery. And this is only a beginning!

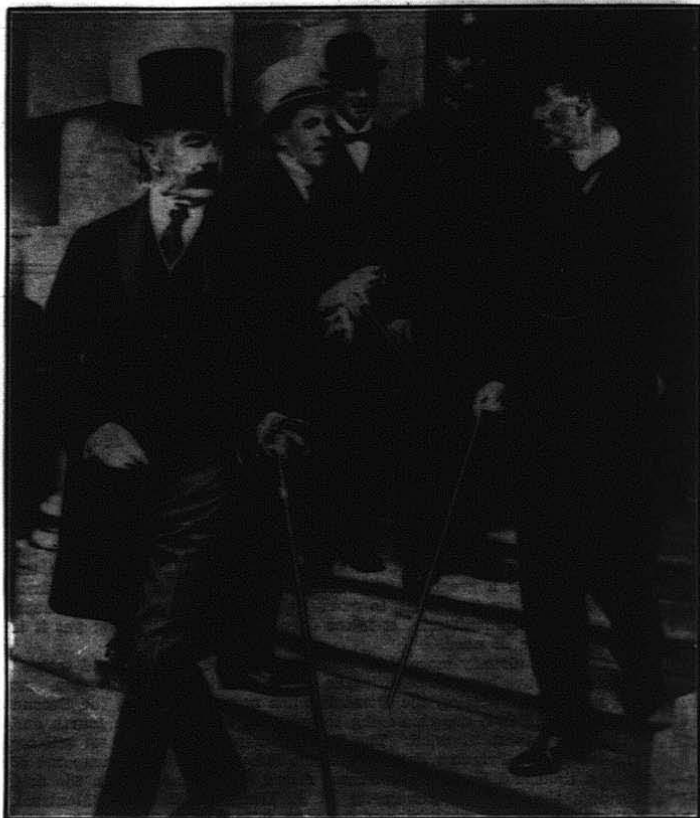
New Zealand has already actively taken part in the war, for she has seized Apia, of the German Samoan group of islands, from the Kaiser. In addition several magnates of the island have given shiploads of foodstuffs, while the Empire Defence Fund is coming in at the rate of over \$50,000 a day. The New Zealand Government has placed its naval forces at the disposal of the British admiralty, and has guaranteed to despatch an armed military force of 10,000 officers and men, to be equipped, maintained and paid for by New Zealand. They have furthermore promised to duplicate this initial force as soon as it is needed.

Australia has given her navy and promised an expeditionary force of some 20,000 men of all arms as a start, to be maintained wholly by the Commonwealth. Other contingents will follow as soon as they can be raised and trained. In addition Australia has prohibited the export of any foodstuffs or cattle to any ports but those of the British Isles.

Nearly every one of the overseas colonies has offered and equipped hospital ships for service with the British navy, and all are sending large contingents of Red Cross doctors and nurses. In Canada the hospital ship will be



General Baden Powell, the Chief of the Boy Scouts Has Just Called 200,000 Boy Scouts into Service as Scouts and Dispatch Bearers



Lord Kitchener, Secretary of War, at the Left and Colonel Seeley Leaving the War Office in London

© International News Service

provided by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and the necessary funds are being raised by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire in Canada and the United States, so that the ship may lack no modern scientific device or comfort.

Over these colonial troops, that famous British hero, Field Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, will act as Colonel-in-chief. They could scarcely be under better command, and it will cheer the colonials to know such an honor has been done them. Many of them served under this gallant leader when he was gaining the laurels he now wears.

Then, as if this was not sufficient evidence of an Empire's loyalty and enthusiasm in time of danger, comes the news that for the first time in the history of the British Empire, the Indian Forces are to be brought over from the East. They are unquestionably magnificent fighting troops, well-equipped, splendidly efficient, and used to the hardships of war. They have often sought the opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder with their white comrades outside of the Indian Empire. They could not understand why they were considered fit to fight alongside of British troops in India, and not to fight beside them in the Boer war. They formed part of the China Relief Force in 1900; but in the Boer war all their enthusiastically loyal offers of service were declined. Now they are to have their chance, and to be placed on an equal footing with Tommy Atkins. That they will more than justify their selection to fill the gaps in the British forces, there can be no question. No man who has seen service in war alongside of the Sikhs, Pathans, Rajputs, Punjabis, Afridis, the famous Corps of Guides, the Bengal Lancers, Baluchis, the Bikanirs, and last—but by no means least—the world-famous, sturdy Ghoorkas, can doubt for one single moment that they are loyal and superb soldiers. Sikhs, Brahmans, Mohammedans, Buddhists—all have forgotten caste and religion in the common cause of the Empire's need. It is, to say the least of it, a monument to Britain's just and able rule over her Indian subjects that fifty-seven years after the ghastly Mutiny, the Indian sepoys and sowars have pleaded to be utilized in her defence.

All the native rulers have set a noble example of patriotism by offering spontaneously all the military and financial resources of their kingdoms to the British government. Such whole-souled, and possibly unexpected, generosity must stir all British men and women. It is a complete and irrefutable vindication of her humanity and civilization and of the justice of her rule. The mere fact that some of the Indian princes have made a gift of \$2,500,000 for the use of the troops in the field speaks for itself. But the generosity does not stop there. Other lesser potentates have come forward with donations in keeping with their exchequers. The Indian Empire has set aside to-day all thoughts of religious, political and other differences to unite in one common cause—that of the British Empire's safety.

Now, having seen what the children of the Empire are doing, it is more than interesting to see what the Motherland is accomplishing. On every hand the sane, calm deliberate minds in England are urging upon the public the necessity of looking the crisis straight in the eye and rising to the occasion. The British public scarcely needed this

urging; it is fully alive to the need. It has realized that victory can only come through the sacrifice of many men. It is prepared to make this sacrifice without a murmur. Great Britain is by no means at the end of her resources. So far her army in the field is only a portion of her home force; she has as many regulars again in the British Isles. Overseas in foreign service she has as many or more regular troops as she has at home. Then there are the special reserve (lately called the Militia), the territorials, the Colonials, the Indian army, the various African and other native armed forces, the Egyptians and the Sudanese, the volunteers—and now the new army, Kitchener's army.

Of all the nations at war, Great Britain can alone keep on bringing new men into the field—and she is ready to do it. As fast as they can be trained they will be sent forward to the firing line; others will re-inforce them continually; and in the end she will have more than two million fighting men in the field. At the rate of the present harvest of death among the Germans, the struggle must eventually come down to one of numerical strength. England can keep up this end of the game for years. Lord Kitchener, in his deliberate and businesslike statement on the situation, has said that the struggle will continue for three years at least. The British Empire and the flower of her manhood is ready for the ordeal and does not flinch; she is possessed by only one idea, the idea of ultimately wearing out and crushing German militarism—the menace of Europe.

The first call to the nation was for Kitchener's new army of 100,000. The answer must have been a surprise to the world, for 97,000 answered the call within twenty-four hours. The men are being enlisted for three years or for the duration of the war, and the response has been spontaneous and instant. Not only has a new army of six divisions been recruited in a day, but all the special reserve regiments and all the Territorials have volunteered their services.

Once more the call has been sounded, "More men wanted!" and the answer has been just as surprising. And while the men are rushing to the colors to take up arms for the Motherland in the time of her great emergency and danger, patriotic employers all over the British Isles are co-operating extensively. One of the largest carriage works in England has donated the special equipment of a battery of heavy field-guns; a huge biscuit manufacturing company, instead of dismissing its 14,000 girl factory hands on account of the stoppage of the export trade, has turned these 14,000 women into garment-makers for the soldiers and their families left at home—the firm supplying in addition all the material and bearing all the expense; practically all the other large firms in the British Isles have undertaken to look after the families of those of their employees who have gone to the front. The large colliery firms have donated over 350,000 tons of coal for the relief of suffering families left bereft of support by the war.

The Prince of Wales' National Relief fund has already exceeded \$10,000,000 and is steadily growing larger, even the poor people donating their mites to swell the total. From every hand come offers of fully-equipped hospitals and hospital ships, the use of historic mansions and homes for the sick and wounded. Most of these offers include the expense of maintenance and equipment, as well as personal service.

The quiet but determined rush to enlist in Kitchener's second army remains unabated. The "fine flower" of the country is responding to the call in a steady stream and, as it is passed by the medical examining board goes forth into the parks and squares to be drilled in its civilian dress by khaki-clad sergeants of the regulars. In physique and spirit these men are the equals of the regular army now bearing the brunt of the German attack in France. They can be depended upon to shed the last drop of their blood in the defence of the Empire. They are actuated by the same slogan, adopted by their comrades in arms in France—"Are we downhearted? No-o-o-o-o! Shall we win? Ye-e-e-e-es!" They are keen, silent and determined.

And the women? They are silent and dry-eyed, too. The declaration



Thousands of Motorcycleists of London Responded to the Call for Dispatch Riders in the British Army

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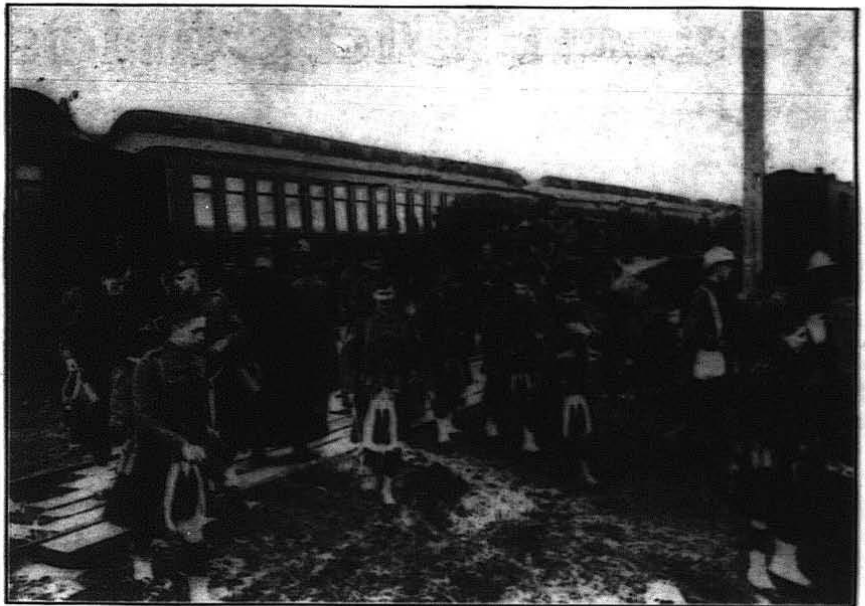
of war meant desolation to most of them. Instead of crying and wringing their hands, they sent their husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts to the nation's aid. They encouraged them with a sad smile; and then they set to work to help the Empire in their own way—a woman's way. What they spoke to their souls only God heard.

The business men are forming into regiments of their own, stubborn and adamantlike in their calm. Those who are too old to serve, or incapacitated through reasons of health—the rich and the poor alike—all are doing their bit for Empire. If they can't actively serve the colors, then they take care of the neglected families of the soldiers; if the ranks of the keepers of law and order are called to the front, then actors, doctors and others take their place as policemen. Everyone is doing something for the cause; and God help the man who is not. Recognizing the need for more men, always more men, Lord Roberts and most of the cabinet ministers are rushing round the country addressing mass meetings and urging the need of service upon the people. But that the latter do not require much urging as is evidenced by the magnificent response to the first two "calls to arms."

As Lord Roberts said at one of these meetings, "The women must not stand in the light of their sons' and husbands' duty." That is the keynote of the whole situation—women must gladly and heroically sacrifice their loved ones. England is engaged in a life and death struggle, for defeat would mean shame, ruin and slavery. The man who does not enlist or does not do his share in the time of great national need, will never be able to hold up his head again.

And then the Boy Scouts! At last they have fully justified their organization and are being extremely useful. They have come forward to a boy and are undertaking what is ordinarily a man's work. They are not being found wanting.

But the greatest surprise of all to England, and most probably to Germany, lies in the fact



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Thirty Thousand Canadian Troops are Now Under Canvas at the Valcartier Mobilization Camp at Quebec. They will Soon Leave for the Scene of Action in Europe.

that dis-united Ireland is once more united in the common cause of Empire. The first offer of service came from Ulster, which unconditionally placed 20,000 armed men and machine guns at the service of the War Office. Their generous offer was no sooner made than the Irish Nationalists' Volunteers performed a like praiseworthy and generous act. All differences on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland have been laid as long as the National danger exists.

The British Empire is a queer thing, difficult of understanding by the outsider. In times of

peace the integral parts of it appear ready to spring at each other's throats; but in war, what a change! "I won't take back a single harsh thing I ever said against you," says Ireland stubbornly, "but for the love of Mike O'Flannigan show me the despicable enemy that I may lick him for you." And so the round of the story goes, round the quarter of the earth which is the British Empire.

"Count on us to the limit, Motherland," the whole Empire calls with a sincerely loyal heart. But she does not rest at the shouting of her sentiments; she has acted.

Movies and the Spoken Drama

ONE OF the first legitimate directors to abandon the theatre for the studio was Cecil B. De Mille, who, one year ago, after fifteen years of activity in the spoken drama, became director general with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.

When asked why he had forsaken the spoken drama for the silent, Mr. De Mille compared the theatrical production with the photographic play. In the comparison the legitimate suffers.

"The scope of the photoplay," says Mr. De Mille, "is so much wider than that of the legitimate. We do things instead of acting them. When a big effect is necessary, such as the burning of a ship, blowing up a mine, wrecking a train, we do not have to resort to trickery—we do it. If it is necessary to burn a house to gain atmospheric effect, we do not employ the time honored lycopodium torches. We buy the house and burn it. We do not have stage firemen with ill fitting uniforms; we engage the fire department. We secure a battalion of police to keep the ever present perfectly proper mob in restraint, and if necessary for the effect we call out the National Guard.

"If we have a great physical struggle to stage in the legitimate we would have to so arrange the 'business' that the actors participating would not be in any way injured, as the struggle would have to be portrayed each night and at matinees. In the photoplay struggle, where the struggle is played but once, the combat is real, and aside from the victor being assured, the fight rings true.

"Each scene is set, each actor and actress engaged with a view to fidelity to race or type to be portrayed. Every characteristic of a race must be shown. In the case of 'The Call of the North,' eighteen Tiger tribe Indians were used. Los Angeles abounds in Indians, but the type did not fit the picture, and Stuart Edward White journeyed to Canada, procured a Dominion permit and brought the Indians all the way to Hollywood.

"Dramatic expression can better be brought out on the screen than on the boards. This is due to the long explanation to which the dramatist is frequently required to report, which is shown on the screen in action. For instance, in 'The Call of the North' Ned tells how he rescued Picard from the deadly bear trap. In the picture Ned is seen trapped and helpless, and the vivid scene of his being rescued forms a basic portion of the plot. It is shown in a flash, whereas in the drama a long verbal explanation was necessary.

"If the star of a play is feeling ill his performance on that night is inferior to that on the preceding. This is of course eliminated in the screen play.

"In 'The Virginian' we need a deep water hole in a certain river, which upon investigation proved too shallow for our purpose. It was intended to have a stage cross, plunge into the hole and become fast in the mire. Being eighty miles from a railroad or habitation the question how to create a water hole was overcome by the cowboys stripping to the hips, making harness of their lariats and using the bowl of the camp stove. Within two hours a hole six feet deep and twenty-five feet square was made, and the scene taken with the coach submerged to the roof.

"Each actor gets a lecture once a day on the knowledge of chemistry and photography, and unless the applicant for position possesses a fair knowledge of the rudiments of the art of acting his or her application is not even considered. The same construction is used in writing scenarios as that used in the manuscript of a play. Lighting effects are easier than on the stage, for we use the moon and the sun for the required tones.

"Some idea of the extent we go to to secure just the atmosphere can be got from the following incident:

"In the third reel of 'The Call of the North' Virginia sends her father a plug of tobacco for

Christmas. After the scene was made Stuart Edward White suddenly remembered that paper was the scarcest commodity in the Dog River district and that no one would think even for an instant of using a piece of precious paper to wrap a plug of tobacco, so the scene was retaken and the tobacco delivered in its native wrapping only.

"Wilfred Buckland, our artistic director, assembles the various working crews (sixty men and women) and talks to them on act and stage dressing and the influence of stage properties on the mind. Before an artist is used in a production they are posed before 100 feet of film in every possible position, and unless they 'screen' well they are not used.

Directors are required to go further into details in the screen production than the legitimate, for nothing escapes the camera eye, while the average theatre patron, wrapped in its dialogic action, will overlook an occasional scenic or property error, but not so the movie patron, for he is as keen for detail as the producer."

Realism

IN the taking of an Eclair picture, the scenario called for a piece of business wherein a sheriff's posse had pursued three Mexicans to the edge of a dangerous cliff and, on the threat of dropping a huge boulder on them, forced them to surrender.

The scene was rehearsed two or three times and the boulder in question, which took two men to handle, was rolled into place and stopped in its descent just as the Mexicans agreed to surrender. The third time, which meant the actual taking of the picture, when the Eclair artists go to this part of the scene, the boulder slipped and the picture plainly shows that it was caught in mid-air and held by the projecting pieces of rock which jutted out from a crevice in the cliffs; otherwise at least one of the actor's lives would have been forfeited by the crashing down upon them of the huge piece of rock.

Modern "Old Curiosity Shops"

One of the Most Important Factors in Picture Making

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



James Coristine,
Who Plays an
Important Part in
the Manufacture of
Lubin Dramas.
He has Charge of
Properties Worth
Thousands of Dollars

Polyscope Company in Chicago is filled to overflowing with the materials for setting any and every sort of exterior; huge pillars of papier mache, fronts of dwellings, of stores, of hotels, dilapidated houses, log cabins. There are vehicles of every description from a luxurious limousine car to a prairie schooner; there is a fire engine, hook and ladder, hose cart—a complete fire department; and there is even a big cement pond, on the edge of which any sort of shore scenery can be set up, with property boats that sink, or break in two, or float or do any other stunt required of them. This cast is used less and less frequently as it is usually easier to ship the company to the scenery instead of bringing the scenery to the company.

Many of the Pacific Coast studios have mammoth property rooms, as have the Vitagraph, Edison, Biograph and other eastern concerns.

To inventory the Lubin property room would take up pages and pages of this magazine. There are, for instance, weapons of every age, from the cross-bows of the time of

William Tell, and the carbines and blunderbusses of Cromwell's period, down to the graceful and wonderful modern guns evolved by Messrs. Colt and Smith and Wesson. There are rapiers that have crossed and slithered in many an ancient tavern brawl. You may find a scimitar that has hung across the thighs of a Mamaluke, or a cutlass from the deck of a frigate. In the "props" you may also find kitchen stoves of latest design, as well as the andirons, cranes, pothooks and kettles for equipping a property fireplace

of 1776. You will find too, every kind of clock that was ever made, from a Jacobean grandfather's clock to a baby Ben alarm. Some of the clocks are very valuable; one particularly magnificent clock, I know, is worth \$4,000.

And the furniture to be found in the Lubin "props" Department would delight the eye of the most carping collector! There is furniture—genuine, too—of the periods of Louis IV, Louis XV and XVI. There are carboys of the Revolutionary period in American history, and old buffets which in past years have graced the homes of many a grand Colonial dame. You will find all the furnishings for a twentieth century millionaire's drawing room rubbing elbows with the primitive benches and tables of a peasant's hut; or the simple necessities for a little Japanese lady's boudoir.

And the Master of Properties is no small factor in the success or failure of a feature film production. He it is who is responsible for the "properties" called for by the motion picture play director. If a Civil War drama is to be staged, the master of properties must bring forth uniforms and arms of the period of '61-'65, and the sort of furniture and the pictures that graced the rooms of the Virginia homestead "before the war." All must be correct, and must be delivered expeditiously and without friction.

James Coristine is the Master of Properties for the Lubin Film Manufacturing Co., of Philadelphia. He is in complete charge of and responsible for the Old Curiosity Shop that would be worthless in any other industrial branch, but which cost a fortune to gather in order that the silent drama may



Making Plaster Casts in the Lubin Property Department for a Feature Production

ONE of the most unique features in the world of art is the property room of a big motion picture studio. Dickens' description of the "Old Curiosity Shop" barely suggests this astonishing place. The property rooms of the large manufacturers of films would furnish many such curiosity shops.

There is hardly anything in the discard that is not welcome in the property room. A broken vase may lie on the top shelf for years until a broken vase is required in a photoplay scene, and "props" has got it; if he had not, it would take a half day for one of his assistants to go out and find one. The master of properties and the "props" are valuable acquisitions in Film-land.

Movie makers have invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in their property departments. Properties are prime essentials in the art of photoplay making and the fate of a situation, or even of an entire production, may rest upon the proper placing of some small inanimate object.

The entire plot of a play may rest upon the disposal of a dagger, a vase, the finding of a letter, the hanging of a picture, or the discovery of a small article of jewelry.

William N. Selig recently expended the sum of \$50,000 in cold cash for a large quantity of scenery and props which he purchased from Chicago theatres. The big yard of the Selig



This View of the Lubin Property Room Gives One Some Idea of the Vast Amount and the Great Variety of Work This Department is Called Upon to Do

be correctly produced. Mr. Coristine, as is all Masters of Properties, is an important factotum at Bentzwood. He says this about his work:

"The head property man is a 'somebody,' often an autocrat. He will set the scene that the plot calls for and will often surprise the Director with, for instance, a perfect butcher shop having real 'for-sure' meats, or a section of a department store with a thousand dollars worth of the latest fabrics. The men in the Property Department must be butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. If something turns up that is not in the studio prop list, it is up to the property man and his aides to find it or to manufacture it, and they do both. They rarely 'fall down' on an order. 'Props' is one of the most valuable aids to the manager of the studio, who sometimes is half crazy with the problem of filling the requirements for a photoplay scene. The property department is called upon and very soon harmony is brought out of chaos. The most troublesome thing called for may be a church of solid gold, but 'props' quietly remarks that he has just the one wanted in his room and the studio manager gives a sigh of relief and inwardly resolves that 'props' is a wonder and his property room a treasure shop."

The masters of properties in the various film studios do not



The Making of the Props for the Big Universal Production of "Ben-Hur and Delilah" Took Several Months; the Work Was All Destroyed in a Few Minutes When the Picture Was Taken



get credit on film, poster or in the magazines, but nevertheless many a film production of unusual merit would have been a pitiful thing indeed if it hadn't been for the "props" manufactured, begged or borrowed so enthusiastically by the Master of Properties and his fellow artists.

Artists? Certainly, "props" and his good men and true, are artists. It is they who set the scenes, and if they can't buy what they need they make it, whether it's a bit of statuary or a gothic cathedral. And to do this they have to be real artists!

William H. Selig Recently Expended the Huge Sum of \$50,000 for Different Sets of Scenery. This View of the East End of the Selig Yard Affords Some Idea of the Amount of Props that are Kept Constantly on Hand

The Pictures Below Represent Only Two Little Corners of the Lubin Property Room. In These Rooms it is Possible to Find Articles of Modern Use as Well as Those that were Used as Far Back as There are Authentic Records of the Customs of the Early People

Abduction of Annette Kellermann

MANAGER HARMEYER of the Fine Arts Theatre, Chicago, says he is getting gray-headed because "somebody is always stealing Annette Kellermann." The abduction of this graceful and shapely Diana of the waves is accomplished through her striking photographs.

Manager Harmeyer nailed down the fascinating reproductions of Annette's perfect form in the lobby display frame and the big brass-headed nails convey a sense of irremovable security to the beautiful photos.

Nevertheless every few days some rash and fervent admirer of Neptune's Daughter's seductive configurations steals silently and quietly up to the display frame in a moment of fleeting solitude and deftly removes Annette Kellermann from the board to a more private sanctuary of worship.

It is a historic fiction among masculine romancers that ladies love to be snatched, seized and violently abducted by a love-mad male, and perhaps the next best thing to the personal experience of this beatific violence is to have it done to your photographs. And so Miss Kellermann may thank both her maker and the Camera Man that she enjoys by proxy the highest feminine ecstasy in being Lochinvarred in the 20th Century at the Fine Arts Theatre.



J. R. Walling— Movie Magnate

XI—The Adventures of the Red Sevens

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE SPIRIT of scheming was upon Jack Walling like a hound on the spoor of a fox. Financial events had swung around in his direction sufficiently to give him a breathing spell. For the first time in months, he sat before his own hearth, with the fire sputtering as the flames climbed the maple logs. One of the sources of Jack's satisfaction was that Dolly was not being bombarded by suitors. Leastwise, he was convinced this was the case, because Bobby had been stricken with scarlet fever, and had arrived at the "peeling" stage, with sister Dolly in quarantine. Dolly needed the rest, so what was the difference? True, admirers could call up by phone, but Miss Ewing's disposition was such that even a voice from the outer world was a challenge to her—and the conversation was of fleeting duration. Momentarily Walling was contented. However, his intellect demanded action, and his cerebral activities took the form of planning and plotting.

Kamurakanojacka—Kam for short—the recently acquired Nipponese valet, who wouldn't eat sauerkraut or frankfurters because they were German dishes, blinked on his stool beside the crackling logs. Kam was dreaming of an almond-eyed maid somewhere across the mighty Pacific, and his peaceful countenance soothed Jack immeasurably; that and poor Dolly Ewing's enforced stay-at-homeness.

"As much expression as a June-bug," Walling chuckled, viewing the stolidly placid face of Kam. "They can think of angels or devils and never put a wrinkle in their strange masks!"

Suddenly a tongue of flame licked up the bark of a log, like a lizard on a rock. It caught the inflammable material and pursuing the trail of least resistance, assumed the outlines of the numeral 7. Thrice it did this, and Jack's imaginative eyes became large.

"Kam!" he called softly. One oriental orb opened and gazed curiously at Walling. Then the other vision-shutter expanded, and the Jap was awake. "When the fire forms the figure 7 and does that three times, what does it signify?"

In replying, Kam did not say, "the honorable seven," or anything else immortalized by his "school-boy" relatives. Kam was a Yale graduate—and generally carried a Yale-lock on his secretive jaws. For reasons best known to himself, he was in the hire of Walling, whom he adored next to Buddha—possibly above that dignitary of the skies.

"Scientifically speaking," Kam yawned wearily, "I would suggest that the bark that had reached the point of combustion first had been fashioned in the form of a seven. However, setting aside science, which is sometimes irksome, I might almost prophesy that it presaged great good fortune. To be honest, master, if there is anything I'd rather see than seven, repeated thrice, it is a maiden in far-away Nippon. Even a little brown man can feel the love-germ!" Kam sighed, and Walling rubbed his hands, because for once his own adorable lady was held fast by the law!

The phone summoned the valet, and he answered indifferently. Then he motioned to Walling, who strolled over to the small table in the corner of his library as though time itself were on a holiday. "Yes," he drawled dreamily. But the lethargy departed at what he heard.

"What's that, Mrs. Ewing? Dolly gone? Im-

possible! Broke her quarantine and is out with a man? Good heavens! Gone since noon? Woe is me—and us!"

Around the corners of Kam's usually immobile mouth, there was the flicker of a smile. He knew. When a fellow gets to gloating over a girl, and is quite



"Yes Indeed," Jack Replied, "It Would Be Funny If We Started a Romance"

sure of her, something happens. Kam might have been a respectable banker in Yokahama had he not eaten his heart out because of the indifference of "Lady Bird," as he called her. But women are women, and at any rate, Kam's jealousy had brought him to the States and had given him an education. Maybe it was this bond of fellow-suffering that had held him so fast to Walling, whose heart was eaten as full of holes as a Swiss cheese—for worry over Dolly.

Jack paced the floor in pent-up anger. He could see his sweetheart dashing along gayly and maddly in an automobile, eloping with some earth-worm of a rival. That's one safe bet about rivals; they're never any good. Although they have sufficient good taste to fall in love with your girl, they are villains, to a man. Should one's rival be a barber, all barbers are evil to the end of time; should he be a lawyer, all lawyers are beyond redemption.

As a matter of fact, Dolly was in her own home, and had prevailed upon her unwilling mother to telephone this little deceit. She was well aware that Jack Walling gloated over her enforced seclusion, and she willed that he should suffer for it.

Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Walling called up the Ewing home. Dolly answered!

"You!" Jack exclaimed with a quiver. Dolly pretended to be out of breath as though she had just raced up the rear stairs.

"Oh!" she puffed laboriously, "I nearly got caught. Not—not by you, but by a health officer. I wasn't out with a man at all. Besides,

if you weren't afraid of scarlet fever, you'd come over to see me, and get quarantined here, too." Then, while Jack sought to quiet her assumed hysteria, she hung up the receiver.

He was peeved slightly, but relieved beyond computation. His measure of relief more than offset his mental turmoil—and Kam, divining the processes of thought vs. emotion, because he had been through it himself, smiled again in his inscrutable way.

All of which led Walling back to the figure 7. As they say in fiction, thereon hangs a tale.

It was weeks later when Chicagoans, trundling on surface cars and elevated trains, tried to blink the ever-present, obsessing 7 from their sight. It was always a flaring red 7—sometimes taking up a 24-sheet stand, again as a street car card, or smeared in limitless quantities on fences, garages, sides of stores and wherever full-sheet and half-sheet posters could be pasted.

They read it in newspaper columns. It was printed on menu-cards at cafes—that ever-flaunting 7 that was driving bookkeepers to distraction. Did a business man play with a pencil, he started to write rows of 7's. If a housewife called a 'phone number, she asked for something starting with seven. The beginning and end of Arabic configuration was—7!

This infernally persistent monster had received its birth in the wandering flames of a grate that traced their way across the surface of innocent maple logs. While it endured, it was Chicago's enigma; also the city's newest madness.

School children took up the idea and spread it on sidewalks and buildings. Now and then an inscription accompanied the numeral, such as, "What de dence is it?" But in any "teaser" advertising scheme, there is always a danger-point. The greatest wonder can soon lose its force, and does forfeit its power as soon as the community grows accustomed to it and takes it for granted. That means that the advertising value of a "teaser" idea must be utilized at the proper moment if it is to be cashed.

After two solid weeks of this provoker of curiosity and wrath, the bill-boards and street car cards and newspaper announcements went to stage-the-second. The legend that now appeared was this:

7
The 7 Mysteries of
the Mullah

Who or what was "the Mullah"—a cigarette—a cigar—a new breakfast fodder—a politician—or what? Then the minds of the multitude were obliged to start all over, seek to assimilate this most recent assault of the mystic 7. That it belonged to the original 7 was apparent. It was the same style of numeral, occupying the same relative position on the bill-boards. Although winter was sending its gusts from the region of Polaris, the streets were free from snow. Volplaning newspapers took its place and dust was fanned into the habitually squinting eyes of the throng. For all that, nobody missed seeing the seven motorcycleists garbed in oriental robes, with black stage beards and walnut complexions. On the back and breast of each robe was—7.

All these "Mullahs" had to do was dart hither and thither, and toot their fiendish horns, and add to the insomnia of a great city, by virtue of their association with the mystic characters that had been on the nerves of Chicago these several weeks.

After about ten days of this second step in the "progressive unfoldment publicity plan," as Jack Walling christened it, the third step manifested itself.

The announcements now read:

7
The 7 Mysteries of
the Mullah
at 77
Movie Houses
7 Days a Week.
Announcements in the
7 Newspapers—

Tribune, Herald, Examiner, American,
Journal, News, Post!

At any rate, Jack Walling was discriminating. He was impartial when it came to newspapers. Once a man has been roasted by the press, he is far-seeing in dealing with editors. That explains why, in different bill-board advertising, each paper was given first and last place in turn. Few souls were so calloused that their possessors refused to look for the newspaper announcements or refrained from reading them once they were found.

Just what the advertisements said, may be interesting in passing. Anything that suggests life to the great game of the movies should be gripping, because the ordinary exhibitor believes that he is cramped for ways and means, whereas he hasn't passed through the front gate. Jack Walling says so, and Jack borrowed his ideas from the mighty business of advertising, which is still an infant, but so healthy a tot that it makes ordinary giants look knee-high. This, at

any rate, was the first flaring announcement:

7
The 7 Mysteries of
the Mullah!

No. 1 is of 2 Reels and is
entitled:

The Mystery of the Mullah's
Sapphire!

\$500 Reward for the Return
of the Sapphire!

For full facts, inquire at the
box offices of the
following theaters in Chicago,
after the names of which are
the release dates.

This announcement appeared on Sunday, and the balance of the week, the ads were based on the \$500 reward.

The idea—plan—plot—motif—of the Mullah's adventures, rested on this foundation-rock. In the first mystery, a sapphire played the important part. This sapphire vanished—and it was hidden somewhere in Chicago. The Mullah himself told just where it was hidden. He stood face-forward on the screen and said it. That was the cue for the deaf-mutes. However, Mr. Walling had neglected to mention that the Mullah's language was not English! Nor was it German, French or any of the other popular tongues. It was not Greek, Latin, Sanscrit or Indian. It was sign language. Every mute who watched the Mullah, swore that he said, "Seven, seven, seven," then paused and said, "Seven, seven." That was English, right enough, but it was a symbol language. It was a sort of code message—not 777 Seventy-seven street! For the time we shall pass it by, because the sapphire has long since been found and the reward claimed and paid. A girl of seventeen years solved it, which proves that we are always looking for very difficult things, and overlooking the simple affairs.

Each "Mullah" picture carried its reward. It was always based on finding something—or, more properly, some cheap article that symbolized something of greater value. But invariably the numeral 7 entered into it. Sometimes it was three sevens, again seven sevens—but 7 was the key. The person who was sure he or she had won was to go to whatever place seemed to be correct, and demand in this manner: "I am the lucky Mullah—give me seven!"

It sounded simple enough, and anybody who needs five hundred dollars will say things more foolish than that to get it. Men and women have married one another for less likely bait.

At the end of seven weeks, the unclaimed rewards amounted to seven times \$500 or \$3,500, and Chicago was rapidly classifying Jack Walling as a heartless grafter.

"Jack, I think it's a shame to play a joke like that on a whole city full of innocent persons," Dolly complained one day.

"But I haven't played a trick on anybody," Walling protested with an air of injured innocence. "True, there isn't so much profit in it for us with those rewards to pay, but think of what it will mean to our next production. Say, that little Japanese actress is just what we've been looking for. They have such sad faces—like pensive daschunds or—"

Kam was coming toward them, so Walling ceased his levity. The Jap valet seemed to be wantonly happy. In truth, he had just viewed an exhibition of the new production and the appearance of the little Jap maiden had stirred some new madness in his heart. But what it was, Kam didn't purpose to reveal.

"Wouldn't it be funny if we had started a romance," Dolly mused, as she watched Kam go from the theatre with an exaggerated gayness to his jaunty swing.

"Yes, indeed," Jack replied, "It would be funny if we started a romance. Now, look here, Dolly—" and Walling's voice was husky and purposeful.

"Oh!" Miss Ewing interrupted, "I've been forgetting all about my dressmaker. Good-bye, Jack; I'll see you to-morrow."

Walling gloomed after her. How did Dolly always know beforehand that he was about to make love to her? After all, wasn't his own expression more on the daschund order? He gulped hard and essayed a feeble smile, but it hurt the corners of his mouth.

Walling spent another evening in his apartment, because he was heavy of heart. He preferred not to be obliged to parade his forced gaiety among his friends, because every last one of them would know what was wrong. Everybody knew it! His romance was an open secret.

"There are more letters regarding the rewards," Kam stated anxiously, as he helped Walling off with his outer clothing and into his smoking jacket. Walling nodded.

"Mr. Walling has made it too difficult, I fear," and Kam stood at attention. Jack scowled.

"Not at all, Kam," he replied. "It is all based on seven—entirely on seven. Have I not placed it before them often enough? In the first of the series, the Mullah said 'seven' three times and paused; then he spoke 'seven' twice. It's easy. In the second production, the Mullah wrote 'seven' four times—and then wrote the same number four times more. Besides, for fear I might die with a blackened name, remember that the answers are all in the safe."

Kam bowed. He was evidently relieved.

That night, Walling slept soundly—so very soundly that Kam awakened him with difficulty. A young lady wished to see Mr. Walling.

It was past one o'clock in the afternoon, and Jack was astounded at his great lethargy.

The young lady who awaited his coming was demure, sweet, and young. She carried a hand-

bag of some size, and she was evidently nervous.

"Mr. Walling," she began anxiously, "if one person won all the rewards, would it be—honest?"

Jack's head was heavy, there was a buzzing in his ears so that her voice seemed to come from far away, but he managed to say it would be perfectly legitimate.

At this juncture Kam hastened into the room.

"Pardon," he said politely, "but I must go to the cleaners to look after the master's clothes. I had forgotten them." Walling nodded as the Jap departed with drooped shoulders, as though chagrined at his negligence.

The girl had opened the bag and began to pile trinkets upon



Suddenly a Tongue of Flame Licked Up the Bark of a Log Like a Lizard on a Rock

the table. "Well," she observed with a note of strained triumph, "here is the sapphire. It was at 2114 Thirty-fifth street."

"That's right," Walling agreed, blinking hard.

"And here is the turquoise. That was at 2828 Fifty-sixth street. I have them all here. When the Mullah spoke or wrote three sevens, that was twenty-one. Then, after a pause, there were two more sevens. That was fourteen, or 2114. All told, there were five sevens; that was 35, or 2114 Thirty-fifth street—and so on with all the rest. Mr. Walling, you owe me thirty-five hundred dollars, in currency."

Walling went to his safe and procured a certified check payable to "cash." He demanded a receipt, arranged for the young lady's picture, which she had for him in anticipation of the request and made an appointment with her for the next day. Then Walling promptly fell into a doze and did not awaken till late in the afternoon. Kam was shaking him vigorously.

For a week, Dolly and Jack tried vainly to find the lucky girl. Somehow, Walling had lost her address. It had all occurred on that frightfully sleepy day, that remained clouded and uncertain to him—particularly since Kam had quit his post—vanished into thin air.

Walling had planned a great deal on using the winners of the rewards in a mighty advertising scheme, but the little girl who had won the certified check had faded from view. Inquiry at the addresses where members of the Sensational Film Company lived or roomed during the reward-hunting days, brought out no new fact. The girl had come, claimed the talismen—and disappeared.

A week later, Walling received a letter from Seattle. This is what it said:

Dear Mr. Walling:

May the Gods be kind to me. When I saw how difficult your plan of rewards was proving and also saw the little Japanese actress in your films, the Devil of gain captured me. The young girl who secured the rewards was the seventeen year old daughter of a lady I boarded with a few months since. I paid her a hundred dollars, plus taxi bills, to follow my directions in winning the money. The key I procured from your safe, after drugging you. But the little Japanese actress made me lonely



"Mr. Walling, You Owe Me Thirty Five Hundred Dollars in Currency"

for "Lady Bird," and today I sail, happy with a cable message from her that simply says, 'Come.' So you see, Mr. Walling, I was a fairly honest crook working for a good cause. I have adopted 7 as my lucky number, and will invoke the blessings of the oriental gods on you and Miss Ewing.

Yours faithfully,

"KAM."

P. S.—The young lady was German. My spirit, therefore, was generous.

"If the oriental gods will hear his plea," Walling murmured, "it would be cheap at a thousand times the price."

A Rival to the Phoenicians

THE Phoenicians are accredited by some with the invention of books. Cinematography is an invention that rivals the invention of the Phoenicians made so long ago. Some comical conclusions have been published lately. They appear in certain popular magazines and other publications that print sage arguments and exhortations on motion picture topics. The editors of these publications were long in seeing the light—otherwise the unusual popularity of the motion picture. From present indications many of these errors will be longer in producing motion picture essays and stories such as are contained in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which blazed the trail for the others.

We read a magazine article recently which attempted to prove in a lofty manner that motion pictures have retarded the normal growth in the number of readers of books. About three thousand good adjectives were utilized in attempting to show that book reading had dropped off to an alarming extent, and that the number of well read men and women in the coming generation would be considerably less than those numbered in educational circles today.

Now this truly distressing state of affairs is blamed upon cinematography, of course. It is just another item piled upon Christian's Burden and is calculated to bring the art right into the Slough of Despond. But to thinking people the argument is really laughable. It is true that the readers of certain books have turned to motion pictures. It is true that the sales of "Maisey, the Sewing Machine Girl," and volumes of like ilk, and the number of copies of the formerly popular penny dreadfuls have woefully fallen off. Everyone admits this fact. Everyone admits that the readers once partial to the above mentioned class of literature now

attend the motion picture theatres. In these theatres they view convincing drama which conveys a lesson; they enjoy clean and spirited comedy; they see and appreciate scenic and industrial films that educate and elevate. Which is best, all-absorption in the pages of a Laura Jean Libbey classic, or seats in the motion picture theatre in this enlightened age?

For the sake of argument we admit that the number of readers of a certain class of literature have decreased within the past three years. We assert on the other hand that the readers of profane and of sacred history and of the world's classic and standard literature have increased. We also state, fearless of successful contradiction, that this important fact from an educational standpoint is directly attributable to cinematography.

The more enlightened Boards of Library trustees will tell you so, and the librarians will inform you that after the showing of a classic at the motion picture theater that requests for the book are unusually numerous. Many demand the classic who previously never knew there was a Bulwer Lytton, a Thackeray, or a Dickens.

After a showing of a picture play dealing with the Napoleonic period, one librarian states that a hurry call had to be sent out for copies of the "Life of Napoleon." Hall Caine's novels arose again in popularity after "The Christian" was so graphically filmed; "Quo Vadis" has been the cause of many reading the great Norwegian novelist's work, and who shall say these readers have not profited thereby? "Pickwick Papers" are rarely read by the general public. Following John Bunyan's "Pickwick" films there was a demand for this work which was among the first books written by Dickens and which contains his liveliest satire and keenest humor.

The Biblical films have resulted in increased sales of the Book of Books, according to dealers and "Les Miserables" in the pictures has been the cause of many being given the opportunity of reading Victor Hugo's great story which contains the most vivid word picture of the Battle of Waterloo ever penned.

When the Phoenicians, or Cadmus, or whoever it was invented books—a wonderful invention, a world's revolutionary invention was the result. And to the motion picture can be accredited the work of making good books more and more desirable, and relegating the bad books to the oblivion where they rightfully belong.

A Spanish Audience

MOTION-PICTURE theatres in the Madrid district of Toronto, Ontario, usually have a seating capacity of six hundred to seven hundred, although there are two in Toronto which seat one thousand. In addition, when the regular theatres of Madrid have any week or period of time for which no plays are booked, they fill in with a special motion-picture show.

We are told by the managers of moving-picture theatres that they endeavor to show from three thousand to thirty-five hundred metres (9,800 to 11,500 feet) at each performance when but two a day are given. If there are but two sessions per day, the afternoon performance begins at 5 to 5:30 and the evening at 10 to 11:30; otherwise a continuous performance, beginning at 5:30 in the afternoon and running with slight intermissions to 1 o'clock in the morning, is given.

Scenes from the new films are shown on billboards outside the theatre and along the streets, in order to draw patronage, but always on colored posters.

Helps to the
Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF THIRTEENTH EPISODE: The Russian head of the Black Hundred sent a secret agent to take charge of affairs. Braine and the Countess resented this interference and were further nettled at the boastful attitude of this agent from Russia, who seemed exceedingly sure of himself. The newspaper story tells of a man in a room above who listens through a small hole he drilled through the floor, meaning the ceiling of the Black Hundred council-chamber. This man was presumably Hargreave. Mr. MacGrath has also assured us that Norton has told Florence to beware of Olga, because she is Braine's best friend. A few days after the agent's appearance, Olga called on Florence, and while the heiress was absent from the room for a few moments, Olga glanced through Florence's mail, finding a note signed, "Your loving father." It told Florence to be in the summer house at 8:00 o'clock that evening. The Countess did not dare destroy the letter; instead, she set the clock back. That evening, when the secret agent came to the summer house, he found a woman waiting, and hastened her to the Black Hundred quarters. "I have Hargreave's daughter," he cried triumphantly. The woman lifted her head. It was Olga! The secret agent was undone; Braine's position remained in his own hands.

IN THE twelfth episode, we saw Hargreave, but the newspaper story still keeps us in delicious doubt—which is quite as well, because—where did Hargreave go after that incident on the Hargreave grounds when Braine came close to shooting either Hargreave or Jones—or both? The man who is hidden most securely is the one who is seen, but still is mistaken for some one else. The best place to hide is where there are others; and the larger the city, the easier the hiding. If criminals (or anybody else who has reason to be absent) were not continually giving signs of their presence or location, then the art of detection would be much more difficult.

There is something very significant about this thirteenth episode. It is this: A factional difference has arisen among the Black Hundred. Braine and Olga have seen their work questioned. While they realize that Hargreave is the chief cause of their failure, they resent any interference on the part of the Russian junta. If need be, then Braine and the Countess will place their backs to the wall and fight both the Hargreave interests and their enemies within their own order. This can not help making it just so much easier for Hargreave. His most serious opposition is not in Vroom, Jackson and Felton or the common, unreasoning herd employed by the band, but is found in Braine and the Countess.

I stated a moment ago that the safest place to hide is where

there are many others. You will recall the Countess' coaching party out at the old manor, where Meg showed the secret passage to Jones and Norton. You will remember that, after Florence had been rescued from the room, and she, Jones, and Norton were soon on horses, racing back toward home. They rode down a narrow road, over which the pursuing automobile made its way with difficulty. Jones got off his mount and waited. Then, as the car came past, he slashed the tires, and escaped. Was this not Hargreave, instead of Jones?

The most important matter is the location of the million dollars. I believe that the Black Hundred are sure that it is secreted in the House of Mystery. I think it is toward that residence they will direct their attention. They are criminals who would pause at nothing—murder, smuggling, counterfeiting or thievery. Perhaps some such source is supplying them with funds.

The elusive treasure chest is still absent, but it should reappear. It would not be right to bury it for good! The money may be in that box—or in one of two or more similar chests, but the Black Hundred could not identify one from the other. Most likely, it is not in a box of that description. We are dealing not with certainties, but with assumptions. If the treasure were buried, then some preparation and effort would be required to get hold of it. The million may be in a safety deposit vault. Also, it may be in the Hargreave portrait—one place the Black Hundred have thus far overlooked. Will they continue to overlook it? Keep that in mind. It will not be where they look; be

quite certain of that. But, in fairness to you, its position should not be changed. You should not be asked to trace its movements. It should be exactly where it was placed the

night of the balloon episode.

Keep in mind that it is useless to try to guess all of the places where it could be, because the Black Hundred will make further search. Where they fail to find the money, then you may eliminate those possible hiding places. That money was drawn out of the banks in the form of currency (bills of large denomination, no doubt) and it should remain in the form of currency, because we have no record that it was converted into certified checks, drafts or other instruments. When the twenty-second episode has been shown, then we can say where it will not be found, and shall be better able to learn just where it is.

In hiding that money, Hargreave probably selected a place that he had already figured on. The hiding had to meet certain requirements: it had to be accessible, so that the money (or any part of it) could be procured easily in case of need, or in the event of flight. It had to be placed where it could come into Florence's possession without her being identified, and where, were she going to escape from the Mystery House, she would be most likely to have it in her possession, whether she planned it or not. It must be hidden securely from chance discovery. It must be secreted where the Black Hundred will not think to look for it. They think of many unusual things, but the most unusual are generally the simplest things. No person who might yield to temptation must know about the hiding place. The average mortal might alter his ideas of right and wrong if a million dollars in currency were placed in his hands! At the same time, it is not easy to

change a \$5,000 bill!

Does Jones know where the money is located? Certainly Jones is trustworthy enough to know all about the million. If Hargreave would trust the butler in a life-and-death matter (which he has done from the beginning; meaning for years preceding the date where the film story

can), then Hargreave would certainly trust Jones with a million dollars. Besides, should Hargreave be killed, how is Florence to come into her own unless the butler knows the secret? The money would not have been placed in Florence's trunk or grip, because she was still away at school when the million was hidden! But it must be secured so that she would obtain possession of it. If the Black Hundred rip open the Hargreave portrait, and the money is not there, the most reasonable hiding place no longer remains; if they do not touch it, then the portrait is still a strong candidate for favors! There are four questions asked: What becomes of the millionaire? What be-



Desperation Takes the Place of Cool Judgment in Braine's Mind

came of the million dollars? Whom does Florence marry? What becomes of the Russian Countess? I have often wondered why the Thanhouse people did not ask, "What becomes of Hargreave?" Instead, they ask, "What becomes of the millionaire?" Is it possible that Jones is the millionaire, or have they simply wished to confuse Jones and Hargreave in our minds? They also ask, "What became of the million?" They do not ask what "becomes" of it. In other words, where did the million dollars go after it was taken from the safe? Since the Russian Countess has not, as yet, disappeared, or been placed in a position where she would have reason to disappear, we may conclude that something most fearful is to happen to her. This being the case, it looks bad for Olga and Braine! Presumably they are not going to succeed, or else Olga would not have to be enshrouded in a mystery of "what becomes" of her! As to whom Florence marries, let us hope it is Jim Norton. Nothing else would be flavory. Also let us hope that Jim thinks he is marrying a penniless girl. The finding of the million should occur after the romance is "signed, sealed and delivered," and not before.

Strangely enough, the Thanhouse did not ask us about the ultimate destiny of Jones. Surely, he is a tremendous factor in these stirring events. Maybe the less they talked about Jones, the better it was for the mystery!

Another point to remember is this: the denouement will be based on the film story. The newspaper story will close according to what the films show, and will supply the literary features. You are not completing Mr. MacGrath's story in your solution; he will do that himself. No matter what you decide upon, think in pictures! Think in plot that can be told on the screen. Use only the materials you have seen on the screen. Even if you who read this be a literary person, shape your conclusions from a scenario angle—not from a literary viewpoint. This means that the value of the newspaper story is in helping you think. For all that, literary plot is different from scenario plot. A written story must have its punches just the same as a screen story, but not necessarily in the same places.

REVIEW OF FOURTEENTH EPISODE: *The Black Hundred* decided that if they were ever going to secure the million dollars, it was high time to search the House of Mystery, which is why they despatched one of their number on a peculiar mission. That night he waited until long after the house was dark, and then gained entrance to the library through a window. Taking down a number of volumes, he placed several packets of counterfeit money between the leaves. Just then Jones appeared, leveled a revolver at the intruder and commanded him to halt. The felon fled, Jones shot missing. The man went to a hotel and wrote a letter to the federal authorities, and Norton



There is Not Mere Alertness but Deep Reasoning Power Back of the Secret

chanced to be writing at the same table. The blotter the criminal had used contained enough evidence to make Norton alert. Norton went out to the Hargreave mansion and told Jones of his discovery. They searched the library and found the spurious bills. It was planned that the reporter was to tell the government authorities of the discovery, but to let Jones, Susan and Florence be arrested, so that the Black Hundred would later search the house. Jones told Norton about a tunnel from the stable to the residence. Norton arranged details with the chief and a dictaphone was installed in the residence. The arrest occurred as planned, and the Black Hundred, thinking the house was at their disposal, came that night and were soon ransacking it, while Norton and others were listening to all they said. Among other things they learned was the location of the counterfeiting plant. They followed the Black Hundred members, who left when they became discouraged at not locating the million. In the building to which these men went, the officers finally saw one of the conspirators at the head of the stairs and called on him to

surrender, but instead, the stairs collapsed and the officers slipped down into a pit. The band had provided against surprise.

MENTION of a secret passage between the stable and the residence, the conviction of the Black Hundred that the million is still in the House of Mystery, the strange concern of Jones over Florence's tale of her betrothal to Norton; all these are extremely important items. They are getting us over the ground—but, there is also something else, and this something else is important above a discussion of the present episode.

You know what is meant by "a figment of the mind." It means about the same as a delusion—believing what is not true—what never has been so! Has it ever occurred to you that such a "figment" runs through *The Million Dollar Mystery*? Suppose you were skilled at chess or checkers, or at some card game. You are to play against an adversary whom you do not see. All you can possibly see is what he does. The player is behind a curtain. His hands alone are shown. Yet, he watches you—and has a great advantage over you. Let us say that this player is Hargreave. You and he are using certain chessmen known as Florence, Jones, Norton, Braine, Vroon, Olga, etc. He plays them, but only as they are moved can you see what is done; not why it was done in just that way. Now and then the player (Hargreave) appears, but usually behind a mask that we know as Jones-the-butler. It rests with you to invest this unknown quantity (Hargreave) with definite attributes. You must account for his manner of life, even when he is unseen. You must assume that he is far more powerful than he would be were he always—or nearly always—in your sight.

You must take up the unseen story of this mystery and start to construct it, so that it will fit into the known story. Unless it does fit, the outcome will be uncertain. To begin with, despite Hargreave's aggressiveness, he has always shown a desire for comforts. He likes luxury. His home proves that; his wealth provides him with means to have those comforts. At a hotel, he might attract undue attention. Were he to fit up an apartment, he might be exposed to view. He does not wander the streets. He is scarcely likely to live in squalor. He does not sleep in parks. But he has to eat, bathe, shave, sleep and enjoy clean linen. How does he do it? Why hasn't Braine learned how much laundry work Jones has done? Why has Braine never hunted up Hargreave's tailor or Jones' tailor? Why has Jones never been forced to show us his handwriting? We saw Hargreave's time Miss Farlow found the note attached to the baby (Florence), and again when he wrote to have Florence return home. We have not seen Jones' chirography. Why hasn't some member of the Black Hundred attempted to



Could Jones Evince This Intense Interest?

Continued on page 37

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

THERE was nothing for Forster to do—as far as old Hazzard

was concerned. That ancient reprobate, returning, got one glimpse of the man to whom Vera, feeling, now, the reaction after her terrible day, was clinging. It was enough for him. He remembered an important engagement somewhere else; some miles away, in fact. And he made wild promises to his chauffeur depending on the speed of the cab. Exit Hazzard from the scene, from the park and—from this story!

Forster wanted to go after him, to call the police, manlike, to do something. But Vera was hysterical by now. Between sobs and laughter she managed to check him.

"Let—let him go!" she gasped. "He didn't do me any harm! And I guess he won't come back again! Did you see the funny way he wriggled as he ran away? Just as if he thought you might be going to shoot at him? Oh—the old beast!"

"Get in the car!" commanded Forster. He schooled himself to iron all the concern, all the tenderness, out of his voice. Not for nothing had he served his apprenticeship as a director. Hysterical women were not new in his experience, by any means. This time there was a difference, of course. This was no Beatrice Brewster, having a tantrum because some minor character was being made too prominent. Yet he reasoned that the same treatment, or the available modification of it, would serve.

Vera looked at him in amazement—which was part of the treatment. She hadn't known that he could speak in such a voice at all—and that helped her to make her forget herself. Then she obeyed meekly, and a moment later she was meeting the rush of the wind in her face, which is certainly the next best thing to a dash of cold water. Forster took chances with the speed limit and the park police, but he felt that his star was in the ascendant. He had found Vera—surely nothing so trivial as an arrest for speeding could break the spell of the night that was falling about them.

As the car rushed onward Vera still sobbed and cried aloud with laughter. She was pressed close beside him, and he could feel the throbbing of her body. But, after they were out of the park, and he had, perforce, to slow down in the crowded streets to the north, before he could reach the comparative isolation of Riverside Drive at the dinner hour, he felt that she was gaining some measure of self control. The laughter died away; the sobs continued. But they grew fainter. And at last he felt that it was safe to turn to her for a moment.

"Feel better?" he said. "Air pretty good? Lord—you're thin, child!"

That was all. Not a question as to where she had been, nor why she had gone there. And therein he showed his wisdom. For that, and all the other questions that must be asked and answered between them, there was time and to spare. Some men might have assailed her at once, not only with questions, but with reproaches. Feeling, now that it was over, the strain of what he had gone through while he searched for her, Forster might well have snapped, and, for the moment, been almost ugly. But he was not.

For a time she did not answer. When she did speak, her voice was almost normal. Not quite; little sobs still caught her breath, from time to time, and betrayed her as she tried to frame a word with her lips. But mentally she had recovered; she knew, at least, what she wanted to say.

"I—I'm all right," she managed. "I was

awfully tired. The store—the air was so bad—and I was on my feet—they were so tired—they hurt so much."

"Yes," he said. "The store? It was a bad day—even in the air."

So that was it! She had gone back to the store—and he had never thought of it! The very thought of it made him sick—and yet he could not begin to guess what it had meant to her. No man could do that. No woman, even, who had not shared the experience. And still he waited, for her to speak. Still he dammed the floodgates of the speech that was in him, demanding release.

She said no more for a time. They sped along the quiet roads now. The air, as they got out of town, was better. She sank back and enjoyed it; let herself go. And with the clean, fresh air that poured into her lungs came healing. Somehow the weariness slipped from her. The sharp, shooting pains ceased to stab her feet. They were still sore; she knew, from experience, that they would be so for days, even if she rested. Yet she could not help the feeling that his presence gave her. She felt secure; that was it. It seemed to her, now, that her troubles were over.

Perhaps new ones were beginning. One thing she knew; she had known it all along. He had found her, and that meant the end. She had lost her old strength, her old power of resistance. Hazzard, despite the doubts that had assailed her, she had never really feared, nor any of his kind. No matter how bad things were, she could have coped with him. Even the momentary surrender implied by her letting him take her in the cab had meant only sheer physical exhaustion; at the moment of need she had been able to rally and fight him off.

But Forster was no Hazzard. She had

And She Held Her Head High, Too, as She Went with Him to the Table They Had Had the Other Night.



known, from the first, she felt, that he was not; that he was different. And she had certainly known it when she had hidden herself from him. That was why she had taken refuge in flight. Now that it was over she was not sorry. Not really. As she turned to steal a look at him, while he sat, looking intently at the road ahead, his mind on the task of steering the car, she knew that no other man had ever affected her as he was doing. She had made her fight; she had lost it. Well, then—why struggle? Why ape a foolish bird, beating out its wings against the cage from which there was no escape?

"Where are we going?" she asked, at last, in a small, meek voice. And inconsequently: "That was old Hazzard—did I tell you? He promised to take me home—I was so sick! And the beast—the beast—you saw where he took me—"

"We're going to dinner, just now," said Forster, cheerfully, but firmly. "We're going to the same place where we had dinner that other night—and we're going to have the same table we had then, if I have to take it away from some one else and throw them out to get it!" "Oh!" she said, contentedly. "I—I just wanted to know."

Silence, again, until they drew up outside the inn she remembered so well. He helped her out; then ran the car around to the side, and joined her, on the porch, where she was waiting for him.

"Go inside—wash your face," he commanded, in the same tone he had used ever since she had recovered herself. "You've been crying—and you're not as pretty as you ought to be. I always insist on having pretty ladies with me

at dinner, you know—especially in a place where I'm known. Hurry—I'll get the table."

A few weeks before that would have drawn her out. Forster knew that; he had, perhaps, been testing her. But now she only smiled, a rather wan little smile, too, and turned to obey him. He said something beneath his breath as the head waiter approached; something that would have startled her with its ferocious vehemence. He was consigning Hazard, Gudge, Bartlett, Beatrice Brewster, and all others, known and unknown, who were in any way responsible for her present fate to perdition. What he did not know, you see, he could make fair shift to guess.

When she rejoined him her cheeks were shining. Her color was high, yet she had scorned the aid of the powder she had found ready to her hand. And she held her head high, too, as she went with him to the table they had had that other night, the night of the accident that had had such momentous consequences. There were not many diners at the tables they passed; it was late. But there were enough to make a woman think of her clothes, and Vera thought of her's. Yet she did not flinch, though the garb prescribed for the salesladies of Gudge and Bartlett's is not that of the suburban roadhouse. Still—what did it matter? There were graver things than clothes to be settled at that table! That much, at least, Vera could understand.

Vera watched Forster as he gave the order. He did not consult her at all; she was grateful for that. She wanted a chance to see him in the light. He hadn't changed. Not much, at least. For the first time there crept into her mind a doubt. She wondered, then, if she had been so absolutely right. His face was certainly more lined than it had been. There were new creases that had not been there before. And yet—surely that could not be her fault. He could not have been worried about her; not enough so, at any rate, to show it in his face.

"I prescribe a cocktail," he said, as the waiter slipped away. She mouthed a protest; before she could speak he checked her. "Oh, I know you don't!" he said, quickly. "But this time it's different. I said prescribe—it's really medicine. You need it."

"All right," she said, and he laughed aloud at the change in her. That braced her a little; wasn't he, perhaps, the least bit cruel? Wasn't he pushing her—almost too hard? But she only looked at him.

"Now!" he said, settling back in his chair, when the cocktails had been brought. "Suppose you tell me all about it? Where you went? And—why?"

She hadn't expected that. His voice was still even. There was no hint of reproach. He meant to put the whole burden on her, then, to make her explain. And suddenly, without knowing why, she was at a tremendous disadvantage, and knew it. For there were reasons, and those the compelling ones, for what she had done, that she could never put into words, with him sitting there, opposite her. She had come a long way since the last time she had sat here with him. And yet—not far enough for that! Could she tell him that she had been afraid of him—and why? At the very thought the color rushed into her face, and it was a crimson stain as she regarded him.

But he waited, inexorably. After all—he

was entitled to the explanation he had asked. His question was the simple one, the normal one, the one she should have expected. She should have been preparing herself for it while they came. But she was fairly caught. She began confusedly, falteringly.

"I—I didn't know what to do," she said. "I was—upset. I was worried about you. Resigning that way. There was no need for you to do that. And—oh—I don't know! I didn't want to bother you. I didn't want you to feel that you had to keep on doing things for me the way you'd been doing. I knew, you see, just what you had done. I understood that you were doing an awful lot for me. And I—"

She stopped, abruptly. No matter which path she took toward the explanation, it seemed to bring her to the brink of a precipice. How could she have finished that sentence? Told him that she knew why he was doing what he had done—and that she could not give him what he wanted in return? She began again.

"I thought you had an idea you had to see

"So that's all?" he said, finally, when he saw that she had no intention of saying any more. "That's all you've got to say to me—after all these weeks?"

She nodded her head, helplessly.

"Isn't it enough?" she asked, pitifully. "What more do you want me to say?"

He ignored that.

"I told you I wanted to see you, didn't I?" he said. "That I was so far from being sorry for what had happened that I felt you had done me the best turn anyone had ever done me in all my life? You didn't believe me, I suppose?"

"Oh—how could I?"

"It was up to me, I think," he said, rather grimly. He reminded her, now, of one of those black thunder clouds that come rolling across the river at the flag-end of a blazing afternoon. "I wonder if you've any idea of the trouble you've nearly made for me? I've found you just in time!"

She had no answer for that. She felt that it was coming now; the explosion she had invited.

"I counted on you," he went on. "I planned certain things—and they depended on you. Do you know what I am? I'm one of the best producers in the movie business. You don't have to take my word for that." He laughed.

"I couldn't have said that a few weeks ago. I didn't know it myself! It took the trouble at the Climax to make me see it myself. I found it out when they began coming after me! But—do you know something else?"

"A director is as helpless by himself as an expert automobile driver who hasn't got a car. He's got to have the sort of people who can do the things he wants done. And if he's any good he's got individuality—he isn't just like all the others. That means that everyone can't act for him—that he's got to have just the right ones. Well—I grew to understand that. And I made my plans, and my arrangements. They all depended on you—and then you disappeared! Do you understand what that meant?"

"But—that's impossible!" she stammered. "You don't mean that. How could it be so?"

"I don't know!" he said, angrily. "Why is it that you've got just the peculiar things I've always looked for—and never found before? People who've grown up with this game haven't got 'em—you have. That's the answer. You've got lots to learn—Lord, you've got so much to learn that there'll be days, while you're learning, when you'll wish you were back in an easy job like selling ribbons or whatever junk you did sell! But when you've learned! That's when you are going to realize the difference. Listen, Vera. You're going to be a star—one of the great big, fixed stars. Beatrice Brewster! Pah!"

He wiped Beatrice Brewster from the earth and the water bottle from the table with one sweeping gesture. The catastrophe made them both laugh, which was just the thing they ought to have done. And while the waiters repaired damages, they had a chance to pull themselves together. When they were left alone together Vera sighed.

"I—I guess I've been an awful little fool," she said. "But I never dreamed that I was really as good as that. I did think that if I kept on, and worked hard, I might be able to hold a job. But I never thought you could really need me!"

"You won't run away again?" he said. "You won't be foolish any more?"

"Never any more," she said, faintly. "I couldn't—after this."

(Continued on page 32)



"I-I Guess I've Been An Awful Little Fool," She Said, "But I Never Dreamed That I Was as Good as That."

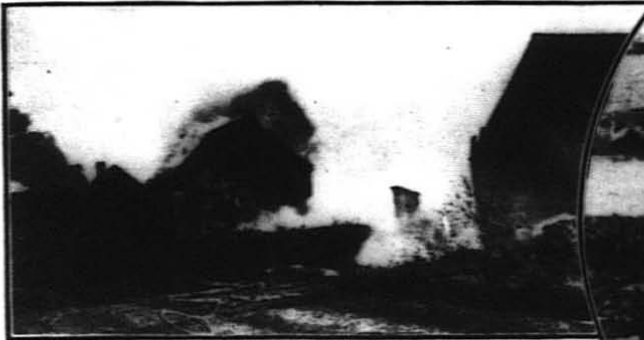
me through," she said. "And so—and so—I wanted to show you that that wasn't so. I wanted to show you that I could look after myself."

She looked at him, hoping for some comment, some word that would give her time, at least. None came. But there was an interruption that saved her, for the moment. Even in the restaurants about New York food that has been ordered will be brought, some time. The waiter appeared. His presence enforced silence—or talk, at least, on other topics. They had none, and watched him, quietly, until he had served them. Then she found his eye upon her again.

"I went back to the store," she said. "I found there was a chance—so things were just as they had been, you see. You thought, at the start, that it was Miss Brewster's fault that I'd been fired—and you were sorry for me. So you tried to get me something else. And when I got the chance to go back, you see, it was just as if that had never happened. As if you and she had never come into the store that day. It was all right again. Don't you see?"

Still he watched her. But this time he could get no more words from her. There was nothing more she could say—unless she told the truth. And that she could not do. Not all of it. Some of what she had said already was true enough; all of it, in fact. The motives she had given had influenced her. But that was all. She knew—and she felt that he knew it as well as she—that they would not have been enough, in and of themselves.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE BATTLEFIELDS



The Belgians Burned Countless Cottages and Other Buildings in Front of the Antwerp Fortifications to Prevent the Germans from Approaching Too Close to the Besieged City



The Horrors of the War. A Photograph Taken After the Battle of Ypres Showing the Effect of a Belgian Shell



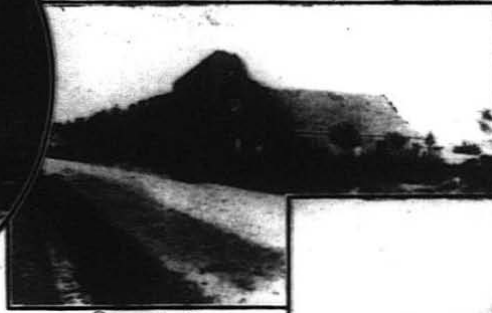
A Bridge across the Meuse River at Vise Dynamited by the Belgians to Hinder the Advance of the Germans



The Germans Burned Numerous Villages in Belgium. In Moulant Scarcely a Roof was Left Standing



A Scene of Wreck and Ruin in Vise, Belgium, after Its Invasion by the Germans. Not a House in the Street Shows is Intact



A Belgian Village Shelled by the Germans During Their Advance on Liège



An Ambulance Train Composed of All Manner of Vehicles Carrying the Dead and Wounded into Brussels before That City was Evacuated



The Residents of Waciam, a Suburb of Antwerp, Cheerfully Destroyed Their Homes in Order that the Fortifications at Antwerp Might Get a Clear Sweep of the Enemies' Lines

On the Battle Lines

Troops of Four Nations in Action



© Underwood & Underwood
A Reconnoitering of Cossacks "The Rough Riders" of the Russian Army. These Troops are the Mainstay of the Russian's Advance on Berlin



© International News Service
A Remarkable Photograph of Belgian Troops on the Firing Line Close to Tirlemont, Belgium

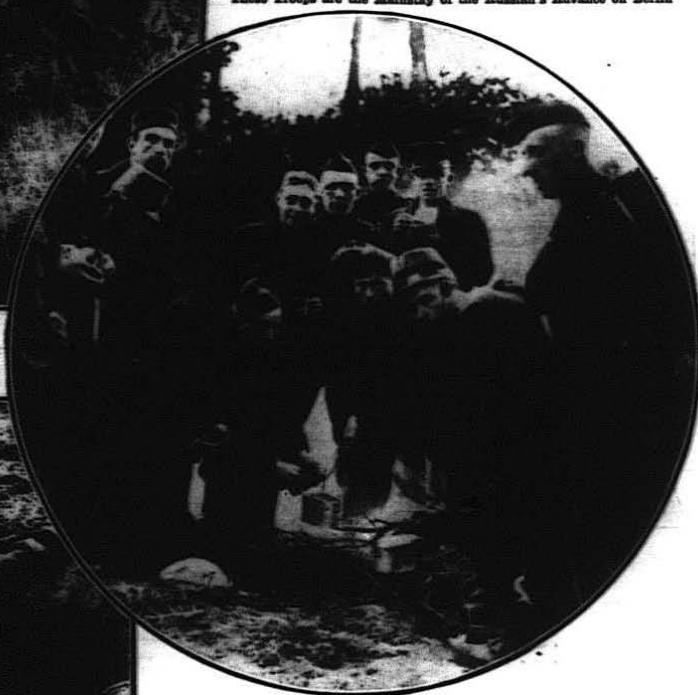


Photo International News Service
Belgian Soldiers near Diest Cooking a Scanty Meal on the Firing Line between Engagements

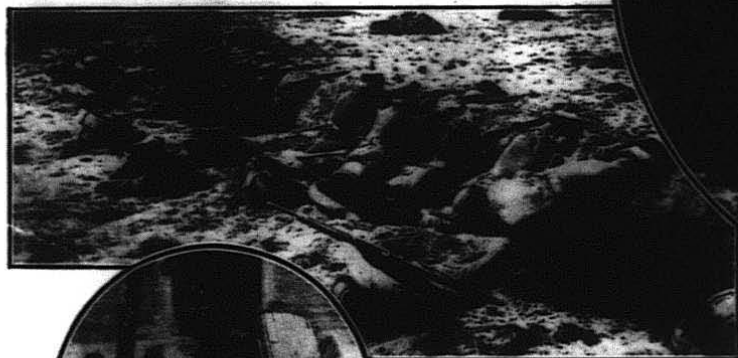


Photo International News Service
During the German Advance through Belgium, Shallow Rifle Pits were Thrown Up at Frequent Intervals



© International News Service
Belgian Riflemen on the Road Leading to Louvain Awaiting the Coming of the German Uhlans

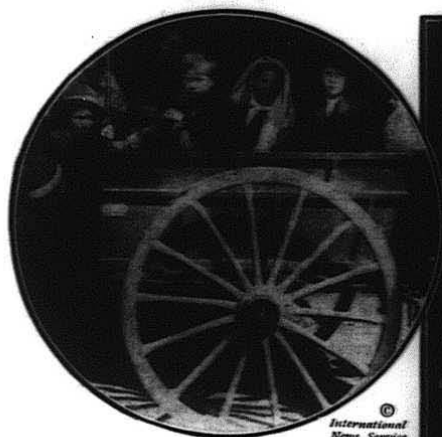


© Underwood & Underwood
A Line of French Infantrymen Awaiting to Destroy One of the Germans' Zeppelin Bomb-Throwing Balloons



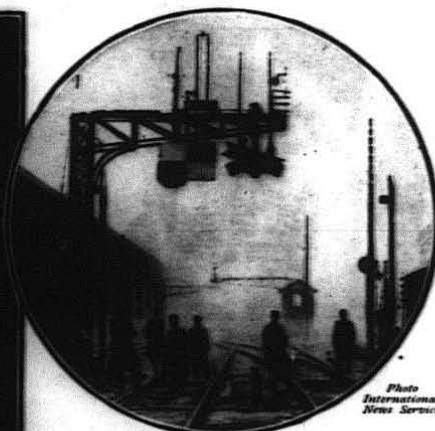
© International News Service
The Fighting was so Continuous that the Belgian Troops had to Snatch What Little Rest They Could Between Engagements

Scenes In and Around Paris



A Continuous Stream of Refugees in All Sorts of Vehicles Rushed Out of Paris as the German Army Heared That City

© International News Service



French Soldiers were Placed on Guard on All the Railroads Entering Paris as Soon as the Germans Set Foot on France

Photo International News Service



Photo International News Service

French Soldiers were Also Put in Charge of the Trains Even to Driving the Locomotives



© Underwood & Underwood

A Powerful Searchlight Atope the Famous Eiffel Tower in Paris was Used at Night to Search for the German Bomb-Throwing Dirigible Which Hovered Over the French Capital



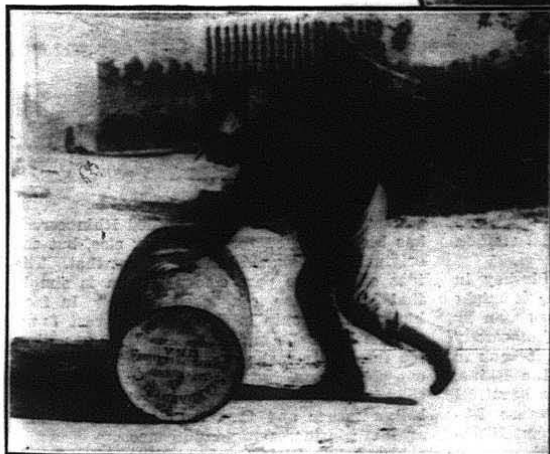
© Underwood & Underwood

The Owners of Thousands of Private Automobiles Offered Their Cars to the French Government for Red Cross Service. This Photograph Shows a Line of Cars Which Have Just Been Mustered into Service at the Red Cross Headquarters



Photo International News Service

Burning Houses in the Suburb in Order That the Defending Force Might Have an Unobstructed View of the Enemies' Approach. Hundreds of Homes were Destroyed in This Manner



© International News Service

Soldiers Rolling a Barrel of Oil to Aid in Quickly Destroying Cottages on the Outskirts of Paris. It is Interesting to Know That the End of the Barrel is Lettered "Standard Oil Company, U. S. A."



© International News Service

Soaking a House with Oil near Paris. The Territory around the Ports was Cleared in Record Time by This Method

HOW THE RING-TAI OVER RAYMOND

By WILLIAM M.



It was at Raymond Hitchcock's Summer Home, Bellemond, on Long Island, That Laurence McCloskey Read Aloud His Story of "The Ring-Tailed Rhinoceros" and Won That Famous Comedian Over to the Movies

"NO MOVIES for muh; nosiree!" Raymond Hitchcock, comic opera star, spoke firmly. His charming wife, known in stageland as Flora Zabelle, nodded her pretty head approvingly.

The head of the Lubin Film Manufacturing Company appeared despondent—naturally enough. His arguments, intended to tempt Raymond into filmland, had been many and varied; he told of other popular players who have acted for the motion pictures; he spoke in attractive terms of contracts and of valuable publicity; in a nutshell, the Lubin people wanted Raymond Hitchcock and his wife in motion pictures and said so in their most effective and appealing way.

Nothing doing with Hitchcock.

As a final effort, Laurence S. McCloskey, editor of Lubin photoplays, was sent to "Bellemond," Mr. Hitchcock's beautiful home on Long Island Sound. McCloskey and Hitchcock are warm friends.

"Well, Larry, I'll contract with you and we'll do one of my best known vehicles," genially conceded Mr. Hitchcock. Pretty Flora Zabelle softly patted her little hands.

And then came the argument.

"Hitchie," pleaded McCloskey, "you know that this stage stuff is the old story of about ninety per cent comical repartee and ten per cent action. Let's do something original; a hit-'em-between-the-eyes, so to speak."

"This original dope is all O. K., Larry," replied Raymond. "But you know this movie stuff; cod-fish and onion and me cheild sort of dope. I know the sort of stuff you movie writers put over, and it'll never do for us. Eh, Flora Zabelle?"

Mrs. Hitchcock shook her curls in a decided manner.

"Two-thirds of you actors think the script writers either steal their stuff or write it stereotyped. When I say we'll put up a scenario that will hit-'em-between-the-eyes I mean just that," asserted Larry McCloskey impressively.

The argument was taken up again at the Lamb's Club; then in Hitchcock's dressing room at the Astor theatre. All the while, McCloskey was getting a good line on Hitchcock's personality and his ideas, and was more

ambitious than ever to write the star into something new.

"Gimme a week, Hitchie," beseeched Larry, "and I'll show you something."

Now Raymond Hitchcock is known in vulgar parlance as a good sport. He finally agreed to McCloskey's fervent wish but with the understanding that any original photoplay would have to be good enough in itself to offset the advertising value that would go with one of the known Hitchcock successes.

The exterior scenes of "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" were taken on Long Island, and the gardens of the homes of divers and sundry millionaires were utilized.

"I think I used about everything on the Hitchcock estate," says Mr. McCloskey in speaking of the new picture. "Mrs. Hitchcock—Flora Zabelle—plays Marybelle, and the Weeping Princess. You will notice 'The Counselor Bird.' Hitchcock has two macaws at his residence and I couldn't refrain from getting one of them into the picture because 'Hitchie' does a great stunt of talking to the bird."

"Yes, most of the people in the lawn party scenes are real society folk, residents of the 14 K Colony on Long Island. 'Hitchie' and I motored over the Island and we had exclusive locations galore—the residents were willing to do anything for Raymond."

"Mr. Hitchcock is a serious man with big ideals," continued McCloskey, "and he now looks upon movie writers and the movie world with a changed perspective. His old attitude was a natural one—many of the stars of spoken drama and opera have it—but they're changing, they're changing."



Raymond Hitchcock, as John Carter, Tells Little Billie the Story of the Ring-Tailed Rhino

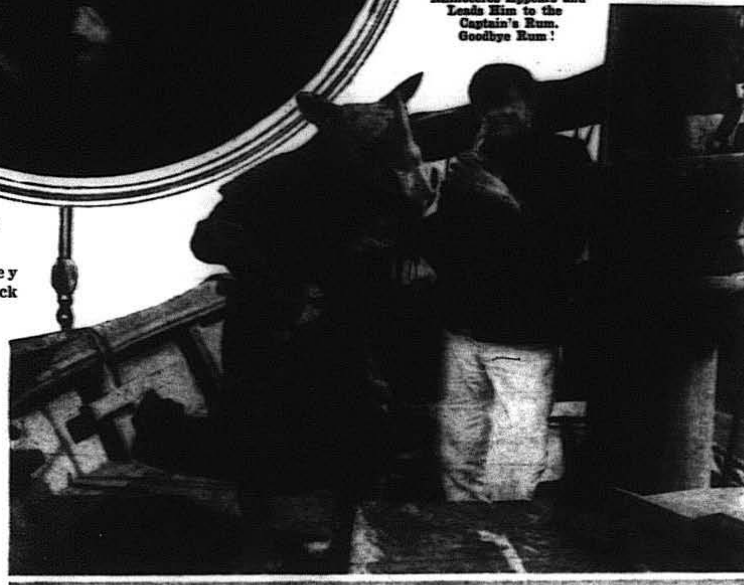
McCloskey hurried back to his office at Lubinville, and burned the midnight oil in putting on paper an inspiration that he thought would prove a clincher with Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock.

"You'll never win him over, old top," predicted members of the Lubin editorial staff in the usual manner.

"Just you wait," asseverated McCloskey in his most obstinate manner. And so it might be said that Raymond Hitchcock was won by waiting—and by the "Ring-tailed Rhinoceros."

In a week's time, McCloskey beat it back to New York with the "skeleton" of the Rhino. Mr. Hitchcock took his guest to the beautiful Hitchcock home over Sunday. Before McCloskey had read half the plot to him, Hitchcock was acting the part. In another week McCloskey had completed the scenario and, to make his happiness complete, George Terwilliger was detailed to produce it.

In His Dream Carter Becomes what a Harsh Critic Had Once Predicted a Tramp. He is Shaghaired By Pirates. The Ring-Tailed Rhinoceros Appears and Leads Him to the Captain's Room. Goodbye Hum!



Now the name "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" has been switched for something else, but the original name should have stood, at that. The idea of the five part comedy-drama is simply that John Carter is a "good fellow." In fact, his goodfellowship is Carter's one great fault, for the highballs and cock-tails which go with it too frequently make him forget his more serious obligations, and are cause for real anxiety to his charming fiancée, Marybelle. Marybelle's father and Carter's friends warn him against his increasing indulgence.

Marybelle's little brother, Billie, asks Carter what is making Marybelle so sad. Carter, pressed for an answer, replies evasively saying: "It's a Ring-tailed Rhinoceros." Billie takes

LED RHINO WON HITCHCOCK HENDERSON

him seriously and vows to kill the wicked Rhino so that Marybelle will no longer be sad. Carter finally arrives at Marybelle's announcement party, intoxicated. Her parents in anger force her to break the engagement. Billie sees Marybelle crying and starts out alone to kill the rhinoceros. Marybelle's rejection of him hits Carter hard. He returns to his apartments despondent and there he finds little Billie, who has come to ask assistance in his hunt for the Rhino.

The little fellow's seriousness touches Carter more than all the warnings and scoldings. Taking Billie on his knee, he tells him they will kill the Rhino—and they begin to plan how to do it. Billie falls asleep and so does Carter. And Carter dreams—

In his dream Carter becomes what a harsh creditor had once predicted—a tramp. He finds himself

into believing he is after the Rhino until the "Counsellor Bird," failing to make Carter ashamed of himself, tells the Prince about it. They plan to cut Carter's head off, but the little Prince once more intercedes for him and at Carter's pleading sets out with him to kill the Rhino.

When the Pirates Discover that Carter Has Been Away with All of Captain's Rum, They Are Very Much Amused to Say the Least. Like All Good Pirates They Like Rum Themselves. Wherefore it was Necessary to Chase Carter All Over the Ship and Finally to Make Him Walk a Plank—Which Should Have Been the End of Carter, But it Wasn't



penniless on foreign soil. He is shanghaied by pirates. The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros appears and leads him to the Captain's rum. Goodbye rum! The pirates chase him around the ship and finally make him walk the plank. Carter swims and swims endlessly and finally crawls out on an island. A guard appears and chases him. Others appear and Carter falls at the feet of the little Prince (who looks remarkably like Billie) and begs to be saved. The Prince saves him from the soldiers and takes him to see his sister, "The Weeping Princess," "who weeps and weeps and never sleeps." (The Princess greatly resembles Marybelle.) She is fated to weep forever until the Ring Tailed Rhinoceros has been slain. Carter promises to kill the Rhino, so, although the Frowning King and Queen trust him not, the Prince gives him an eight-legged horse, "Resolution," and Carter starts on his hunt. He meets the Rhino, but, sad to relate, instead of a killing, they have a quiet party together in the King's wine cellar. This continues night after night for some time, Carter deceiving the royal family

household.

On the way, Carter finds a bottle of wine—and—Oh! how good it looks. Just as he is about to put it to his lips, the Prince commands: "The Rhino is here. Kill him!" and as the dreaded beast plunges into the throne room, Carter sends the bottle hurtling at its head. The Rhino falls dead.

The Princess stops crying and, her beautiful face radiant, throws herself upon Carter's manly bosom. The King, Queen and all the Court hail Carter as a hero and tog him up in wonderful silken garments and the little Prince says: "Now, you are going to be happy ever after."

And, although this prophecy is made in a dream, it is fulfilled in real life, for Carter awakens a saner and a sober man and tells Billie and Marybelle that he has killed the Ring-tailed Rhinoceros "good and dead." Oddly enough, time proves that he has. "And they all live happy ever after."

In this day of slap-stick buffoonery a photofantasy such as this is distinctly unique in



The Comic Opera Star is Here Seen Surrounded by His Friends Though It is Difficult to Recognize Them



every way. I predict that this photoplay will create a sensation and blaze a new trail along originality's pathway. Pathos of the kind that brings the smile with the tear, and lively humor, are found at every turn of the story, and the action abounds in delicious little bits impossible to describe

in words.

The cast is a notable one, including Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Zabelle, Raymond Hackett, Ida Waterson, Edward Metcalf, Herbert Fortier and others. The costumes and scenery are exceptionally beautiful. Best of all, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock have been won over to the screen and will undoubtedly prove as popular in photoplayland as they are behind the footlights.

"The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros," it is said, may be adapted from the screen for a comic opera, starring the Hitchcocks. It is not unlikely that, instead of motion picture adapting plays from the stage, that soon the stage will be borrowing from the once humble movies. This fact opens more possibilities. Movie actors, notably John Bunny, James Lackaye and others are already leaving the movies for the spoken drama in obedience to the popular demand. Authors of the photoplay will soon, we predict, be drawing royalties from stageland for their successful photoplay plots. "The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros" won Raymond Hitchcock. What more could a photoplay do?

For the Panama Exposition

THE use of motion pictures in demonstrating the results that are being attained by the United States forestry service is the latest publicity feature to be taken up by the department of agriculture.

Some of the features of national forestry that have been included in the motion pictures are lumbering, the pictures covering everything from the signing of the government contract to the sawing of the boards; planting, grazing and protection. In the northwest one film of pictures traces the water supply of a great city from protection of the watersheds on a national forest to a point where it flows from a bubbling fountain on a city street.

Seven thousand feet of film will be used in making the pictures, but this will be reduced to 5,000 feet for exhibiting purposes. The pictures are being made chiefly for the Panama-Pacific exposition, but duplicate films will also be released throughout the country at the same time.

Realism in the Movies

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted By Our Readers

MANY faults that might be condoned or overlooked in fiction, stand out in the films as grievous errors. The fundamental appeal in the movies is seeing what takes place. It is this magnified proportion of reality that places a definite obligation on the producers, with only rare exceptions. To illustrate, we quote the following from a correspondent, giving also our own comment:

Objects to the Fantastic

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial.
Dear Sir:

I recently viewed a film, the name of which I cannot recall. However, the idea was founded on a vision. A young girl fell in a swoon, due to some great shock, and she saw angels and many other sights that I deny are real. I wish you would take this kind of production to task. It is an insult to one's intelligence.

Yours truly,

H. E. K.

The "vision" or religious film is not supposed to be a reality, nor does it appeal to intelligence, but rather to sentiment. It is allegorical; and pretends to be nothing else. It seeks to picture sentiments and emotions and not actual circumstances. Through a religious or an emotional vehicle, it attempts to point a moral. This same answer applies to all fantastic productions. They are not necessarily "insults to intelligence," because they do not pretend to be real, and they should not cause resentment among those who view them. Even if they appeal only to 20 per cent of the audience, that 20 per cent is entitled to them. Such films, however, do not predominate nor are they growing in number.

"Seven Sealed Orders"

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial.

I recently viewed "Seven Sealed Orders," an Essanay mystery drama. Permit me to say that it was not "according to Hoyle." For instance, an A. D. T. boy comes in with an envelope that contains \$20,000 in currency. Usually, a bank messenger, trusted employee or expressman bearing a "red sealed" package, would attend to so important a mission. Again, when the young man buys the hotel and adjoining property, he gets "the papers," presumably deeds, but no abstracts. Also, the vault in the bank was robbed. We did not see it blown open. Do not vaults have time-lock attachments even in small-town banks?

Respectfully,

A MOVIE FAN.

We viewed "Seven Sealed Orders" ourselves, and admit that the above criticism merits consideration. So long as "the papers" are present, the scenario writer and the director appear to believe that is sufficient. Still, there was no gross breach of realism. The film that carries just to carry out details of realism may lose its story interest. But so long as the facts can be shown with no more effort than the fancies, why not use the facts? "Seven Sealed Orders" could have had an express employee call with the money, with no more effort than using the youthful messenger. People who are accustomed to sending money, usually exercise some reasonable degree of precaution, and ought to do so even in the films. We think that it would have been quite as easy to secure an abstract of title along with the deed, as it was to rush in with "the papers." Any person who has traded in property knows that "the papers" must be correct or there might be a flaw in the title. We might add that "Rajahs" usually are accompanied by their servants. The oriental is "longer" on ceremony than the occidental. The

rajah in question may have been the exception! Otherwise, the oddity of "Seven Sealed Orders" held the audience and had many points of merit.

Says the Train was too Slow

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Sir:

I raise my protest against the "fast express" scene in the eleventh episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery." The train moved too slowly. It must have been one of those "safety first" railways!

Yours respectfully,

JOHN E. M.

This being a technical question, we submitted it to a "traveling engineer" of a great railway system.

"The objection of John E. M. is not well taken. The scene showed a considerable stretch of straight track. The engineer could have seen Norton on the rails for a considerable distance—maybe the best part of a mile. He could also see Florence rush in madly and might have known something serious was wrong. He would move his brake-valve handle over to 'emergency' if the train was going forty or more miles an hour, and would close the throttle-valve. A heavy express train would require half a mile or more for stopping, were its speed considerable. Florence ran to the switch and threw it. The train was gradually slowing down. John E. M. is wrong. But, here I arise with my objections: Who left the switch unlocked? Even though a life was saved, the employee who forgot to lock the switch should have been fired!"

"Yours for Realism,

"F. M. D."

Really, we had not looked at it that way, but we are convinced that while "John E. M." is wrong "F. M. D." is right. Let them fire the employee who hadn't locked the switch!

A Tight-Rope Walker Laments

We can see that this department is going to reach into all manner of strange places, and dig down deep into all trades and professions. We promise caution only where a fight might result!

This is a sample of what we may expect. It comes from "An Old Circus Man," and here is what he says:

"I saw 'The Fruits of Vengeance,' which, I believe, was a Vitagraph production. The story hinges on a tight-rope walker's love for another man's wife. That part is none of my business, because I have been married happily three times. But this is where I object: The rope is nearly cut through—it is tied to a steel beam—the rope has been in bad condition for days, but the 'artist' has never thought enough of his fool neck to examine it. Now, I'd like to see any aerial performer who failed to look over his trappings before taking a chance. Besides, ropes are not tied that way. They are fastened by block-and-tackle rigging, so that they may be tightened! If any rope-walker were as careless as that one, the sooner he met death, the better. I'm 'agin' his methods!"

Maybe so! It sounds reasonable, at least. Come to think of it, that rope idea might have been more realistic, and yet how could the Vitagraph people know there would be an old rope-walker in the audience? Rope-walkers are not plentiful. The sins that are most easily detected concern the law, medicine, etc., but of 20,000,000 movie patrons, it is quite likely there will be found critics in all lines. We must shield the producers against unjust criticism, because they wish to have everything just

right, and usually call in experts if they are uncertain.

A Miner says "Nay"

"I saw a film called, 'In Golden Gulch.' I don't recall the name of the producing company. There was a miner's daughter in the cast, and she had a love affair with a hero and a villain. The villain was after the old man's 'gold mine' and potted the old fellow with a squirrel gun. Lizzie, the daring daughter, was determined to foil the aforementioned villain and went out with a pick-axe and shovel, dug in the hills a few seconds and yanked out a nugget. Now, it makes me half angry and half happy to see such a fool stunt. I tramped in the 'A. Y. & Minnie' in Leadville, pounded steel in the 'Vindicator' at Cripple Creek, sorted ore at the 'California' in Gilpin Co., Colo., ran a machine drill in the Goldfield Consolidated, and have prospected from the head-waters of the Yukon to Sinsloa, Mexico. Who in thunder is going to drive a pick-axe into solid rock? Besides, nuggets are associated with placer mines, and not with hard-rock workings! If gold could be mined as easily as that, this country would have several multi-billionaires, and I would be one of them. If you've ever seen the prospectors' skeletons along Bright Angel Trail, you'd know that what Gen. Sherman said about war applies to mining!"

"Yours for Realism,

JAMES ALEXANDER."

Mr. Alexander is probably right. Maybe the scenario writer took his cue from a mining stock prospectus, where the stock was "fully paid and forever non-assessable," and in which was John Ingall's poem on "Opportunity." Mining in granite with a pick-axe is "no good way." We hope the miner's daughter wore gloves, for otherwise she might have blistered her willing hands!

Scenario Writers Invited

Scenario writers are asked to join in this discussion. If we publish a criticism that calls forth a defense, we shall be glad to have the scenario writer come forward and defend himself. The idea of this criticism is not that the faulty plots are no good. They may be exceptionally clever. At the same time, it is not true that the films must be more or less educational? If we view an event in every-day life, it should utilize the materials at hand. Many of the film productions fail in this respect. They create methods, manners and customs that are unreal. Hence, they give the public wrong impressions, and, therefore, strike at education's progress. When we take the broad view, there is a reason for Realism in the movies, and though pride may suffer in this altar of film "vivisection," we must continue it.

"F. M. D." Wins the \$5.00

Wishing to be fair—meaning impartial—in our judgment, we have awarded this issue's \$5 prize to "F. M. D." We think that his technical point is the closest to realism, and that the switch had no right being left unlocked.

Each issue, we shall make a \$5 award to the person who, in our opinion, has presented the best criticism; not necessarily the best written, but the most logical. Why not go after the \$5 award? Even if you do not win it, there is some fun in keeping the Realism idea moving—and also some amount of good. Your name will not be published unless you are willing to have it. Also, no employee of The Movie Pictorial or Photoplay Magazine can win a prize. It is for "outside talent" solely. Hurry your letters! Address them to Realism Editor, The Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

"The Aztec Treasure"

And the Part It Played in Many Lives

By MINERVA MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ECLAIR FILM

DICK HENSHAW had a number of reasons for being in Mexico. One was that he had nothing in particular to do. He had enough money to make it unnecessary for him to toil for a living in the more prosaic ways that necessity imposes upon most young men; he had, also, an intense desire to feel that he was somewhere near the centre of the most important and interesting activity that was open to him. Some older man, seeing him in college, had once remarked that Dick had been born a hundred years or so too late.

"The time for him," said this wise man, "was when a youth who wanted to go out and fight, as a more or less continuous performance could be accommodated—and could get something for doing it. Glory, or wealth, or both. As it is now—"

He had finished with a shrug of the shoulders. But that was before the Mexican troubles began to be really interesting. Dick had followed the adventure of Madero, the idealist, with a deep and absorbing interest. There was a little more than the lust for fighting to drive him. He had vague dreams of a time when people should be governed by themselves, and as they chose. And it seemed to him that Madero was imbued with the same ideas. And so the rising in Mexico City, and its culmination in the murder of Madero, had finally stirred him to the point of going south, when it became plain that the work Madero had begun was not to be abandoned.

But at first he was disappointed. He didn't find the sort of fighting he had looked for, or, rather, had hoped for. There were no armies, in the real sense of the word. There was plenty of fighting, to be sure, but it was rather hard to distinguish it from plain theft and pillage. In those days Villa had not begun the work that will make him live in the military history of Mexico—he had yet to prove that Mexican soldiers could be taught to storm fortified places, and, above all, to obey orders, even if those orders involve fighting at night, which every Mexican of the days before the second fall of Torreón regarded as not only dangerous, but the height of bad manners. Didn't the enemy want to sleep at night, like other people? Well, then?

In those days Villa wandered about the country, with little more than a fixed idea in his head. Now, there is no greater thing in all the world than an idea, if the right man has it. But it was hard for people to see that Villa might be the right man. So Dick was more than once on the point of going home, and waiting for a chance to do some real fighting.

That he didn't have little to do with either idealism or the wanderlust. It was attributable, in a far higher degree, to one Dolores. The father of Dolores was a Mexican. But, in spite of that, she had a perfectly good excuse for

making Dick stay in Mexico. In the main, there is little of either romance or beauty about the veiled and mysterious "beauties" of Mexico. But—Dolores was not like the rest—partly because her mother had been an American. She saved Dick's life, one day, when he was riding with the troops, and some of the Federals of the district surprised it. She hid him first; then she fed him. And after that Dick managed to do a good deal of his fighting in the neighborhood of the great hacienda of Mescalite.

had been made against Agramonte. In one way and another his estates had vanished. Now—he kept the books of the Hacienda Mescalite. In return for which he had food for himself and Dolores, and a little house—better than the hovels of the peons, poorer than the quarters of the saddle horses of Miguel Perez.

The peons liked him. He did many things for them; granted them such small favors as he could. Perez despised him. It is the habit of those who have stayed up to scorn those who have been pushed down.

Dick was never one to hold doubts. He had seen Dolores, upon the occasion when she had saved his life, for less than twenty minutes.

Yet the time was enough—for him. Not a month passed, after that, without seeing him ride up to her door. He was safe enough; unless some one betrayed his connection with the insurrection that was so slowly gaining power, he would not be suspected of complicity with Villa and his brigands, as Don Miguel called the future general. There were mines in the neighborhood where all the engineers were English and Americans. And there was no uniform to betray him. In those days the soldiers of the tropas wore no distinguishing garb.

He wooed Dolores from the beginning, ardently. She was less swift. She liked him; that much she was ready to admit from the beginning. But, even when she had reached the point of surrender, when she confessed

that, after all, she did love him enough to marry him, she refused absolutely to leave her father.

"All right—we'll take him with us," said Dick, practically.

But she shook her head.

"He will not go," she said, sadly. "He is a little mad, I think. What can he do—he, poor, old, friendless—for the peons? Yet he swears that he is afraid for their sake—that at any time Don Miguel may turn to excesses of which even he has not yet been capable. You see—he has given up his whole life to these poor people. He says they are the only hope of Mexico—that only when they are freed and begin to take a hand in governing the country, can it look to a real future, free from strife and bloodshed."

"He's right enough there," said Dick, grimly. "I've seen enough down here to be surer than ever of that. But—what can he do?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "Still—he will not leave. Now, even, fresh trouble is brewing. There are more soldiers than ever, and there is talk of trouble about the taxes. The war has stopped so much—they cannot pay. My father fears that they may be sent to the salt mines."

No need to explain that to Dick. He knew what it meant. Exile from their homes, for all of them. For such of the men as agreed to enter the army, a certain freedom. For the



"Where Did You Get This Gold? It is Old Gold—Strange Gold."

Her father, Juan Agramonte, was not the overlord of that hacienda. He was the humble servant of that overlord, Miguel Perez. And Miguel was a great man. He had influence—what, north of the Rio Grande, would have been called a pull. That was why the strategy of campaigns was upset in order that the Mescalite hacienda should be saved from destruction by the rebels. Battles had been lost that the troops might not be withdrawn from their task of guarding the estates of Miguel Perez. The troops were content. Miguel saw that they were paid, that they had their way of the estate. Anything they wanted he put at their disposal—especially if what they wanted happened to be the property of his peons. Usually it was. The wants of the troops were few and relatively simple. For them drink, tobacco, and—the daughters of the peons, or, if there were not daughters enough to go around, the wives.

Juan Agramonte was not a peon. Nor was he one of the governing class. He had been one of these; strange theories had brought him into disfavor with that venerated scoundrel—Porfirio Diaz. He had freed his peons. Instead of holding them as chattel slaves for unpaid debt, he had cancelled the debts and taught them how to keep their heads above water. The científicos, men of his own caste, had been unable to see that their only chance of ultimate prosperity lay in the creation of an educated and prosperous working class. And so charges

rest, death. The salt mines take their toll infallibly. The authorities know how long a man or a woman will last.

"Well—that's bad," said Dick. "But—is there no way of persuading him that he can't do any good by staying?"

There was not—for it would not have been true. In the queerly twisted brain of old Juan one precious secret was locked up. He was poor, but it was only because he would not touch a store of wealth almost boundless. In the region there was a legend, that told of the discovery, in the days of Spanish rule, by a lord of Mescalite, of the buried treasure of the Aztecs, hidden since the days of Cortez.

This treasure Juan's ancestor—for in those days the Agramontes ruled in Mescalite—had found, as a matter of fact, as well as of legend. He had brought it north, in secret, to his own estates, waiting for a chance to smuggle it out of the country, for in those times the crown would have confiscated the gold had he told of it. And then he had changed his mind, and decided that the secret of his hoard should be handed down, from generation to generation, so that, in time of dire need, it might be available.

Juan Agramonte's need had been dire enough. And yet he had not used the treasure. For he was wise enough to realize that his ruin had been definitely decreed, by powers too great for him to challenge. He had seen that the only thing that would tempt them to leave him alone, in some sort of peace, and with a chance to care for his daughter, was to make them think that he was utterly crushed. So he had submitted to everything, knowing they would never let him fly the country with his gold, and had waited.

This, however, when he heard that the decree of banishment for the peons was settled, was, he felt, the time for which he had been waiting. Late at night he went to his store; he got enough gold to pay the taxes. Upon the peons to whom he gave it he enjoined secrecy.

But it was not in them to be secret. The gold in itself aroused suspicion; it took little to make the peons reveal its source. And then Juan was dragged before Don Miguel, resplendent now, in a new uniform, for he had used his influence to have himself proclaimed general and governor of the district, with the command of the federal troops within it.

"Where did you get this gold? It is old gold—strange gold!" said the governor. He gripped Juan by the throat and shook him, as he spoke.

But Juan was silent. Threats were of no avail.

"It is the treasure the legend tells of—the treasure your hound of an ancestor stole!" howled the governor. "It belongs to the government. Give up the secret and you shall have half—"

But still Juan was silent. The governor, however, knew a way to make him speak, or thought he did. Outside, in the patio, was a tree. To this he caused Juan to be tied. His servant, with a stout whip, stood over the old man, who was held up by his roped hands.

"Strike—once or twice," said the governor. The servant struck, and the blood started out as the whip left its marks.

"Now will you tell?" asked the governor.

"No!" gasped old Juan.

"Then—beat him till he tells—or until he dies," said the governor, and turned away.

But the governor had gone too far.

The peons were poor folk, without much spirit. But Dick Henshaw, aided by the fact that Juan had saved them from exile, was able to rouse them. They rose. They drove Don Miguel from his house and killed a few of his servants. The troops were all far away. And they rescued what had been Juan Agramonte. The old man was dead when they cut him down. But he had not told.

Don Miguel escaped. And he returned, in two days, at the head of troops enough to overawe the peons. First he hung a score of them, to satisfy his vengeance. Then he looked for old Juan.

"You killed him?" he shrieked at his servant. "Bah! You fool! Then his secret died with him? Could you not have let him live until he had given that up?"

For an hour he raged. But then he remembered that the dead man had a daughter. An officer reminded him of it. This officer, it chanced, knew Dick as an insurrecto. He knew, too, that Dick had been coming to see Dolores.

"The daughter—yes!" said Miguel, his eye lighting. "Let her be brought."

It was easy enough to find her. He received her alone. But, if she knew the secret of the treasure, she would not tell him. And the governor, indeed, forbore to press her. Looking at her, memories of his evil youth rose in him. And when the time was past he wanted her more than he did the treasure. He made her an offer—an offer too shameful to be set down, but fair enough, as he looked at such things. She struck him in the face. And for that she was taken away, a prisoner.

And then, because she could not warn him, they caught Dick. He sought her; two soldiers were waiting. Miguel had need of him. He had a plan. And his evil old eyes twinkled merrily as he thought of it.

Dick was brought before him. He was scornful until he saw Dolores. He struggled to be free; across the guns of the guard she tried to reach him.

"So," said Miguel. He looked at the girl. "Not long since I made you an offer. I invited you to come here to stay—to be well treated so long as I did not tire of you. I promised, even, to find a lover for you when I was tired. Now—come, and your lover shall go free. Refuse—and he shall be shot, at once."

Despite the guards Dick freed himself for one long moment—a moment long enough for him to send his fist crashing into the governor's face. Then, indeed, Miguel saw red.

"I will have you!" he shrieked at Dolores. "And he shall die, as well! I will be merciful no longer! Take him out—shoot him!"

The soldiers promptly obeyed his order.

"Let her see him die!" commanded Miguel, with a fierce oath.

There was no delay. Five minutes later saw the firing squad ready. An officer stood, holding his handkerchief. Its fall would be the signal to fire. And then, suddenly, Dolores broke away and flung herself before Dick.

"If you shoot him you will kill me!" she cried.

There was a sudden stir among the soldiers. The rifles dropped.

"Fire!" screamed the officer.

But—this girl, after all, had been kind to them. And there was another thing. These were the soldiers Don Miguel had quartered on his peons. They had known the women of the peons. They had heard many things. One of them must have spoken first. What he said no one could remember, afterward. But in a moment, whatever it was, there had been a mutiny.

"Viva el insurreccion!" they cried. They stormed toward Dick and freed him.

"Be our captain!" they pleaded. "Lead us to Villa!"

"First—let us catch Don Miguel," said Dick. "After him, my men!"

They scattered. And he took Dolores with him, away from the fighting that followed. Some of the officers rallied other soldiers; they could hear shouts and shots, yelling, and the tumult of the fight.

"They will win," said Dolores. "The men who saved you!"

"They're about ten to one—so they certainly ought to," said Dick. "Hello!"

They were in the gardens, behind the great house. And suddenly they saw the governor, running feebly. As he neared them he threw up his hands. A bullet had reached its mark in him.

"And all about that gold—and even now no one knows where it is!" said Dick. That was a week later, and he had established order, in the name of the rebel government. His wife was by his side.

"I know where it is," she said. "I did not come to you empty handed, after all!"

Fugitive Flickers

THE movie operator evidently believes that one good turn deserves another.

What has become of the old-fashioned movie exhibitor who used a megaphone to call in his audiences?

Limburger figures prominently in the war dispatches and would doubtless make strong atmosphere in filmland.

One rift of sunshine in the present war clouds is the fact that no one has announced exclusive rights to film Laura Jean Libbey's novels.

To the best of our knowledge and belief there will be no tenor drums connected with movie orchestras in heaven.

All currency that he manages to get hold of is emergency currency to the photoplay author.

Now that the war has well started we confidently look forward soon to many Belgian hairbreadth escapes on the motion picture screen.

The Shortcut Film Company wishes to announce that the Siege of Liege will be released just as soon as the stage carpenters can build a first-class rumored armistice as described in dispatches.



"Then Beat Him Till He Tells—or Until He Dies."

The Lonergan Family Circle

By William Lord Wright

LLOYD F. LONERGAN, his brother Philip Lonergan, and their sister, the attractive

Miss Elizabeth Lonergan, have collectively written 1,125 produced motion picture stories. These stories have borne the trade names of almost every producing firm concern in the universe. The Lonergan family circle can confidently claim the championship belt for the number of movie plots they have given to the great movie public.

It is a mighty hard undertaking to obtain any detailed information anent the wonderful work that is being accomplished by these versatile brothers and sister. They believe in saying nothing and writing scripts. Here is the record up-to-date:

Lloyd F. Lonergan, 800 photoplays.

Philip Lonergan, 225 photoplays.

Elizabeth Lonergan, 100 photoplays.

Making the grand total of 1,125 movie stories—and the end is not yet!

We recently assigned John William Kellette (another versatile photoplaywright, by the way), who "neighbors" with the talented Lonergan family at New Rochelle, N. Y., to get us all the details possible regarding the wonderful literary labors of this wonderful family. After much difficulty, Kellette delivered the goods, and much of the following information was gathered by him.

Lloyd F. Lonergan—champion scenario writer of the world!

Yet, had eyesight, along in the late 80's, been good. Lloyd F., the creator of "The Million Dollar Mystery," might never have written a scenario, because he would now be one of Uncle Sam's sea fighters with epaulets, gold braid and an international standing by reason of his entrance into naval affairs at Annapolis, Maryland, where he went from Hackensack, N. J., after winning his way through a long list of candidates in a competitive examination.

Chalk up something good against bad eyesight, because Lonergan as an author has done the world more good than would Lonergan as a sea fighter.

Lloyd F. Lonergan was born at Chicago, Ill., on March 3, 1870, and graduated from the public and high schools. After a short time at Annapolis his eyes failed him and he came back to Jersey, where his trenchant pen began to bring him forcibly before the public. He was a top-notch in his newspaper connection, holding editorial "sits" on the New York World, New York Journal, Chicago Examiner and many others, and still retains his connection on the Portland Oregonian as New York correspondent, simply from sentiment.

His first story, written after Ed. Thanhouser, his brother-in-law, creator of Thanhouser films, ordered him to New Rochelle because he could not find a scenario editor, was produced, but, according to Lloyd, never released. "Aunt Nancy Telegraphs" was its title, and it must have been good to have been produced, but it never saw the commercial screen. This was in December, 1909, and since that time 800 stories have been projected, which undoubtedly makes Lonergan the greatest scenario writer that the world has ever produced. It is safe to say that before December, 1914, his 50th anniversary as a screen writer, his total will be about 1,000, which makes an average of 200 stories a year look like 'hard work. He considers "The Million Dollar Mystery," 46 reels, as his greatest achievement, and properly so, because in no other serial have thrills appeared which seemed perfectly logical and convincing. He likes, personally, comedy best, but drama, he claims, goes better if properly done.

"What are your best hours of work, Mr. Lonergan?" the scribe asked.

"Any old time when the spirit moves me. I have written at every hour of the day."

"How do you work?"

"My method is simple. I get an idea, 'dope' it

out roughly, smooth off the rough corners, then dictate to a stenographer. I often work on more than one script at a time. I find that while working on drama, it rests me to dash off a comedy between."

Mr. Lonergan holds the distinction of being Director of productions at Thanhouser, which make him chief of about a dozen directors, who confer with him daily. He has no magazine connection now, but his work has appeared in Munsey's, Top Notch and others, but because of his diversified duties at the big studio he quit writing short stories. For several years he was political editor of the Hearst New York papers, and

Philip Lonergan



they do say that his prognostications were canny. He knew to a dot, weeks ahead of an election just who were to be elected and their plurality. He had his fingers on the public pulse. He seldom missed the target of truth when he talked politics.

Yet his studio work doesn't keep him altogether tied down, and he found time to devote to lodge work. He is a Past Master of Manual Lodge, No. 636, Free and Accepted Masons; an honorary member of Huguenot Lodge, New Rochelle, F. and A. M.; Life Member of New Rochelle Lodge of Elks and is a member of the Ed-Au Club of New York, composed of editors and authors in the field of the screen.

Mr. Lonergan has done a great deal for promising script writers. If he takes a liking to one and sees promise in his work, he takes the time to guide him. He has developed several.

At New Rochelle he enjoys life. He is sensible enough to have "boyish" hours, when he golfs, autos, swims, plays tennis and the like, and the writer wonders if Oliver Wendell Holmes did not have such a man as Lonergan in mind when he wrote:

Call him not old, whose visionary brain
Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.
For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
Who bears eternal summer in his soul.

And at Beacon Hall, his beautiful residence, he finds time to entertain, and with Mrs. Lonergan's help, he does that royally. His latch string has been pulled by some mighty important personages in the literary world, and recently he entertained Harold MacGrath, his wife and son, when his collaborator on "The Million Dollar Mystery" came to New Rochelle to confer with the Thanhouser chief. The Duke of Manchester was a recent guest and Mr. Lonergan insisted upon "working" him in a picture. When George M. Cohan wrote "45 Minutes From Broadway" and took New Rochelle as his theme he did almost irreparable injury, but Lloyd F. Lonergan in his five years has changed all that. Cohan made New



Elizabeth Lonergan

Rochelle infamous, but Lonergan has made it famous as the home of "Thanhouser."

No one will envy him his remarkable record nor attempt to dethrone him as the world's greatest screen writer, because he has accomplished all this in a quiet way and really dislikes publicity. The interview quoted above had to be pried away from him by subterfuge, but a

knowledge of the subject and his work for two years filled in the gap.

One would believe that the younger Lonergan would shine more or less in the reflected glory of his "big" brother Lloyd F. Lonergan, but while that is true in most cases it is not true of the recent editor of the Majestic, who is now editor of Thanhouser and Princess scripts.

Phil was born in Hackensack, New Jersey, May 18, 1885, and is a graduate of the Commercial High School, Brooklyn. He was some smart at that time because he came through with colors at the age of 17 and immediately forgot business and launched into literature.

He had no newspaper connection, but the magazines attracted him, and Short Stories was his vehicle. His best story, according to a recent chat the author had with him was "At the Switchboard," which appeared in All Story Magazine.

His entrance into the script game was fraught with peril. It is said that Lloyd F., his brother, didn't believe he could write scripts, and discouraged him, but he freelanced for Thanhouser while illness kept the chief away, and Phil's first story: "The Little Girl Next Door" went over big. That was in May, 1912, and since that time he has rolled up 225 scripts. Of that number 10 were adaptations, "L'Article 47" the best liked. Of original work Phil likes "The Lackey" best. This was a single he wrote while director of productions at Los Angeles in the Majestic plant. He finds drama his best vehicle for screen expression, but takes a flyer a comedy and works from a synopsis and upon more than one at a time.

It is said of Phil that he is a "bearcat" for work. When he went to Majestic he began to install system and eighteen hours a day was nothing for him. At the Thanhouser plant he is responsible, now, for four reels a week, or three distinct stories, and he is about two months ahead of his schedule. He can see a story in anything and everything. It depends upon what angle he sees it whether it is drama or comedy, which is some considerable gift. All of his stories have the "punch," and he believes suspense to be the best element in a picture.

He finds night the best time to work. While the earth is breathing and the gas meter is busy down cellar Phil likes to sit at the "mill" and get back at the neighbors who work automatic pianos. The click of the typewriter is music to him and he produces a script in a few hours. He also finds time to dash off short stories that won't make good screen scripts,

(Continued on page 32)

Felicia of the Films

The Letters of a Would-be Movie Star

III
BETTY, DEAR:— September 3, 1914.

Things are happening to me here in Chicago that make Danville seem so far away that I haven't felt like letter writing. I wish that you were here, so that I could tell you things, instead of writing letters. On second thought, I'm glad you're not—it's such an unreal world I'm living in. It's all right for me, I guess, for I know how to take care of myself, but I'm glad you're safe in Danville, anyhow.

I think I'm going to get along all right as a movie actress. At least Carl Webber says so. Remember, I wrote you about Mr. Webber? He is the only person around here who has treated me like a human being. The rest don't pay much attention to me. You see, I'm nothing but an unknown extra, and, with dozens of other extras to choose from, far prettier and better dressed than I am, why I'm not noticed at all. In all towns there are dozens of girls like me, who think that they would be the Sarah Bernhardt of the movies if they could only get a chance to do some of their poses in front of a camera. If they came up to Chicago and saw the hundreds of girls who live at home, usually near the studios, who don't have anything else to do but hang around studios with the hopes of being in a picture once in a while, why maybe they'd change their minds. One of the extras here at Triple Tee owns a hat shop on Broadway, an up-to-date, good-looking, paying hat shop. But she's movie-mad and every day she comes up to the studio and sits in line with the dozens of other extras waiting to be picked out for a picture. She's no beauty, but she looks pretty well in the films so she gets in some pictures, occasionally.

Some of the extra girls are really in society, not the exclusive Lake-Forest-North-Shore society, of course, but in a own-your-home-and-car set and they hang around in order to be extras, too. Other extras are out-of-work chorus girls and some perfectly good-looking girls who are conceited enough to want to show off on the films. Being an extra is a fine thing for amusement, but a mighty poor way of earning a living. Girls who get real salaries every week for selling ribbons and men who can persuade their employers that they are really worth the fifteen per cent they are paid every Saturday night had best keep their jobs instead of trying to get in a moving picture company. They may have a future as a star, but they'd have an awfully hard time trying to prove it.

I thought by the time I'd be in Chicago this long I'd be a real star or, if not a star, at least a principal, with important roles and a maid in white cap and apron. None of the principals here have maids, except in the pictures, and me—why I'm still an extra.

After being in the two pictures I wrote you about I felt quite encouraged. You see, if I could be in two pictures each week I'd make enough money to pay for my room and buy my meals, especially if I'd be lucky enough to "graft" a meal, occasionally. The other extra girls here are always talking about "grafting" meals and don't think anything of it. I'd never have done such a thing as "graft" in Danville, but here in Chicago, it's different, I guess. Maybe I'm getting broader.

I thought sure I'd be able to get in two pictures at least, in a week, but it didn't seem that way until now—but that's what this letter is about.

The week after I wrote you I

was only in one picture. I walked around a fountain with some girls, waiting for Jack LeRoy, you've seen him in the films, I know. He's one of the stars, here at Triple Tee. We extras were supposed to have answered a matrimonial advertisement in a paper. All we had to do was to stand around, and giggle. It was easy to do, of course—anybody can giggle.

The week after that I wasn't in a single picture all week. It was just bad luck, I suppose. The directors would choose a few extras, but they wouldn't choose me. No big scene requiring a lot of extras was being made and that's one reason I didn't get in. You see, a lot of even important pictures call for only a few characters. As these are taken by the principals, the extras don't even get a look-in at those pictures. (Do my letters sound slangy? I'm absorbing a lot of Chicago and movie slang, I guess.)

It's lonesome, being an extra. For I've nothing to do, all day long, after I know I won't be in a picture. I read and walk and go down town and look in the shops. But doing things alone, when you haven't any money to spend, isn't a lot of fun.

I'm a regular extra, though. This is how you get to be a regular extra: You talk to the manager and he takes your name and makes notes, like he did to me. Then you send in your pictures. He looks you and your pictures over and if he thinks you are hopeless, the next time you call he tells you how sorry he is that he can't use you, and a lot of stuff like that. If he thinks that you might "film" well, why, you get a "try-out," that is, you are put in a mob scene with a lot of other girls and men. Then, after the picture is taken and developed, it is shown at a little studio that is right here at the Triple Tee plant. Only the managers and directors inspect this first run of pictures. Mr. Webber told me about this try-out. The directors look at the extras and make comments about them. Sometimes, you know, a perfectly beautiful girl takes a horrible picture, without any expression or grace. And sometimes plain girls look perfectly lovely on the films. Why, right here at Triple Tee one of the principals is positively ugly to look at and she is a darling on the screen. Well, I had a pretty good

film-face, I guess, for in the first picture I was in they passed me and now my name is on the list to choose from.

Now it's up to the producers. Each producer can pick out the girls he wants for extras. Then, as the extras become better and better, a producer can pick out his favorite for a small part. If she makes good, she gets more and more important parts and finally is chosen to be a real principal on a salary. That's what I want to be—if I can.

I got mighty blue, the week I wasn't in any pictures. You know I didn't have much money when I left Danville and what I had grew less and less, though I tried eating as little as I could and didn't spend a penny of it for clothes. I got so lonesome and discouraged and the days seemed so long, going over to the studio every day and sitting around chatting to the extras and then coming home again, that I almost decided to go back to Danville, though goodness knows I didn't want to.

Mr. Webber has been mighty nice to me during the blue spells. You know, I didn't trust him at first, for he has sharp eyes that look cruel and he talks awfully sarcastically to people who are under him. But I guess I misjudged him. He can't help his looks, you know. He took me to dinner every second night, for a week. I guess I wouldn't have accepted so many invitations from one man, ordinarily, but I was so lonesome and blue, and then, too, my money was running lower and lower, and "grafting" is a lot cheaper than buying meals, I guess.

Last Tuesday, when I went with Mr. Webber, I felt just about as unhappy as I could. I hadn't been in any pictures. My room rent wasn't paid and I had only two dollars and a little loose change. I knew father would send me my fare back to Danville, but I wanted to stay here in Chicago. I had thought of trying to get a job some place, but I'm "unskilled labor" and couldn't earn but a few dollars per week—and if I did get a job I'd be away from Triple Tee with no chances at all to make good there.

Mr. Webber ordered an awfully nice little dinner but I couldn't eat it, thinking about not having any money. Just after the salad had been served

into it. Mr. Webber saw. "What is the matter, little girl?" he asked. He has a nice voice, rather deep and low, when he isn't angry.

I tried not to tell him. I smiled and said, "Oh, nothing at all," but the smile didn't last very long. Then he leaned across the table and took one of my hands.

"Miss Carter," he said, "I know something is wrong. Have you had bad news? Won't you tell me? Maybe I can help you."

He was sympathetic, and you know what sympathy means when one is discouraged and lonesome: So I told him all about everything, about father and Danville and about father marrying again and that his wife didn't understand me, exactly, and how I came to Chicago to be a movie actress and finally, how all my money was gone and that I was afraid I'd have to go back again.

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Webber, with a smile. I didn't like his smile a bit, then, but maybe, I didn't notice it right, because my eyes were full of tears. When I dried my eyes and looked again, it was a kind smile.

"All," I echoed, "isn't it pretty nearly everything to not have any money and be all alone in Chicago,



"Clap Your Hands . . . And I Did . . . Now Jump."

September 17, 1914.

DEAR BETTY-GIRL:—
I've been in five more pictures, all in two weeks, I have!

Five hurrahs!

I feel like a real movie actress. I know I'm going to be a real one, before long, though, of course, I'm still an extra.

The weeks have flown so fast that I've had no time to answer your letters, though I enjoy them a lot, honestly.

The pictures were all fun and I like the movies better every day.

Carl has been simply fine about getting me in pictures. I wrote you about him, I guess. His name is Carl Webber and he's ages and ages older than I am, about thirty-five I guess. I always called him Mr. Webber until last week, when he asked me to call him Carl. It seemed rather—well—forward—of me to call a director by his first name, but I couldn't get out of it very well. It's awfully informal around a picture studio, though, after you get to know people. Lots of people call him Carl and all of the principals call each other by their first names. So when Carl calls me Felicia it makes me feel that I really "belong."

I've met nearly all of the principals. Of course, there weren't any formal introductions. I'm only an extra, but they all speak to me and I've been out on pictures with them. The extras all clique together and so do the principals. I haven't any special chum, though, for most of the extras are awfully silly.

You know all of the Triple Tee principals by their pictures, of course. I guess Jack LeRoy is the best known for Triple Tee feature him in most of their pictures. He is just as good looking as I thought he'd be and is a real gentleman, courteous and smiling, and not a bit noisy or boastful. Being a movie star is a lot of work, though. I never knew anybody in the world could be as popular as Jack LeRoy. Every girl in every small town in the world must think that he looks like an affinity for they all write him long letters and ask for his pictures and send him theirs. It's easy enough to see how girls do get a crush on Mr. LeRoy, but it's pretty hard on him. He doesn't care about any of the girls that write to him, but he seems pleased at the sensible letters. Some of the movie actors laugh at the letters they get from girls and show them to other men who start a correspondence that sometimes turns out unpleasantly, but Mr. LeRoy answers all of the letters, except the silliest ones, and sends dozens of pictures. The other day I heard him say he got fifty letters in one mail.

Most of the actors are mighty different, off the film, than I thought they'd be. Clark Monroe is a sneering, dark-skinned man who uses bad English. He used to be a regular actor with small road companies, but never made a success. Bruce Spalding is the big, ugly comedian. He's jolly and happy and always busy, helping set scenery, giving suggestions about details in furnishings and "tinkering" with the "property" automobile. He's loud and slangy and everybody likes him.

Andrew McCain is the old actor I met the day I came to Triple Tee. He is kindly and slow-speaking and friendly. Only yesterday he touched me on the arm, as I passed him.

"I see you're getting along all right, little lady," he said. "Just keep it up, you'll succeed, I know."

Wasn't that dear of him? He's so friendly and old and shabby-looking that I want to hug him and thank him for just being himself. It's so seldom that people dare to be natural in a city.

The women principals are all quite pleasant. They pay absolutely no attention to me. Remember Hilda Scott? Well, off stage, she's big and dull and calm and stupid. I don't believe that an explosion of bombs right under her feet would make her do more than say "Well, really," and look bored. But she never interferes with anyone and the directors all like to have her work in their pictures for she does just as she is told to do with no suggestions or remarks.

Laura Trudell is rather snippy when she doesn't like folks and is awfully jealous. I'm glad she doesn't envy me for she's the sort you'd hate to have mad at you.

Movie actors are a lot more human than you'd suppose. No lobster or champagne or fast living for them. They lead quiet, domestic lives. Bruce Spalding has an automobile, painted bright green, and he spends all of his spare time in it. The Gertings have a little apartment quite near the Triple Tee studio. Trixie Gerting used to be a chorus girl and Mr. Gerting was once an actor and then a theatrical manager. They dress like conservative society people and are terribly happy. I wish I knew them better.

The way I got to know most of the principals was in "A Trip to the Country." In this picture, some city people go out to a farm for a visit. I was one of them. Carl was the assistant producer of it. We left in three big automobiles and the Triple Tee bus. The extras were all in the bus, but there was no room for me so I rode in an automobile with Hilda Scott, Trixie Gerting and a Miss Lucas, a professional dancer. We drove out to a big, old-fashioned country house. We took some pictures and then had lunch out under the trees, a big picnic lunch. It was lots of fun.

After lunch there was a scene in which some one had to climb a tree. Most of the extras were afraid for they had on quite dress-up clothes. My Danville clothes never had any style, anyhow, and they were about worn out so I climbed. It's a good thing I was a tomboy when I was a little girl. I would have died of humiliation if I'd have tumbled down. But I didn't. I climbed and then jumped down.

Mr. Gerting was the director.

"Good, do it like that again," he said. So I did. The camera man turned the little handle of the camera. I was so nervous, for fear of spoiling the picture that everything turned black and I had to say to myself "If you fall down they'll kick you out of Triple Tee. Climb faster. You've got a chance. Make good." It was only a little stunt, but I did make good. I climbed far up.

"Clap your hands and laugh," shouted Mr. Gerting. I did.

"Now jump," he said. It was pretty high, but all I cared about was the picture. It came to me suddenly why people are willing to risk their lives for successful pictures. It's a sort of do-it-for-the-sake-of-the-game feeling. I jumped. Mr. Gerting said "Good stuff," and everybody clapped their hands. I felt almost important.

That night I went to dinner with Carl. He said he heard several principals say I would make good. You bet I felt proud and happy.

The other pictures I've been in were simple things—sitting in a restaurant, buying something in a store, walking down a street. But I've had one chance, anyhow.

I was going to give Carl back some of the money I borrowed, but I tore my dress climbing the tree and I needed it for clothes. You see, Triple Tee furnishes only fancy ball-room clothing and costumes for dramatic pictures. I'm wearing the old things I came to Danville in and I really need some simple "city" things. I talked it over with Carl when he took me to dinner last night.

"Don't let that debt enter your head, little girl," he told me. "You buy some clothes. You could be in more pictures if you had a better wardrobe. The money will come later."

I'll go shopping in a day or two. I know just what I want now and they won't be like the things I had in Danville, either.

FELICIA.



That Evening I Went to Dinner With Carl

with nothing to do?"

"Why we can remedy that in a minute," he said. "I guess I should have told you before that you take an excellent picture. It's just a matter of waiting. You're sure to make good in the end."

It was nice to hear that, of course. But the fact remained that I didn't have money enough to wait until I could make good. I had been waiting quite a while already. I told him that.

"That's the easiest of all," he said. "You know I believe in your ultimate success. I'll lend you the money."

It seems awful to write that, but it seemed all right when he said it. But I remembered the attitude in Danville about borrowing money so I told him, "No, I'd go home before I borrowed anything." He said that would be silly because I had already had a try-out and a start—I had been in three pictures, you know. He said he'd lend me the money and I could pay him back as soon as I earned it.

"I didn't quite understand how things were, with you," he said. "You know I've been made a director and I can put you in a lot of pictures, so the money needn't worry you at all. Besides, you really have talent and will succeed if given half a chance."

As he talked to me it seemed childish not to take the money from him. He acted almost like a brother, I think, though I never had one, you know. So finally I said yes. It seemed the best solution. The next day he slipped the money into my hand.

It was thirty dollars.

I know you won't approve of this. It would sound perfectly awful in Danville. But I believe if you were here you'd see it the way I do. Anyhow, it's done now and I'm glad of it, for it means I can stay here and succeed.

That was last week. This week I've been in only one picture and Mr. Webber put me in that one. I was a telephone girl in an office and sat at a switchboard. It was easy. I wish I could try something hard. Mr. Webber says that he's been busy this week finishing up some pictures and he had to use the same extras he started with, because their features were registered, that is, the people seeing the pictures would recognize them. Next week, he says, he can use me a lot.

I'm hoping.

Your letters are fine and cheery. Write me some Danville news, I want to hear about everything.

FELICIA.

A Camera for a Scout



Thousands of Loyal Britishers Answered Lord Kitchener's Call for a Civilian Army. The Picture Shows the Horse Guards' Parade, London



An Actual Photograph of the Landing of the Wounded English Soldiers at Folkestone, England

ENGLAND was good, and welcome. Even Taggart was a little sick of war, a little tired of horrors. As for Billy Reynolds he announced, with decision, that he didn't care if he never saw another battle. They had had a pretty narrow escape in Hanover, all things considered. To aid a spy, or even a suspected spy, to escape from the long arm of the German army's justice was a serious thing. And the fact that neither Taggart nor his camera man had known that the girl was a spy would not have helped them at all.

And so England, even an England at war, and appearing in a new and unaccustomed aspect, was a welcome sight to them. What the girl thought may go without saying, I imagine. She didn't talk very much to Taggart on the trip from Holland across the channel. She was too tired. Most of the time she slept. Once or twice she did speak, to officials, and, though he did not hear what she said, Taggart could understand that it carried weight. She smoothed out difficulties once or twice. But, in the main, she wanted to be let alone. He understood that, and did not force himself upon her.

"She'll drop you," said Billy Reynolds, morosely. "There's class to that dame—I know the sort. She's got all she wants out of you—and now she's through. I held an umbrella over one like her once, and the next time I saw her she wouldn't see me!"

But Billy was wrong. Just before the vessel got permission to proceed, under the guidance of a naval officer, through the mine strewn harbor of Southampton—they had had to come a long way round—the girl came up to Taggart.

"I think it's going to be my turn to help you, now," she said. "You're an American, aren't you? And you haven't any particular credentials—except some very compromising films?"

"That's about right," said Taggart, wondering a little.

"You may have those films so well hidden that they won't find them," she mused. "But—they're getting very clever. Will you tell me something—can you? Will you tell me that there is nothing in those films of yours that could hurt England?"

"I certainly will!" said Taggart, with enthusiasm. "In fact—it's the other way. I believe there are pictures there that your general staff could use to advantage. The Germans are creatures of habit. If they do a thing once in a certain way they're mighty likely to keep on doing it that same way." He hesitated. "I'll

Taggart Says Goodbye to England and the Lady Spy

be frank with you," he said. "I believe I've got stuff here of the utmost value. And I'm pretty strong for your people. They haven't tried to shoot me yet—they haven't even put me in jail. So that sort of lifts them up with me. I'd like them to get any benefit there may be in these films. But—I'm not an Englishman, after all. I'm working for my company. And I guess that if your government knew I had these films they'd never leave England. That's where I stand. My loyalty is to my company, first of all."

The girl nodded.

"That's fair," she said. "I think I'll be able to do something. My name, you know"—she smiled, suddenly—"is—well, it isn't Jones, or whatever it was you made those stupid Germans in Hanover believe! It's Cleveden, as a matter of fact. And my father, if he isn't so awfully well known, has a lot of—what you call pull! You see, he's done most of his work under cover. The foreign office knows him very well, indeed, but it's been much safer for him not to have the majority of people understand his work. Now, when we land, you are going to come in for a lot of questions. I think you'd better let me answer them for you. I'm going to claim you as a very old friend." She blushed a little. "Perhaps I shan't go as far as you did with the Germans. I don't believe it will be necessary for us to be engaged, you know. But we'll be very old friends—if you don't mind?"

Taggart intimated that he didn't mind! And his state of mind was not wholly due to those priceless strips of film that were hidden in the linings of the coats that he and Reynolds wore. Those strips of film were a pictorial history of much of the fighting along the Franco-German border. And there was one, the most valuable of all, that recorded the destruction of a huge new Zeppelin by a French monoplane that had flown half across Germany to launch its linked bombs and wreck the big dirigible as it floated over Lake Constance.

Such old friends as Taggart and Miss Cleveden traveled to London together, naturally. But before they could do that they saw something of Southampton in time of war. Most Americans don't know Southampton at all—most Americans who have passed through it, I mean. And a great many do, for it is the most convenient of ports both for embarkation and landing. It has the most wonderful system

of docks in the world. You step off your ship, walk a dozen yards, and there a train awaits you, that will, in due time, slip out, reach the main line, and whirl you to London without a stop. It is the same way when you are sailing. You take the boat train in London, and it lands you, literally, right opposite the ship.

So most Americans who have been there must have about the same idea of Southampton that one who travels on the Twentieth Century Limited has of—say, Syracuse. Taggart was one of these. But this time no boat train was waiting. The docks were closed to all save troop trains. After they had run the gauntlet of the guards who inspected every passenger, the two movie men and Miss Cleveden were escorted to the gates of the docks. Soldiers were everywhere. These docks, precious beyond all measure, since they formed the finest of all points of embarkation for British troops on their way to the continent to relieve the pressure on the French armies in the north of France, had to be closely guarded.

Here was the first definite revelation of the changed England. England, in normal times, suggests the militarism of the continent of Europe as little as does Boston or New York. There are more soldiers than we have on view, but not so many more. And officers in England, as with us, don't wear their uniforms except when they are, so to speak, working at their trade. Now uniforms were everywhere. Passing the hotels, the little party found them full of officers, and closed entirely to ordinary guests. They went on to the railroad station; here, too, a cordon of sentries barred the way.

"I'll send some telegrams," said Miss Cleveden. "Can you drive a car, Mr. Taggart? If you can I'll have one available pretty soon, I think. I've really got to get to London. And I suppose you would like to be there, too."

"Can he drive a car!" said Billy Reynolds, scornfully. "He invented them!"

"Shut up!" growled Taggart. But he admitted, in more modest words, that he could manage a motor. It was part of his job to be able to handle a car, as a matter of fact. Or he thought it was. If there is any department of human endeavor that Taggart doesn't consider it his duty to understand, to some extent at least, I don't know what it is. His theory is that you can never tell what is going to be needed in a picture. In that, as in other things, he resembled a first class newspaper man, who can write convincingly about anything from the Dalai Lama to submarines. He may not know much about his subject himself, but he can write so that you will think he does, even if

you are the Lama or a submarine or what not!

But that is beside the point, which is that Miss Cleveden produced the car. In a day when the army was using every known means of transportation, public or private, that was an achievement in itself. At any rate, it was not long before Taggart was guiding the car, with the girl to point out the road, through the pleasant Hampshire country. By that time it was dusk, but it was the prolonged dusk of England, where there is a real twilight, and night does not suddenly impinge upon day, as it does with us. And everywhere there were uniforms. Khaki, mostly, but there were a few anachronistic survivals of an earlier day. The old red uniforms appeared here and there, as they passed through villages. The girl's eyes filled with tears at the sight of boys, drilling on the commons.

"Volunteers," she said. "And here—this is nothing! Up in the midlands and the north, in the districts about the factory towns—there'll you see hundreds for every one down here! There they are massed—packed in." She shuddered. "And they're all going to be needed!" she said, with a sigh. "The pity of it! They've got to go over there and fight that awful machine the Germans have built up. These—and more. Look!"

They were passing a garden, and there four young men were playing tennis—at nine o'clock at night, mind you, and without straining their eyes.

"They'll be going, too," she said. "They haven't waked up yet. But they will—and there's time enough."

It was late when they reached London. And, well as Taggart knew that city, it was hard for him to recognize it. It was the same, and yet vastly different.

"The Horse Guards?" said Taggart, supposing she would want to make an immediate report to the War Office.

"No. Downing street, please," she said. "And then—where do you stay here? Or doesn't it matter?"

"Not a bit," said Taggart.

"Then, if you'll go to the Ritz they'll look after you, no matter how crowded they are," she said. "Give them this card. They'll take care of the machine, too. I'll get home all right. And in the morning I'll telephone to you. You've done so much for me. You don't realize how important it may be. And I can't tell you. But I'm going to get even, as you Americans say. I think I can do something for you and your pictures."

Taggart bowed as she left the car.

"If you can, I'll be grateful," he said. "That's my first duty, of course. But please don't think you're under any obligation to me."

She smiled and was gone. And Taggart turned away. He drove through silent streets, and in a little while Billy Reynolds sat up and protested, sleepily.

"You're not going toward the Ritz," he complained.

"I know that," said Taggart, cheerfully. "We've got some work to do yet. Got to make a test on those films. We may

have to retake some of them—especially that dirigible smash."

If Reynolds had been just a little less tired he might have mutinied. But as it was he was so exhausted that he was completely under the domination of Taggart. And before they went to the Ritz he had visited the London office of Taggart's company, aroused the man who was there on night duty, and developed enough film to know that they had wasted little or none. Then, with a new outfit to take the place of the one they had abandoned in Switzerland, they went to the Ritz and to sleep. The Ritz had turned away two hundred that night, but it made room for them—such was the potency of the lines scribbled on Miss Cleveden's card.

Try to picture the comfort of that bed! The delight of the luxury that succeeded what they had been enduring since they left Rotterdam for the wild dash along the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, the trip through Switzerland, the adventurous journey through Germany back to Holland and the final crowded crossing of the sea to England! I doubt if you can do it. Taggart got up once, in the night, at a sound in the street that required explanation. He looked down. Pall Mall was full. Down the street, in perfect time, men were marching, men in khaki. There was something different about them. They had neither the volatile manner of the French, nor the heavy, stolid look of German conscripts. But they looked deadly; they looked like men who were off for the front because they wanted to go. They reminded Taggart of a college football team, at home, running out to take the field before its great game of the year.

"Good luck!" he cried, softly, from his window.

And then he went back to bed, and to sleep—to be aroused, hours later, by the insistent ringing of the telephone by his bedside. He answered sleepily; the girl's voice, as fresh as if

she had had nothing to tire her, was in his ear.

"I made them keep on ringing," she said. "It's a shame—but it's really important, too. Can you be ready, and have had some breakfast in an hour? If you can I'll come to the hotel, and meet you in the lounge. I have news for you."

"I can," said Taggart, briefly. "An hour, you say? Good—because it will take me most of that to wake Reynolds up."

He did a little better than that with Reynolds. If there was a scarcity of food in London, as the papers in Berlin had said, the Ritz did not show it. They had a breakfast fit for the gods, though, to be sure, they were in no mood to be critical. So many mornings, of late, had passed without any breakfast at all! And they were waiting for the girl when she appeared. She had changed a good deal; it was plain that she had found comforts, too.

"We are to go to the war office directly," she said, without prelude. "They were quite pleased with what I brought them—though, of course, it was the man who got the information who really did the work. And they're very grateful to you for the way you helped me through. Do you know, Mr. Taggart, they were looking for you? They've heard of you, it seems. Didn't you try to get permission to go with the army to take pictures?"

"Yes," said Taggart, flushing a little. "And they were so infernally polite I almost thanked them for turning me down! Quite different from the French. They said they'd shoot me if I tried it—so, of course, I knew just where I stood."

"Yes," said the girl, with a smile. "Well, it seems they thought you might try to get your pictures, anyhow. You did something at an office in Victoria street last night, didn't you? I think you'll find a sentry there now!"

Taggart stared.

"That's one on me," he confessed. "One gets to thinking England doesn't know how to play

this war game—except in the field. But I guess that's wrong."

"You mean to say they've swiped those films?" said Billy Reynolds, interrupting suddenly. His face was red and there was a fierce gleam in his eyes. "I won't stand for it! They belong to us! I'll—"

Taggart suppressed him. And then, leaving Billy behind—not being a diplomat, he was considered dangerous—Taggart and Miss Cleveden betook themselves to the war office.

"You're going to see Lord Kitchener," said Miss Cleveden, impressively. "He knows all about you and what you've done, so don't try to tell him anything. Answer his questions—and as briefly as you can. He'll decide about your films, you see. We're not quite sure of anything in England—except him. And just now he's king and prime minister and police and the courts of law, all rolled together. He's the most absolute dictator we've ever had—because we all know that he can and will decide things, by himself. It isn't legal and it isn't constitutional. But—"

"I know," said Tag-



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The Indian Native Regiments Who Constitute So Small Part of England's Fighting Force

gart. "He's all right, too. I'll stand for anything he says, because I'm pretty sure he'll be fair."

Taggart went in alone to see the man who was at the heart of England in the time of trial. Subordinates were entering every moment, and Kitchener listened attentively to those who made verbal reports. Taggart he turned inside out in five minutes. He learned exactly what the movie man had done, for Taggart felt it was a time for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The keen, blue eyes, like points of steel, never varied in their expression. Just once did he make a comment.

"Bit of an ass, that German colonel, wasn't he?" he said. "You should have been shot at once, of course. Anyone could have developed your films—later."

That wasn't cheering. Yet, when he had finished answering questions, Kitchener nodded.

"I'll see your films," he said. "I think I can let you send them to America, too. You will be under surveillance as long as you remain in England. Please don't try to escape it."

That was all. For forty-eight hours after that Taggart and Reynolds had the novel sensation of having nothing to do. Billy Reynolds, following his usual custom, went to the cinemas that dot London—that being the British term for a movie house. Billy was like the majority of baseball players, who, having a day off, are usually to be found at a baseball game. When the films were returned, with a note saying that they had passed the censorship, Taggart saw them off on a steamer that flew the American flag. And then he grew pensive. All Northern France was ablaze. And England, while it was full of life and color of a sort created by the war, palled upon him. He and Reynolds exhausted most of its picture possibilities in two days.

"He told me not to try to escape surveillance," mused Taggart. "I don't want to. I don't think it would be healthy. But he said that I was to do that as long as I stayed in England. Perhaps he thought I'd be going home—but he didn't say that. Billy, let's you and I cross the channel."

"We can't," said Billy, resignedly. "I looked it up. There aren't any boats running—except for soldiers. And if we enlist they won't let us take any pictures."

"Right, old dear," said Taggart. "But I didn't say we were going in a steamer, did I? There are other ways. You wait."

He went to see Miss Cleveden. He had done that several times, chiefly, as he explained to Billy, to pass the time. This may have been true; Billy had his doubts, however, which were permitted to share. She was a charming girl; moreover, she was very grateful to Taggart for having saved her life, or, at least, her liberty. And he was just as grateful to her for having given him a chance to do it. This call, however, was strictly on business. Miss Cleveden grew a little white when he made his suggestion. But she promised to see what could be done. And when he went to her for news she was very grave.

"They say you'd be taking a desperate chance, but that they won't stop you," she reported. "They assume no responsibility of any sort. You'll have to sign some papers to that effect. But if you—if you get away with it—isn't that your phrase?—I think you'll be able to go anywhere you like afterward."

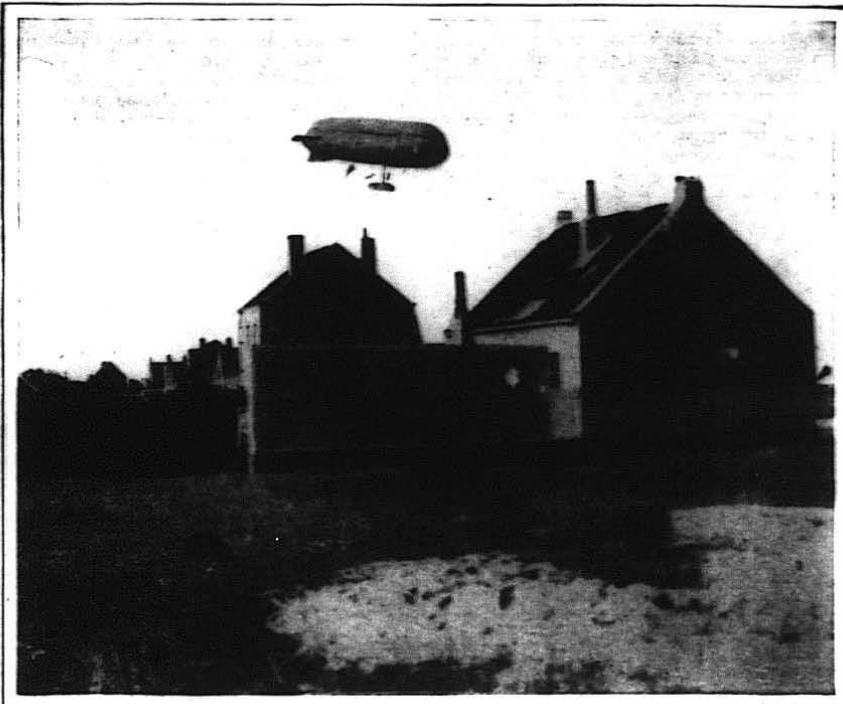
And now came a curious illustration of the complex psychology of Billy Reynolds, who pretended to hate war and all its risks.

"Dirigible, eh?" he said, when Taggart explained his new plan. "Why didn't you say so before? I always did want to take some stuff from one of those things!"

And so it came about that a British transport carried the two Americans to Calais, and that there they met one Lieutenant Leighton, who grinned cheerfully at them, and told of the risks he ran as an air scout.

"They'll get me sooner or later, of course," he said, indifferently. "Maybe this trip—maybe another. But I think it would be ripping to have you chaps along. It's hard to carry all you see in your head."

So they rose with him in the dirigible. And a flight of two hours brought them over country where they were already much fighting. This



While the Airship Floated, Like Some Brooding Eagle, Billy's Camera Worked

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machine had been especially selected; it was equipped with a new stabilizer, a secret of the British war office. While it floated, like some brooding eagle, Billy's camera worked.

After all, there was no great danger. The machine was high; so high that to the naked eye what was going on below looked like the operations of an army of ants. But Taggart had learned, on the Drina, with the Servians, that the camera's eye, reinforced by his telescopic device, could see many things that were supposed to be securely hidden.

And so it proved in this case. Below, facing a heavy German fire, were French and British troops. To the west, hidden from those below, but plainly in sight of Taggart and the others in the air, was the silver flash of the sea. From the east came the muffled but incessant roar of the heavy guns where the center was engaged. And, somehow, Taggart was struck by a feeling that all was not right. He spoke to Leighton, and the officer nodded. In a moment the dirigible was winging its way north and west, heading straight over German territory.

"We're all right—unless we run into a German 'plane or two," said the pilot. "As long as we stay up like this they can't touch us. But what are you after, anyhow?"

"Germans, off to your left," said Taggart,

cocking a wise eye at the country below. He told, briefly, of the affair upon the Drina. And Leighton laughed.

"We heard of that, of course," he said. "Good little fighters, those Servians. But we wondered how they found out. You think there may be something like that here? Our intelligence department isn't quite as bad as the Servian, you know. I fancy we'd hear of it."

And yet, four hours later, films developed in Calais showed that two German army corps had been silently moved to the extreme right of the German line. Within a minute the wireless was crackling; three hours later the Franco-British left had begun to swing around, ready to face the reenforced Germans on a new line. And the fact that the despatches never mentioned why that movement was made didn't prevent Taggart from receiving a brief note of thanks signed by the personal aide of the French chief of staff.

He got something more, something he prized much more highly. He got permission to make pictures, with his headquarters in Paris, of any fighting there might be about the capital. What he did would be subject to the censorship, of course. But he had more than any other photographer had been able to get.

(To Be Continued)

A Week at Sea



TO SPEND a week on the high seas in an antique, wooden bottom ship is not the most pleasant vacation to anticipate. However, Frank Crane (S. P. D.) and his Imp Company, including Alexander Gaden, Dorothy Phillips, Howard Grampton and Stuart Paton have just returned from such a trip—and it was anything but a vacation. The players slept in rat infested berths, cooked their meals—or rather had them cooked by an "old salt"—over a smelling oilstove and suffered all the pangs of an unruly stomach. And they worked. "On the High Seas" is the title of the two-reel play Frank has been producing. It is from the pen of his assistant, Stuart Paton.

One of the interesting incidents of this trip—an incident that forms one of the thrillers of the play—was the fall Paton took from the bowsprit forty feet into the briny deep. Be it said that Paton held the sprint swimming championship of Scotland (his birthplace) for four years. Director Crane states that the picture will stand as one of the best melodramatic romances he has ever produced.

Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 14)

secure the writing of both men? Would it be different at times, and again be the same?

Hargreave is undoubtedly living in comfort. We might say that he is living in his own house—but, in the twelfth episode, he did not enter the residence through some secret channel. He ran out on the lawn. Maybe he was agitated—or his secret way was blocked. Perhaps he had seen Braine and Olga coming in the taxi. Despite these inconsistencies, Hargreave is living a well-ordered life, has money and enjoys comforts. Probably he has detectives employed. He may consult capable lawyers. He comes into possession of considerable knowledge regarding the movements of the Black Hundred. If he knows all about his enemies' plans, why did he not trap the secret Russian agent in the thirteenth episode? Was the secret agent somebody Hargreave knew in Russia, and was he afraid to be seen? If Hargreave has remained within the Black Hundred all these years, could it not have been because the American branch consisted of newer members than the old, original Russian council? Is that why Braine depended upon the photograph to identify Hargreave? If these are the facts, then Hargreave could have continued all these years as a member, but would have absented himself when the secret agent appeared, particularly if Hargreave and that agent were old acquaintances. In this case, Hargreave would have preferred to listen from a room above the council chamber, as Mr. MacGrath says he did. He would not dare be identified as a member.

During the next eight episodes, you would better decide the manner of life Hargreave is living when you do not see him. Then you will be better able to determine what he would be most likely to do. To help you, I shall present two possible situations. These are not given to you as final. They are simply intended to help you reason: Hargreave Theory No. 1: Hargreave and Jones may be twins or "doubles." Sometimes Hargreave is doing duty as the butler; again Hargreave is absent. Hargreave may live in the House of Mystery, a large residence that may have a secret room

or two. While Hargreave is in the residence he may have his meals smuggled in by Jones, or, if he is posing as Jones, he sits at the servants' table. He may have a secret stairway that connects with Jones' room, going and coming as he likes, keeping his clothes in Jones' dresser or closet. Hargreave could fare forth to suit himself, attending Black Hundred meetings, or assuming disguises and looking after any detail of his business. Hargreave Theory No. 2: Hargreave may have long kept up an apartment, if not in his home town, then in New York. He may even have had an office and pretended to be a lawyer or a detective. He could have made his business colorful and obscure. He could have called himself Smith, Jones, Brown, or what he chose. He did not have to cultivate friends. In a great city, a man can be more alone than he could ever be in a small town. With a good business head on his shoulders, Hargreave could have invested in real estate, or could have owned a line of ships and the world would have been none the wiser. He may have had a steady income, amounting to much more than his expenditures, thus giving him a tremendous advantage over the Black Hundred. His attorney may have known the facts, or not known them. Hargreave could have provided for the welfare of Florence in the event he disappeared. At all times, he may have been hedged in with powerful protection. If he did not appear at his office for days at a time, he could be "out of town" so far as his office force, landlord or housekeeper knew. An occasional 'phone message to his lawyer would have been sufficient.

Remember these are only theories. I could construct several of them, but the idea I wish to convey is this: Hargreave must eat, sleep, bathe, shave and follow out some well-ordered existence. Despite this common sense view of him, have you not permitted yourself to let him remain as a "figment of the mind?" So long as you continue to regard him as an unknown quantity behind a curtain—as an unseen player—playing against you for ten-thousand-dollar stakes—just so long will your theories regarding him be hazy.

I am now going to help you trail Hargreave by setting down some Hargreave clues: 1—He had long expected trouble with the Black Hundred; eighteen years before it occurred, he had placed Florence in a boarding school; therefore, being far-sighted, he was always ready for a surprise—knew where he was going to live and what he was going to do. 2—He had business connections, though under an assumed name; no man can carry a million dollars in banks and still be an unknown quantity; these commercial connections no doubt included a capable lawyer, or a number of them, and possibly a trust company that knew all the facts about Florence, as well as about any money or securities for her upkeep—such as an annuity, for instance, which would keep the principal absolutely safe from Black Hundred greed and intrigue. 3—He had access to his own home at all times, through his likeness to Jones. 4—He had some "inside" information about the plans and deeds of the Black Hundred; he did not possess all the facts, as is proved by his surprise regarding the counterfeit money, by his inability to protect Florence from the conspirators in numerous instances, and by his failure to discover the plots hatched by Braine and Olga in the Countess' apartment. 5—No matter how well justified he may have been, still Hargreave was a traitor to the Black Hundred; hence, he had great cunning and was the sort of man who might have been a great criminal had circumstances warranted; a successful secret agent or detective had he so willed. 6—He did not care to dig up the past and make it public, but suffered in silence and fought in the shadows of the background. 7—At all times he had every convenience and



What Purpose is Back of This Watchfulness?

facility at hand, chief among which was plenty of money. 8—His love for Florence, being greater than all else, is a pretty safe index that he will come back in due time and "live happily ever after;" in real life he could easily meet his death; in the pictures, that would not meet with the favor of the public. 9—When the time arrives, he should say, "Florence, my daughter, here is your million dollars; it has been right here all the while!" 10—Every time the Black Hundred members are routed, Hargreave is a little nearer his opportunity to come back. Once this is achieved, there will be no longer need for the story. That means that it will probably not occur until late in the twenty-second episode. What happens in the meantime will give you the working basis for your solution. Can you make it a good ten thousand dollars' worth?

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)

Movies as an Industry

THERE are from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand motion picture theaters in the United States, writes Frederick C. Howe in the Outlook. They entertain from seven million to twelve million persons daily, or from two billion to three billion persons in a year; 150 million dollars is invested in motion picture productions, upon which the American public spends approximately 300 million dollars a year. The average cost of films is one dollar a foot. It may run up to eight or ten dollars a foot. The production of the film "Richard III" cost \$30,000. One thousand actors, two hundred horses, a three-masted warship crowded with soldiers, and five battle scenes were included in the production. "From the Manger to the Cross" cost more than \$200,000.

The largest film plant in the world is in California. It turns out fourteen complete plays every week; it employs 220 regularly salaried actors and actresses and six directors. In addition there are over five hundred to six hundred other people employed. The company uses 1,200 acres of land in the staging of its productions, and sends out fourteen thousand feet of negatives every week, which are shipped to studios in New York, where from 150,000 to 200,000 feet of positive films are made.

In Dallas, Tex., it has been estimated that one-third of the population goes to motion picture shows daily; that in Cleveland, O., one-fifth goes each day. In Chicago there are 650 motion picture theaters, and fifty vaudeville houses in addition which show films. There



Gradually More Intimate Knowledge of Conditions Comes to Florence

The Lonergan Family Circle

(Continued from page 25)

and Street & Smith and Munsey's publications are the mediums of distribution. He is a charter member of the Photoplayers, Los Angeles; Photoplay Authors' League, Los Angeles, and Ed-Au Club, New York City. But best of all he is democratic. He likes to move about the studio and chat with everybody when he finds time. He listens to directors and actors about production improvement with a willing ear and everybody likes Phil.

To have been "invited" to write a scenario, while all the rest of us "real and near" have pried open the doors of an editor's sanctum in getting in, has been the unique record of Miss Elizabeth Lonergan, long known as a special writer of magazine calibre.

Phil Lang of the Kalem Company was responsible for Miss Lonergan's entrance into the game, and he was not sorry, for the result was "The Counterfeiter's Confederate," recently released by Kalem.

Suspense and heart interest, to Miss Lonergan's mind, are the two greatest elements in a photoplay. "Her Old Teacher," Biograph, has both elements and made a good release, and Miss Lonergan believes it to be her best story, but Phil Lonergan when he bought "The Shoemaker and the Doll" thought he had her masterpiece. However, that is simply a matter of opinion.

But Phil never bought but one script because he was afraid he'd be accused of showing favoritism, and the other nineteen, of the twenty the gentler member of the writer family wrote,

easily found lodgment on editorial desks. Just now Miss Lonergan is not writing scripts, but expects to continue later, her entire time being taken by her writings for magazines.

She was born in New York City and is a typical New York City girl. She graduated from the Girls' High School, a convent in Illinois and Pratt Institute and since then has made a big name for herself as a special writer, although she has had newspaper connection of no small concern, the New York World and others claiming her services.

Perhaps her best known work was with the Strand, where she did a series of ten articles on Grand Opera Prima Donnas. Her work has appeared, also, in Cosmopolitan, Ladies' Field, Harper's, Munsey's and others.

Her work in the screen field has been all original subjects, and she finds the morning hours her best working time and writes continuously. She works from an outline, usually, and sticks to the one script until it is polished up, finding it better than to work on more than one at a time.

She now contributes, in the newspaper line, to New York World, Chicago Tribune, Boston Herald and is an officer in the Women's Press Club, New York, and a member of the Illinois Press. She is a rapid worker and her working time is not gauged by the face of the clock. She believes in letting the writing of comedy go to the makers of the Keystone stuff, devoting her exceptional talents to drama, and although she has not written but a fraction of the num-

ber of scripts that the Lonergan family has produced, she is as well known in the literary field. Her latest connection is with the New York Star of which she is motion picture editor under the signature of "Wig-Wag."

The world owes a lot to the Lonergans—Makers of Movies and Mirth, and the aspiring playwright would do well to plug along as faithfully as they have done and realize that merit, not pull, was responsible in putting them upon pinnacles where they stand head and shoulders above others in the screen field.

The Making of an Actress

(Continued from page 16)

He laughed at her. And, as he had done that other time, he reached out and covered her hand with his. But now she snatched it away.

"Not here!" she gasped, in a strangled tone. "Wait—please! Wait until we are away from here."

They did not linger over their coffee. Vera wanted to. She was in deadly fear of him now. She knew what she had been trying to hide from herself all these weeks of her flight. She was in love with him. And she was not of those who can withhold when once they love. His word was to be her law henceforth; she knew that, and she gloried in the knowledge, even while she was afraid.

"There's a contract for you to sign, by the way," he said, with a studied sort of indifference, while the waiter went for the change. "I've been carrying it about for weeks. A hundred and fifty a week—with a provision for readjustment of the terms after six months. You can look it over later. But it's a pretty good contract. I had my own lawyer work on it."

She looked her wonder. And then he broke out.

"Lord!" he cried. "I don't believe you understand, even yet! You don't owe me anything! It's all in you! Do you suppose I could get you a contract like that because I wanted to do you a favor? The first work, with the Climax—yes! I could have done that for anyone. But this is different. You're not dependent on me. You don't need to consider me at all. Do you get that? You can quit at the end of the six months—and they'll be falling all over one another trying to sign you up!"

There was something shameless about his procedure when they were in the car again. He turned off at the first side road that looked as if it might be properly deserted. It had no lights—there was only a faint moon. And within half a mile he stopped the car. He turned to her, then, and found her waiting. His arm went about her.

"Ah!" he cried, with a sort of exultation, as she yielded her lips. "Ah!"

"You're not afraid!" he said, a moment later, wonder in his tone. "After all the things I used to say—all the low, sophisticated things I tried to make you believe—"

"I don't care!" she sobbed. "I'm what you've made me! Why should I care? You've done everything for me."

"Oh, my dear!" he said, gently. "You've pulled me up by the roots! You've dragged me away from the weeds that were choking my growth, and planted me in clean soil again! It's I who owe everything to you! And I want to owe more. I want you to marry me tomorrow—I'd say to-night, only we can't! Will you?"

(THE END)

Anna Luther, the pretty Lubin leading Lady, lately won a tango contest at the Hotel Rudolf in Atlantic City, and intends to compete in the maxixe and tango contests at the Hotel Shelbourne in which the prize will be a Paige runabout. She is practicing daily in hopes of winning the car, and her friends are daily asking, in case of her hopes coming true, that each of them shall be the first to runabout with her.



"I AIN'T MAD AT NOBODY"

With Apologies to Briggs

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

I HATE to tell tales out of school, but this is a fish story and therefore exempt from ordinary ethics. F. A. Kelsey, Eddie Dillon, R. A. Walsh, Bobby Harron, Donald Crisp, Arthur Ward, Jack Adolf, Eugene Pallette, F. A. Turner, and Sam De Grasse went affishing last Sunday—spent all day at it and came home too late to be able to buy any trophies at a market. Nary a bite had they, and, what is more, several of them enjoyed acute seasickness—no, I will not mention special names.

The war is claiming some of the actors from Los Angeles, and this week C. Rhys Pryce, a familiar figure around the studios, and Anthony Hammond of the Kalem company left for Canada, where they will join the reservists for the front.

J. Francis Dillon is now directing Carlyle Blackwell and is doing it very effectively. The first picture is about finished and already comes "The Man Who Could Not Lose" from the story by Richard Harding Davis. Carlyle is tickled to death to be back in Los Angeles again. He does not like New York any more—says it is "dance mad," so you can't have any real fun.

G. P. Hamilton is expected back again soon and the Albuquerque Company will be at it again. Dot Farley will have to stop tending those flowers and riding Hell Cat into the mountains. Pardon, Hell Cat is a pet horse

who once had a vicious nature but who now eats out of Dot's hand.

Lee Moran, the bright young comedian with the Al. E. Christie, Nestor Comedy Company, was in Chicago for a visit recently. It is the first time in five years that he has been home, and it is to be regretted that the occasion was the funeral of a brother. Lee was young when he left home to go on the stage and he had a joyous reception from his immediate family after these five years. If it hadn't been for Nestor comedies, which they never miss, they wouldn't have known him.

Harold Lockwood writes me that he has had to draw the line at a certain gift, or rather at a certain prospective gift, and that he mortally offended the would-be donor. The gift happened to be a full-sized Newfoundland dog. Now Harold lives in apartments, none too large, and even if he could see turning the bathroom into a kennel, the dog couldn't have got in, hence the refusal.

Margarita Fischer 'phoned me that if I did not go up to Santa Barbara and get lots of news about the Beauty company, she would cut me off her visiting list, so I'm off and will have lots of Santa Barbara news next week for a change.

I found E. D. Horkheimer back at the Balboa studios, whilst H. M. is in New York. The former has recently returned from Europe and believes that the war will greatly help American films. The home market must be sup-

plied, and when the war trouble is over there will be a rush of films to the other side and exports will continue, anyhow.

Everyone knows Ben Deely and Marie Wayne, who have been trotting around the country for ten years now with "The New Bell-boy." The Deely person has ideas of doing the adventures of Ima Semp, detective, in a series of films with Marie opposite himself. The films will be made at the Balboa studios and will be released through that company. William Wolbert will direct and Charles Dudley will be a member of the company. Charles is the man who acts and draws rude pictures of those who act with him.

William D. Taylor continues his policy of advancement at the same studios and is putting on one feature after another. He is at present engaged upon a three-reeler, "At Police Headquarters," in which he takes the lead and has Neva Gerber, Jack Bryce, Neil Franzen, and Billy Beckway, the camera man, with him. Taylor says that Billy is giving him some of the best camera work he has ever seen.

Edna Maison tells a true and very pretty story connected with her frequent visits to San Diego. There is a blind newspaper seller in the station there and Edna stopped several times and talked with him, for she is always ready with the sympathy which means so much to those who are afflicted. Once after she had been away for two weeks, he said, as she walked up to him, "Here is your paper, Miss Maison—glad to hear you back." He had come to know the sound of her footsteps.

Poor Ed. J. Le Saint, he seems to be cursed with bad luck, as far as his car goes. He made a trip to San Diego and all went well, but it took over twelve hours to return—what with blowouts and an iniquitous sandbank. The machine is in the shops again and Ed. is walking to the studio mornings.

Lloyd Lonergan, Thanouser production chief, was forced to abandon his contemplated trip to Yellowstone Park and return to New Rochelle because of the tragic death of C. J. Hite. Mr. Lonergan had reached Chicago before the time the news reached him. The rest of the company, including Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster, continued westward.

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of the Players In and Around New York

PHILIP LONERGAN, Thanouser and Princess scenario editor, has an innocent looking cottage out in the vacant lot behind the studio. He intends to have it burned, knocked off of its props, or otherwise destroyed just as soon as he can decide on an excuse for its destruction. It will, of course, be worked into one of his scenarios. As is his usual habit, he will probably pick out his best friend at the studio for the victim under the wreckage when it falls.

L. Rogers Lytton is a most villainous villain during working hours at the Vitagraph Flat-bush studio. But when quitting time comes he ceases to be a heartless scoundrel and not only has tastes and recreations like a regular person, but travels all the way out to Manhattan Beach armed with a swimming suit to indulge in them. Some of Mr. Lytton's best "heavy" parts are in "Shadows of the Past" and as the Chief of Police in "My Official Wife."

Sidney Bracey and his June bride have pledged allegiance to New Rochelle as their "home" town hereafter, notwithstanding the fact that New York is just forty-five minutes away. Mr. Bracey, who is Jones, the butler, in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and his wife have taken apartments in Beacon Hall, which is right next door to the studio and within easy reach of the Sound where the Bracey motorboat is located.

When Walter Perkins began work on "My Friend From India" at the Edison studio, he was told that if he stepped outside of the tape-line he was out of the picture. Of course Mr. Perkins had no intentions of being left out of his own picture, so when he was crowded for room he just pushed the lines out a little bit.

Harry Benham has eliminated the "high cost of living" subject from the topics of conversation in the Benham household. His method is simple. He boards his newly purchased Ford (high caliber), and does all his table shopping at the farms around New Rochelle. In one of the latest Thanouser pictures, called "Harry's Waterloo," Mr. Benham played all of the parts, thirteen in number, and appeared as often as four times in some scenes. In one of them he impersonates both a woman and a man and invites himself to sit on his own lap—which he does.

Harry Palmer, cartoonist, and well known for his "Babbling Bess" creations, has sailed for the war zone of Europe in the interest of the Centaur Film Company. His destination is Liege, where he intends to make a number of sketches of the battles. After "The Siege of Liege," which is to be the name of the first picture, he will journey to whatever point promises the best opportunities for sketching and shipping. Considering Mr. Palmer's experience in dodging bullets in the Boxer uprising in China and the Spanish-American War, the chances of coming out of the present trouble unscathed are much in his favor.

Robert Connors has returned to the Edison company after some months' absence and will now appear regularly in Edison releases. Mr. Connors began work with the Edison people about five years ago after a brilliant career on the legitimate stage. Some time ago he became engaged in a large theatrical production and was compelled to forsake the screen for a brief period; but he is now back at work in the Bronx studio and has already appeared in several pictures. One of his best is "The Blue Coyote Cherry Crop."

In one of the features of the Alice Joyce series soon to be released the popular Alice will wear a gown valued at \$3,000 and jewels worth a cool million (dollars). If the costume for the picture were as staggering as its total value Miss Joyce would have to be helped into the set. The jewels are to be loaned by a Fifth avenue jeweler, and the gown is being made by "Lucille" (Lady Duff-Gordon), and will be one of the greatest creations of that fashionable modiste.

One recent Saturday night Clara Kimball Young attended Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater with the intention of seeing "My Official Wife" (in which she plays the lead) from the spectators' point of view. But, unluckily for her purpose, she was discovered and applauded for fully three minutes. She finally responded by ascending the stage and making a short speech, much to the delight of the patrons.

Dustin Farnum has lately been a familiar figure on Broadway now that "The Virginian" has been completed at the Lasky Hollywood studio. The West has long been acknowledged as possessing beauty in its pure, unadulterated form, but as soon as the stage folk are through with their work there they hasten east with just one outlined idea—to see old Broadway, and Mr. Farnum was no exception. His first few days in the East were busily spent in shaking hands and trading tales of experiences with his many New York friends.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is now busy at the Lubin Philadelphia and Betwood studios working in "Threads of Destiny," in which she is to be featured. The well-known comedian, Fred Mace, has signed a contract with her for the production, and it is being made at the Lubin studios by special arrangement with Sigmund Lubin.

Information Department

Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

HAZEL K. P., SEATTLE, WASH.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are not married. Each is supposed to be single. Most of the successful photoplay stars are graduates of the legitimate stage, where they learned their art through years and years of actual experience.

WILLA H., HUTCHINGSON, KAN.—None of the four players you mention are married so far as we know. A chat with Vera Sisson will probably appear in some future issue of either MOVIE PICTORIAL or PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

WILFRED MCA., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The player you refer to in that picture was Leo White.

BLUE P., WILMETTE, ILL.—"Gold Seal" is the name of one of the Universal brands of film and the pictures released under that trademark or name are made at the Universal Film Manufacturing Company's studio located near Los Angeles, California. Address a letter to Miss Cunard, care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

ZOE G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Kathlyn Williams' name is now Kathlyn Williams again, for she recently secured a divorce from Mr. Moore, her second husband. No, you are mistaken about that little girl in the Rex pictures. Don't think Francis Ford and Victoria Forde are any relation. One's name is spelled "Ford" you will note, while the other writes it "Forde."

GEORGE B. J., JR., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mary Pickford is working now only in Famous Players releases. The Biograph and Imp releases now being exhibited in which Mary plays leading roles are reprints of old negatives, made when Mary was in the employ of the Biograph and Imp companies. Some of them are two and three years old, but the prints are new ones, so they are as clear and free from rain as new films would be. The actress appearing as "Shirley Rossmore" in Lubin's "The Lion and the Mouse" is Miss Ethel Clayton. Her photo has been published and probably a chat with her will appear in some future issue.

TRIXIE ST. C., ST. LOUIS, MO.—In answering a question of yours in a recent issue our attention has been called to the fact that through a mistake on our part you were told that "The Million Dollar Mystery" will appear in 26 parts, each of two reels, or 52 reels in all. We would now explain that the story is to run in 22 parts and a twenty-third release later on, so that but 46 reels will be released.

TRIXENE S., OSHKOSH, WIS.—Francis Bushman can be addressed care Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Illinois. James Cruze is the husband of Marguerite Snow in private life. We don't reply to questions by private mail, so that is why your answers appear here.

TEDDIE L., BATON ROUGE, LA.—Grace Cunard's name in private life is Grace Cunard. A photo of her can doubtless be obtained by writing the New York office of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City. Her address is care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, California.

MRS. IRMA F. G., VANCOUVER, B. C.—It is Owen Moore, not Tom Moore, who is Mary Pickford's husband. Yes, Owen, Tom and Matt Moore are all related. Mary Pickford can be reached by addressing her care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City.

HOMER H., MINERAL POINT, WIS.—Jack Richardson is still appearing in American films, made at Santa Barbara, California. You are right in thinking he used to play villains

opposite Jack Kerrigan. Kerrigan is now with the Universal, but Richardson is still with American.

RALPH E. H., SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX.—No, Florence LaBadie is not married. Can't give you the names of the players you ask for. They were just supernumeraries and their names do not appear in the cast sheets.

"ZEALOUS," ASHVILLE, N. C.—No, Annette Kellerman is not a "regular" motion picture actress, if by regular you mean one who earns her living by appearing in the films. She was specially engaged for the one production "Neptune's Daughter," in which she played the title role. You are mistaken about Anita Stewart and Billy Quirk.

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"INTERESTED"—Florence LaBadie has been a member of the Thanhouser Company for more than three years. James Cruze, in private life, is the husband of Marguerite Snow.

ALICE, ASTORIA, ORE.—Dorothy Davenport is now appearing with a new film manufacturing concern known as Thistle Photoplays. The pictures are being made in Los Angeles, California. Ethel Grandin, in private life, is Mrs. Smallwood. Marguerite Snow and Florence LaBadie are really the best of friends. You mustn't imagine that just because Marguerite is trying to kidnap or injure Florence in "The Million Dollar Mystery" she treats her that way outside the studio.

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The MOVIE PICTORIAL

The National Movie Publication

L. K. JONES, Editor

Published the 1st and 15th of every Month

C. W. GARRISON, Managing Editor

ON THE EDITORIAL SCREEN

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THE EDITOR.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of August 24, 1912,

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By J. Milton Tait, Secy-Treas.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Fourteenth day of September, 1914.

IRVING WALTER,
of Chicago, Ill.

[SEAL]

(My commission expires June 27, 1918.)

FEATURE CONTENTS

Helps to the Solution of "THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"—By William J. Burns	5
"The Sunken Bell"—Taggart Takes Some Pictures Under the Sea in the Midst of the Warships	7
"The Music Story"—A Department for Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures—By Mabel Bishop Wilson	9
"J. B. Walling, Movie Magnate"—XII "The 'Fade Away' at the Reel's End"—By Richard J. Henderson	10

"Felicia of the Films"—The Letters of a Would-be Movie Star	13
"The Movies in Mexico"—By Harry H. Dunn	16
"Famous Feature Films"—Reviewed by Vanderheyden Fyles	19
"Realism in the Movies"	21
"The Rise of Marcus Loew"—By William Lord Wright	23
"West Coast Studio Jottings"	24
Information Department	26

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Hartford Building

Chicago, Illinois

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

Volume I

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 15, 1914

Number 22

Helps to the Solution of **The Million Dollar Mystery**

By **WILLIAM J. BURNS**

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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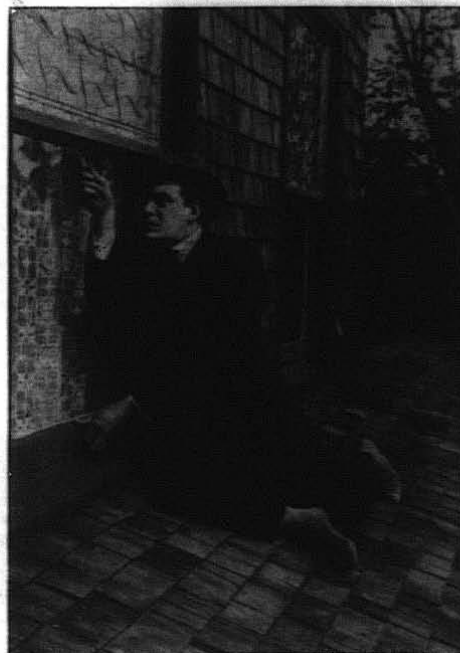
REVIEW OF FIFTEENTH EPISODE: *Becoming desperate, Braine planned a more daring scheme to kidnap Florence. Calling Florence on the phone, he told her that Norton was injured, and to waste no time in getting to him. Then Braine and a member of the Black Hundred went to the garage and overpowered the chauffeur who was to call for Florence and Susan. The companion of Braine put on the driver's coat and cap. As soon as the cab left the Hargreave mansion, Braine thrust a note beneath the door, telling Jones that Florence was gone for good unless the million was forthcoming. Jones immediately called up Norton, who reached the pier just after Florence had been taken forcibly aboard a motor boat, after being threatened with permanent disfigurement. Norton took possession of a hydroaeroplane, overtaking the motor boat. Florence jumped into the water and was rescued by the reporter. Members of the band had gained entrance to the mansion, demanding the money. Jones raised the secret panels back of the Hargreave portrait, but instead of the million he took out a pistol. Norton and Florence came in through the rear door, in accordance with a note Jones had tossed from the window, and when he and Jones were battling the conspirators, Susan arrived with the police.*

REVIEW OF SIXTEENTH EPISODE: *Susan showed signs of illness and the maid summoned a physician—really one of the two who had signed the bogus insanity certificate that had nearly sent Florence to her death. The maid (really a detective whose duty it was to protect Florence) had been bribed into administering a slow poison to Susan. When the physician recommended the seashore for Susan, Jones did not suspect treachery, and he permitted Florence to accompany Susan. For a few days, they were not disturbed*

and then the doctor went to call on them. He found Susan improving, but began to question Florence, finally deciding (for the convenience of his plot) that she had small-pox! Naturally, the hotel management decided she must be taken away at once. Norton, filled with apprehensive fear, had gone to the hotel and had taken a room directly over Florence's. When he was refused admittance to her apartment, he and Susan went to the room above and cut through the floor. With the aid of a rope, he lowered himself into his sweetheart's room. There was a sharp battle with the physician and attendants, but they escaped. Florence, unhappily, fell into quicksand, and but for timely rescue work would have perished. But the Black Hundred had missed another precious opportunity.

I MUST confess that I am often at a loss to understand why the Black Hundred confine their operations to two basic principles: The first of these is to kidnap Florence and hold her for ransom, and the second is to ransack the house of mystery.

It has been apparent that the Black Hundred believe that the million dollars is secreted in the Hargreave mansion. Suppose one of them was to start a fire, or break into the basement and build an old-fashioned bonfire with wet leaves thrown on top to create a smudge? Suppose the others would be posted at vantage points where they could look through the windows. If the smoke rolled through the house, one of the very first



Why Has Braine Never Thought of a Fire Effect to Drive Jones to the Treasure?

things Jones would think about would be the million dollars. Even if the money were hidden in a fireproof vault or compartment, it seems as though the butler would want to have it in his hands and take a chance on making a break for liberty.

At the same time we are justified in believing that Hargreave planned his defensive and aggressive moves long before the incidents in the episodes of *The Million Dollar Mystery* began. He planned them before he took the baby to the boarding-school. It was reasonable to believe that his strategy included the safe disposition of the money. He was likely prepared to hide it in some secure place whenever the need presented itself.

In Mr. MacGrath's story, he has one of the Black Hundred suggest to Braine that Hargreave must have well-organized forces, at least equal in power and resources to the Black Hundred themselves. This is a very logical conclusion, because Hargreave, Jones and Norton would be unable to cope so successfully at every stage and turn were they not supported by some powerful resources. If this is the case, and if Hargreave is not compensating his assistants on a definite payroll basis, then it seems probable that somewhere, intrusted to somebody's care, the millionaire has left full instructions that are to be unsealed and read in event of his death.

For the time, it looked as though the mysterious treasure-box contained some such information, but the treasure-box has been carried around so carelessly, it is doubtful if any secret message, except in cipher, would be intrusted to the chest. These various epi-



At Least the Hargreave Interests Have Fastened Counterfeiting on the Conspirators.



Why Has Jones Been so Careless Responding to the Summons of Strangers?

sodes are, for the most part, upholstered with a view to detract from the real plot of the story. While each episode presents its clues, many of them are no different from the class that have been given before. We see in the Fourteenth Episode a very desperate attempt made to locate the treasure in the Hargrave home. Again in the Fifteenth, we have seen an equally daring attempt to force Jones to produce the treasure.

Although substantially three-fourths of the story has been enacted, the importance of the clues in the first few episodes has not diminished. Nothing has been shown to lead us to believe that the treasure has been moved from its original hiding place. We have seen nothing that would convince us that Hargrave is not near at hand. But we have often wondered why Jones, or Hargrave, as the case may have been, should have become so lax in permitting the Countess to have the liberty of the house as she had in the Thirteenth Episode; or why Jones should voluntarily open the door as he did in the Fifteenth episode, when members of the Black Hundred had been prowling around the mansion for many weeks. There are two answers to this seeming carelessness: one is that Hargrave and Jones are convinced that the money is beyond the reach of the conspirators; the other answer is that they know that they can strike boldly once, but that when they do strike they must completely annihilate their enemies. Therefore, they would be obliged to "spar for time." This play for time has enabled them to dispose of many minor members of the Black Hundred. It has given the advantage of pointing the finger of the law upon the conspirators through connecting them with counterfeiting.

Hargrave, Jones and Norton have forced the Black Hundred to move from place to place, relinquishing one stronghold after another. This is all part of the plot that eventually should bring Hargrave back and re-establish him in his home, and that should put him, and those near and dear to him, in possession of his vast wealth and all the comforts and pleasures it can bring.

It has likely occurred to you that eventually Hargrave must return and that his money must be found safe and intact. This we are reasonably safe in assuming. All of the clues have pointed to a culmination of this sort. The six more episodes left show that we are near enough to the end to begin to anticipate and to make certain conclusions, and then reason back from those conclusions to see if they will fit in with the sixteen episodes we have already witnessed.

Believing that Hargrave will return—that the Black Hundred will be broken up—and that the million dollars will be restored to its owner—we are fortified in our theory that Hargrave is always near at hand and that the million dollars is in the house of mystery.

No matter how many times Florence is placed in jeopardy, she is invariably rescued. Unless she disappears from our view in the next six episodes, she is safe from harm. If her capture became a reality, then the romance of the story would be destroyed. The Thanhouse people will certainly consider no dénouement that does not make our heroes and heroines live happily ever after. It might not be thus in actual life, but the \$10,000 reward does not demand that you tell what would happen in reality, but what must occur in the story.

Keep your mind focused on Hargrave and on the million, and you will discover that the balance is going to take care of itself very nicely. The unanswered questions will be answered, the mysteries will be cleared away, and the Twenty-third Episode must leave nothing unaccounted for.

Simply watch, because if any sudden trick is going to be played on you, it will have to manifest itself very soon. It might be left over to the Twenty-second Episode, and it might occur in any of those intervening. The thing for you to do now is to see that our theories thus far are justified or refuted. If any of the things we have planned are proved to be unreasonable, then we shall have to go to cover rapidly and repair our fences. If, on the other hand, the deductions thus far made are borne out by subsequent occurrences, then we can ride into the Twenty-second Episode and construct a chart that will point out the directions of least resistance. Watch every forthcoming episode carefully.

Tom Santschi

THE personal note sounds abnormally curious on the part of the public when it concerns the people of the stage. Singers are stormed for their autographs; actresses for photographs, actors of matinee-mark with "mash-notes"; and now the favorites furiously in the eye of the public through the medium of moving pictures have created a tremendous flutter with the "fans," with strenuous calls for personal intimate information, copious in volume to the point of embarrassment.

Almost any of the large manufacturers in the country might keep a Bureau busy to answer the solicitous stream of questions that pour in with every mail, concerning individuals who have appeared in casts of motion plays. Their inquiries are not confined to principals but frequently concern those in minor roles, who merely "also flashed." Now as the ten companies embraced in the Motion Picture Patents Company, make fifty regular issues regularly every week without regard to their numerous "Special Releases" it may be readily understood that quite an army of people are enlisted in these bills.

A single week's record of professional appearances in moving pictures would probably tally the total output of a season with the theatres in this country as far as new productions are concerned—so that the task of answering all the questions that are asked is so vast and complex. It would require a "Who's Who in Motion Pictures" of enormous size to embrace and liberalize the information. The age! the antecedents! marriage or the probabilities of marriage! together with progeny! Just figure in this thirsty daily demand for information—piles up triumphantly.

Tom Santschi of the Los Angeles Selig Stock Co., who triumphs as Bruce, the American hunter, in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" and as McNamara, the Evil Genius of "The Spoilers"—confesses his inability to care for the flood of correspondence from unknowns that sweeps his way.

"Let's see. This will be No. 7004, series 'P' and some class to it too," said "Needle" Wat-

son, who shares Tom Santschi's dressing room at the Selig Zoo.

"Making a bond issue?" queried one of the visitors.

"No," responded Watson. "Merely keeping tab on Santschi's mail. We hope to find a letter, some day, which will arouse him to a reply."

He said something. The facts regarding the efforts to secure Tom (Bruce) Santschi's autograph, photograph or personal acknowledgment of epistles would make an ordinary press agent's efforts appear infantile. Unknowns of humble education and uncertain spelling, beg his favor; certain persons of the smart and certain variety ask it with much expressed assurance while some whose names are widely known become enraged and demand a reply in a sort of "coward-why-don't-you-come-out-and-fight!" manner.

Among those of the highest intelligence are found the most persistent. They ask: then demand: then even threaten. One lady—not of the flirtations or vainglorious sort, either—wrote in her third letter that she never had "been treated so outrageously" in her life and that she had referred the matter to her husband with whom Santschi would be made to settle some day.

"I find it is the smartest class who consider us theirs to command," said Tom, while the group was commenting on the subject. "A college professor wrote that, as he had failed to hear from me in reply to his second inquiry, he supposed I was not receiving my mail. He sent the follow-up to the postmaster, asking him to see that I received it. The enclosure was a list of fourteen queries to which I was supposed to reply. There were psychology, science, and causes and effects mixed up in it.



As there is plenty of psychology in the scripts given me to produce and, after the work is done, certain causes and effects which I hear from in stentorian and unkindly tone, often, I did not care to stretch my brain on those subjects. As to science—well, I possess something which was represented as an automobile by a salesman. Did you ever try to run a car with a magneto which refused to mag? That's all the science I want in practice."

The writer who came the nearest to winning Mr. Santschi as a near-correspondent, lives in the East. Tom played telegraph operator in a story long ago. When it was showing on the screen, he received a telegram from a woman operator, which stated that she "read" his message as he sent it on the curtain, and asked him if he was a regular operator. Watson numbered the telegram and dropped it through the slit of the storage box. A letter followed asking for a reply. Silence!

A second epistle, simple and direct in style, followed.

More silence!

Then came a declaration of war with a cut-out reproduction of a coat of arms pasted to the letter. Upon this insignia was printed "Bomus-Hokus-Pokus-Jokus."

"Our name isn't Job when it comes to patience but we are a close second," announced the epistle. "Something is going to happen!"

What happened was a prompt follow-up which demanded:

(Continued on page 20)

THE SUNKEN BELL

Taggart Takes Some Pictures Under the Sea in the Midst of the Warships

CLEM TAGGART had taken pictures since the beginning of the war that had put him in the very front rank of the moving picture world. He had accomplished miracles. He had grappled with the censorships of five nations—and the censorships had been pretty badly beaten. He had anticipated some moves; others he had stumbled upon by sheer luck. But there had been no luck about the way in which he had got his film back to Broadway. That had, in the main, been the result of cold and scientific forethought, and of arrangements worked out in microscopic detail ahead of time. He had anticipated, for instance, that rule of the censors forbidding the transmission of cables not in plain language.

And he had arranged matters so that a message reading: "Have arrived in Berne. Nelly well. Cable funds quickly." meant that a certain film had been secured, and that reserve supplies were to be rushed to London. He and Billy Reynolds, his indefatigable camera man, had been on the spot when a Serb fanatic fired the shot that set Europe ablaze by killing Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo. They had crawled along the border of Lorraine and of Alsace, to be caught at last in Muelhausen and to escape from a German firing squad only because said firing squad was too busy assisting in the attempt to repulse a sudden French attack.

They had trained their camera on the never to be forgotten spectacle of the French flyer's raid across Bavaria, when he had reached Lake Constance in time to wreck a new Zeppelin on its trial trip. And finally, thanks to various helping circumstances, they had been permitted to fly, officially, above the German troops in France, and had had something, at least, to do with revealing to General French the movements of his enemy, and so making possible the French-British movement that later developed into the great victory of the Battle of the Marne—the first serious defeat German troops had sustained since 1814—the first really serious check to Prussian arms since Napoleon had won his last victory over old Blücher, in almost the same territory, one hundred years before.

And it was precisely these last wonderful films, showing great masses of German troops retreating, with shrapnel raining down upon their stolid ranks, that were breaking Clem Taggart's heart. He and Billy Reynolds were sitting, hunched in their chairs, in the projection room of the London office of the Climax Company. A few feet away sat a solemn faced Englishman, twirling his moustache as he regarded the films.

Foot after foot, reel after reel, the films were shown. Billy Reynolds, master of his art, and a slave to its technique, as masters are likely to be, exclaimed at the sheer wonder of them. "This film's going to alter the whole business!" he said, soberly, to Taggart. "We never had an idea of what could be done from that sort of angle before. It's going to change all outdoor locations where there's a chance to get that sort of a perspective into the panoramic scenes."

"Damn!" said Taggart, looking at the Englishman morosely. "What good is that going to do us? They've double crossed us, Billy. They let us take the pictures—and then they went and put us on our honor!"

He finished in a high pitched wail that wrung the suspicion of a smile from the Englishman, who wasn't eavesdropping, but could hardly help hearing what Taggart said.

Soon the screen was blotted dark; the showing of the pictures was over. The Englishman turned toward Taggart and Reynolds, who rose as he approached.

"I say! Bally good pictures—what?" said the Englishman. "I can see how useful they must have been. That formation they've got—who'd have thought of that, now? D'ye know what I mean? The way they cover their big guns when they're trying to carry them along on a re-

treat? I fancy knowing that formation has got a few of those big cannon for us, old chap."

"Glad," said Taggart, savagely. "That's why I'm here, of course—to help the British army. I say—" he mocked the English tone then; he couldn't help it—"I suppose you can release this film, then, since it's served its turn?"

"Oh, my dear old chap!" said the Englishman, shocked. "Dear me, fancy your asking me that! Why—if the Germans knew we knew about that formation they'd change it, don't you see? And we'd lose the advantage of it."

Taggart turned and looked helplessly at Billy. He wanted to kill the censor, but realized that that would do no good. Censors, in war time, are like flies that get into your room at night, or mosquitoes. You kill one, and think you can sleep—and immediately you find that there is another. And so it keeps on. The Englishman went on, soothingly.

"Of course, after the war—"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Taggart.

"Or—I can't quite say—perhaps even sooner than that." The Englishman beamed in what he conceived to be a soothing manner, but in what Billy, from experience, knew to be dangerous and provocative in the extreme. He had seen high priced actors from the legitimate stage, engaged temporarily in uplifting the movies, at five hundred a week, arguing with the unregenerate Taggart in just such a fashion. "A month or so from now, old chap, I may be able to arrange for you to show these films. You've been of a deuce of a lot of service—I can assure you you won't find us ungrateful, old chap."

That Englishman's feelings were hurt when Taggart departed suddenly. But Taggart knew what he was about. Had he stayed there would have been blood upon his hands and a price upon his head. Reynolds, staying behind, explained to the censor that Taggart was subject to attacks of faintness, which required, for their alleviation, a certain medicine.

"He found he didn't have any with him, I expect," explained Billy, mendaciously.

"Oh, I say—sorry!" exclaimed the Englishman. "I quite understand, of course. Peculiar chap, though—Taggart. Isn't he, now?"

A remark, that would have struck its author as even more to the point had he been able to follow the convolutions of Taggart's mind in the next few hours. For Taggart did not, as might have been expected, spend a day grieving about the wasted pictures, that must remain invisible until the ban of the censorship was removed. They would be good anyhow, even if they couldn't be shown for months; the thing to do was to get something else for immediate use, if that could be done. And something gave him an inspiration. Everything he had done so far was connected with land fighting. Why shouldn't he do some water stuff?

A real inspiration, too. Because—he remembered that the man who was just then the "ruler of the King's navy" was, by a happy ordinance of fate, half American. His mother, that is, had been an American girl. And he knew that the Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, had a few American qualities. He remembered the story that was even then running through London, of how Churchill, convinced long before any of his cabinet colleagues that war was coming, had prepared for it.

"I think there will be war, gentlemen," Churchill had said, in a cabinet meeting, in effect. "If there is, we shall need so much extra money, which we ought to get at once. And of this extra money, I have already spent such and such a sum. If you do not approve of my course, I shall be glad to resign."

That struck Taggart as essentially American; as the sort of thing to be expected of a Roosevelt.

How he got to Churchill is one of the mysteries. At first he had hoped that the girl of Hanover, the girl he had rescued from imprisonment

as a British spy, perhaps from a worse fate, by claiming her as a fiancée, would be able to help him. But she had disappeared. And so—he called him up on the telephone. It is a strange thing that so many otherwise inaccessible men can be reached by the telephone. Something clever in the way the refusal to give a name is worded—some little trick—the thing is done! Newspaper men in America know it well; they have to. Once he had the minister's ear, the rest was easy. He got the appointment he wanted.

"Can't you see?" he said, as he unfolded his plan. "I'd like you to forget my side of it. I want you to think of the use this thing can be to you. You've got control of the sea—but your control is strictly limited. You don't know how long you'll keep it. Your censorship has done pretty well—but I know some things. I know that it was a torpedo, not a mine, that blew up the Pathfinder."

"You know too—damn much," said the cabinet minister, amiably. In that moment the American strain in him was very strong. "And yet—there's something in what you say."

He pondered for a moment.

"You've got the apparatus ready?" he said.

"Can I send a man to see it and make a report?"

"Any time—any time at all," said Taggart, almost daring to be hopeful.

"I don't believe it will work," said the minister.

"Suppose it doesn't—what harm is done? And, anyhow—it has worked. They're showing pictures on Broadway right now that were taken that way."

Taggart had his way, in the end. As a matter of fact, that had been assured from the moment when he had gained the reluctant ear of the man who was responsible for the conduct of the British navy by his telephone trick. And the morning after that momentous interview, he gave orders to pack up.

"Where are we going now?" asked Billy Reynolds, complainingly, as usual. "I'm just beginning to get used to London—just starting to like it pretty well. Of course, this war messes things up, and, even in peace times it wouldn't be up to New York. But . . ."

"I don't know about taking you at all, Billy," said Taggart, dubiously. "I'm thinking that maybe I'd better try to be camera man this trip. You see—this is going to be a pretty dangerous work. No—I guess you'd better stay out of this deal, Billy."

"Hey!" Billy was indignant. "Whoever gave you any license to think you could take pictures? You're a good director—you've got as good an eye for locations as any director I ever saw. But you're no camera man, Clem. Forget it. What's the lay out?"

"No," said Taggart, firmly. "I've put you up against risks no man has a license to get another to run since this war started, Billy. But this time I'm going to play it alone. Then, if anything happens, I won't have the feeling that I dragged you in it—"

"Say—where do you get that stuff?" asked Billy, now alarmed and thoroughly angry. "Do you think I'm afraid to go anywhere you can slip in?"

"Sure not, Billy. But it wouldn't be right."

"It's as right for me as it is for you!" declared Reynolds. "Say—if you try to pull anything like that I'll smash the camera! Why, Clem—be reasonable! There's about a million things you'd never think of if you were trying to run the camera—things that're just second nature to me. I've got to go—that's all!"

So did Billy Reynolds, who was always complaining of the risks they ran, act when there was a chance that he might not be allowed to share a danger! Taggart had to grin—though Billy's affectation of fear, for that matter, had never deceived him. He knew Reynolds for what he was; a genius. In the moment when the real test came, invariably, Billy was on the job. And, as a

rule, he was too busy attending to the job in hand to be scared, no matter how good the grounds for fear. At Sarajevo, when Taggart, for the moment, had utterly lost his head, Billy had kept the crank turning while the shots that lighted Europe were being fired, while the Austrian archduke and his wife were sinking, dying, on the cushions of their car, while the police and the soldiers chased and caught the assassin.

"You don't even know what we're going to do, Billy," said Taggart now.

"Don't care, either," said Billy, sturdily.

But when Taggart told him his eyes lighted up.

"Oh, great!" he exclaimed. "I've always wanted to do some of that work. It may not work—but that's a chance worth taking."

"That's what I think, Billy. But it isn't the only chance—"

"It's the only one I'm bothering about," said Billy. "When do we start?"

"Seven o'clock tomorrow morning," said Taggart. "All right—I suppose you'll have to go, you old mule."

But, beneath the bantering words, there was some very real affection. The two movie men, who had always been good friends, had been drawn into a very close relationship since the beginning of the war. Men couldn't share such dangers as they had met without such a result, as a matter of fact.

Details of their trip, which began, strictly on schedule, at seven o'clock the next morning, were blurred in both their minds. They remembered an uncomfortable journey on a train that seemed to resent the appearance of civilians, and a further journey, after mysterious wanderings, blindfold, in a port whose name was concealed from them, that was so awful as to make anything they had undergone before seem tame by comparison. That was because they were travelling, on a rough sea, in a torpedoboot destroyer, whose commander was apparently anxious to establish some new records. Taggart and Reynolds were prepared to testify that he had done so, too.

"The Empire State express never went any faster than this!" was jolted out of Taggart, a few minutes after they had started. A young officer who overheard took him seriously, and, though he was obviously pleased, felt called upon to correct the statement.

"Oh, I say, old chap!" he exclaimed. "She's a speedy old tub—but, my word! The Empire State Express! I've travelled on her and we're not going much more than half as fast—'pon my word! You must be spoofin' us—eh, what?"

"I expect so!" said Taggart, weakly.

And after that neither he nor Reynolds had anything to say for a time. Both were good sailors; they had supposed themselves immune from discomfort at sea. But that was only because they had never been on a destroyer at high speed before. A destroyer isn't built for comfort. She is built for speed, and if there is any part of one that isn't being racked to pieces when the engines are at high speed no landsman could discover it.

Not until the lieutenant who had been anxious to correct him about the boat's speed came looking for him did Taggart pay heed to any but his own affairs. And that was about three hours after they had sailed.

"Want to see something, old chap?" asked the officer. "Rather a sight, we think—we've been getting used to it. Look!"

Taggart looked, and rubbed his eyes. Before them, spreading out as far as his eye could reach, was the British navy—in effect. Oh, there were ships about their business all over the world. But this was the great home fleet. Before them were nine great battleships, dreadnoughts, perhaps a mile or two apart. And beyond them, in each direction, blots of smoke on the clear sky showed where others of their kind were waiting.

"Waiting—that's just it," said the officer. Nothing else for them to do. They can't slip into a mined roadstead and cut out a cruiser—that's our job. Oh, they'll get their chance! Those johnnies will have to show themselves and fight sooner or later. But, in the meantime, it's the little fellows, like us, that get the work."

But this thought did not seem to depress him unduly.

"The big fellows have to stay out here—sort of rear guard," explained the officer. He grinned a

little. "And my word, but the chaps aboard are stuffy! You see, we, and the fellows on the smaller cruisers, that are keeping up the real blockade, are getting all the best of it. There's a sort of patrol far in, much nearer to the German coast—cruisers, destroyers, a few submarines. If the Germans come out we'll get the start of it. Can't risk dreadnoughts at that sort of work, you see. One of their submarines might slip through as far as that any time and pot a ship or two."

On went the destroyer, barely slackening her pace as she dashed through the long, grim line of floating fortresses. Taggart was too interested by this time to remember that he was seasick. And when, forty miles further on, the destroyer came at last to the advanced line, where the real patrol was maintained, he scanned the line of cruisers eagerly for the one to which he and Reynolds were bound. He picked her out at last, with her four stacks, and short, stubby masts. She held one end of the blockading line, which was stretched out about fifty miles from the German coast.

Here the scene was different. There was more life, more bustle. Hydroaëroplanes were flying about like bees over a clover field; below torpedoboots, destroyers, steam trawlers swarmed about. But he had little time to observe the scene. He and Reynolds were transhipped to a launch that came puffing up to get them, upon a signalled warning, and in a few moments they were on the deck of the big cruiser that, the Germans permitting, was for several days to be their home. With extraordinary care a great crate was transhipped, too; over this Taggart kept watch assiduously.

The cruiser—call her the Rodney, which was not her name—had little warlike about her. Only her stripped decks, cleared of every bit of spare hamper, and the open, grimly ready guns, served as reminders of the work she might have to do at any moment. Her people seemed to take the whole thing as a huge joke.

"It's like maneuvers—only worse," said a midshipman. "We just cruise around all day long—and never a sign of a German have we seen yet!"

Taggart smiled at that. But he was there for business. And late that night, with the captain of the Rodney, Reynolds, and a few picked men, he prepared for what he might have to do—he and Billy Reynolds. The great crate was unpacked; it proved to contain what amounted to a diving bell, with a solid bottom and a glass top and sides. There was a patented arrangement of tubes by which air was supplied to the bell, and a system of signalling. In this the camera Reynolds was to use was set up, and, on the cruiser's deck, Taggart and Reynolds took up their positions inside. The air supply system and the signals were tested; both worked perfectly.

"Well—I wish you joy of your job, Mr. Taggart!" said the captain. "I can see the value of what you hope to do. But I'll be frank—I don't think that you've a chance. However, it's not my affair. You have your authority from headquarters. I'll do my part. We've had attacks about four nights a week—mostly between two and dawn. So far we've beaten them off very easily—I fancy we've accounted for two or three of their boats. Shall you try it tonight?"

"I think so—now that we're here," said Taggart.

"Turn in early and get some sleep, then," suggested the captain. "I'll give orders for you to be called at eight bells—twelve o'clock, you know."

"Right—and thanks, very much," said Taggart.

He and Reynolds took what seemed to be excellent advice. And, about one o'clock in the morning, they took their places in the great glass bell and were lowered over the cruiser's side—a job both difficult and delicate. But it was accomplished. And then they waited.

Strange lights and shadows showed here, far below the surface of the water. There was a strange, greenish light that seemed entirely independent of the sun or any other agency of illumination. And, soon after the two movie men took up their place, searchlights began

playing over the water, and this light added an indescribably weird effect. The water, to Taggart's surprise, even though he had expected it, was clear—far more clear than one accustomed to regarding it from a ship's deck could ever imagine. They could see fish constantly; Taggart explained that by reminding Reynolds that they were in the greatest fishing sea in the world.

But hour after hour passed and there was still no sign of a submarine attack. The quality of the light changed; there was, first, a period, brief but well marked, of almost total darkness. That was followed by a distinct lightening of the water.

"That's morning coming," said Taggart. "Nothing doing to-night, I guess."

"No—I guess not," said Reynolds. He looked at his watch. By Jove—nearly seven o'clock. Hello—what's that?"

He was looking straight ahead—right out and away from the cruiser. And in a moment he was at the camera, and Taggart, calm, but visibly excited for all that, was at his signal rope.

"Coming by daylight!" he exclaimed. "That's something new! Never heard of a submarine attack except at night before! But she's coming, all right!"

In a moment he was talking to the officer through his telephone wire, that ran through the bottom of the bell and up to the ship's deck. He gave the direction in which the submarine was coming, and next moment he sprang to Billy's side.

"Now—get ready—there they go!"

A rumbling sound came to them; they swayed and the bell shook. And then, around the submarine, the waters were shattered and disturbed. Shells were dropping about her, and exploding as they fell. Taggart pressed a button; a beam of light shot out from the bell and struck the submarine. And in that instant something shot from the bow of the attacking boat; something black and deadly.

But something had disturbed the aim of the torpedo man; the missile was plainly off direction. It was going to pass behind the cruiser.

"Get that—oh, get it!" begged Taggart. "Every bit of it!"

"I'm getting it," said Reynolds, grimly. "Some picture—a torpedo coming right at us!"

Then the torpedo was out of the camera's range, and they were both frantically busy.

"Give me that film!" ordered Taggart.

Reynolds got in out of the camera; he was replacing it with another while Taggart enclosed it in a lightproof, waterproof case, prepared in advance. Taggart had thought of everything. That case was made to float; it was marked, with instructions that it be forwarded to the Big Boss, in New York.

And meanwhile Billy's camera was working.

"They got her!" he yelled, suddenly. "Bully for them! See—there she goes, Clem!"

It was true. A six inch shell had struck the submarine, and now, suddenly, she buckled and began to sink. As she went down men were spewed out of her, men who danced grotesquely in the water.

"Another reel!" said Billy. "God—what a sight! Here—pack it, Clem!"

Taggart took it, and obeyed. For a moment they were silent. There was nothing more to do—the attack was over. And then, suddenly the world seemed to come to an end. A terrific explosion stunned them and threw them down. When they arose, perhaps half a minute later, they could feel that their position was wholly different. For a moment they stared blankly at one another.

"They got us—they got the Rodney—on the other side!" gasped Taggart.

There was another shock; another explosion.

"Here—I'm not going down like a rat in this trap!" cried Taggart. He lifted the camera; the next moment he sent it smashing through the glass, which, once the pressure was released at one spot, simply disintegrated. They were in the water then, rushing upward. Each had a precious box of film; each was determined to cling to it.

On the surface of the water they found it easy to swim. One glance showed them that the Rodney had had her death blow; she was sink-

(Continued on page 20)

THE MUSIC STORY

A Department for Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures

By MABEL BISHOP WILSON

Editor's Note: This new department has been urged into existence by the persistent request of our readers. It is for our readers—an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her. Different views, different discussions and new, practical ideas will appear in each issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.

THOUGH has been described as a reaction due to some stimulus, or "blow," struck upon the mind through one or more of the senses. Each of us is an instrument made up of many delicate parts, and associated with the outside world through the avenues of the faculties and senses. More than that, we are musically-regulated instruments, governed by rhythm—the measured beat or the regular recurrence of accent. The same force that makes us master mechanical achievements, also gives us a liking for music, and makes possible our emotional interpretation of music. The man who becomes proficient at a lute, the person who can play a musical instrument, the typist—every person who acquires anything of a reflex nature—has given evidence of the governing rhythm—the same time-measuring instinct that keeps the heart beating or that enables us to breathe or walk without the expenditure of conscious thought.

Beyond this element of rhythm that plays such an important part in our lives, is our response to music. Certain musical sounds suggest corresponding emotions. Some musical compositions bring out sympathy, others hope, happiness, grief, etc. Animals, as well as men, are influenced. Music is the basic appeal to the emotions, but not the only appeal.

The picture drama is also a suggestive influence to the emotions, accomplishing through sight what music brings about through hearing. All art may be similarly classified. Only as art sets in motion certain responsive action in the minds of those who hear or view it, may it be regarded as true art. Thus, the moving picture that holds our interest, brings forth sympathy, evokes laughter or provokes anger or tears, is a play that has "technique," or that may be said to have such artistic arrangement and presentation that it strikes the proper chords in our own souls.

The picture play, through the sense of sight, arouses definite emotions in the breasts of its audience, and with it, music, acting through the sense of hearing, will bring out corresponding or parallel emotions.

The proper musical effects can accentuate the plot of the picture—can make a comedy funnier—or a tragedy more gripping. The music assists the audience to feel that what is shown on the screen is really taking place. Even the most spectacular appeal to the amusement desire (the circus), was not a success without a number of brass bands. The blare of the circus band, floating through the night to the ears of the hapless youth who did not attend, carried with it the spirit of daring. It caught those sleepless eyes to visualize the occurrences inside the tent. The deep, appealing organ notes of the church have carried their evangelizing messages to souls that words could not reach. It is this same art—"the concord of sweet sounds"—that today is adding to the success of the picture drama.

It is not the title of a musical composition that makes it fitting. It is not always the words, because they may frequently seek to convey an idea much at variance with the musical setting. If Handel's "Largo" were called "That Ancient, Jingling, German Handel Rag," it would continue to deliver its sweet message of conquest—not according to its name, but in keeping with its true musical appeal. Therefore, the fact that

a piece has words associated with "good-bye" is not a guarantee that the music is a message of sympathy or tenderness. The "words and music" have perpetrated more emotional assaults than perhaps any other combination claiming a speaking acquaintance with art. (Not so commonly found in the better class of music, but painfully frequent among popular songs so universally used in picture theatres.)

Musical interpretation of pictures is a very broad subject. It concerns musicians, exhibitors and the audience. When the musical appeal harmonizes with the picture appeal, there is a sense of gratification on the part of the audience; when the music calls attention to itself because of its variance with the picture, it is not good, although it may be a brilliant performance of the masterpiece of our favorite composer.

I might add that the contagion of "improvising" has not improved the situation, nor has the mad desire to play patriotic airs on all occasions lent more art to the picture plays. The pianist who strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner" every time a boat is sailing, a pennant is flying or a washing is flapping on a line, is not interpreting the picture. Nor is there interpretation in the jumble of chords repeatedly imposed upon audiences as improvisation. But despite the art shown by the musician, there are many obstacles with which to contend, such as the irregularity of speed of the operator in turning the film, or the rapid succession of short scenes having extremely different characters, etc.

There may be a hundred different selections that would harmonize with the same emotion. Some of these may come from the classics and others from popular airs. Classics live, but popular pieces vanish after a brief bid for popularity. All classics are not necessarily "heavy." Music that is abiding is like art that endures. Music may be a vehicle of fads, but in the abstract it is not a fad. This is equally true of pictures. Some will become classics; most of them will simply "speak us" in passing. The more closely any human effort approaches art, the more natural it seems to be; therefore, the more pleasing it is. And, that is the primal object of the photo-drama—to give pleasurable entertainment.

I have mentioned the above points, not as an exposition of all there is to music for the films, nor even as a fair beginning of the great breadth and scope of the subject. This much I can say: the public is gradually demanding better music and better pictures. The type of people patronizing the movies is no longer the insipid. The best people are attracted, and picture house architecture, I half regret to say, has forged far ahead of the pictures and the music. It is too bad that the older and more basic art, music, should lag when it is being called so stridently.

In these columns, I shall take up various discussions, and shall print programmes, not merely of my own making, but from picture musicians and exhibitors who are intent on having the music story harmonize with the enactment on the screen. In this connection, I invite correspondence. In the twenty thousand picture theatres in America, there are certainly hundreds of musicians who have devoted serious thought to this oft-neglected and sometimes wilfully abused subject. Efforts have been put forth by film producing companies to furnish musical suggestions for their regular output of films. For the most part, these have failed miserably. Many of them were positively impossible and others impractical because they attempted to cover broadly what merited analysis.

The history of every industry has added proof to the age-old "survival of the fittest." It must repeat itself in picture music. Simply to "play anything" is not sufficient. To wear a few popular airs threadbare is not enough.

Monotony is an offense that even the musically indifferent will not tolerate.

Where a picture house has a pipe-organ as well as a piano, an opportunity of broader musical interpretation is offered. The idea of the organ should not simply be to lend variety, but to assist in the true dramatization of the pictures. An organ thundering out its rich soul-inspiring harmonies as an accompaniment to a farce comedy, would prove as fitting as serving a chicken salad in cantaloupe. Surely, there should always be a sense of proportions. A musical programme performed during the presentation of motion pictures is not motion picture accompanying. The ideal accompaniment to the photoplay is the result of a capable musician's well directed efforts to combine character and length of selection in a way that it may perfectly fit the picture and thereby add realism and sincerity to the action on the screen. To end slap-bang in the middle of a dramatic scene is like a burst of laughter at a funeral. It shocks the senses and jars on the nerves. The audience deserves better treatment, and yet none of the audience generally may openly comment on the music. Only the music lovers will discuss it. The others, for the most part, notice it, but may not understand just what it is wrong.

Here and there patronage may be made up of the illiterate, and only loud, slap-bang "music" would "go." We must exclude the rabid from our discussions, lest we bore them. The majority of picture theatre patrons are music-lovers in some degree. The man who can never learn a tune sufficiently to whistle it, may still love music, and sense the difference between good music and bad music. It is not necessary that one be able to recognize the pitch which is in unison with a whistle or bell to appreciate music, because the foundation of the musical appeal is the deepest of all. It is not required that musical assault-and-battery be committed to please the audience. The pianissimo efforts often are more agreeable than the crashing fortis. If there is sufficient shading, then it is possible for the audience to view the pictures without musical distraction, but rather with musical coöperation.

Playing for the pictures, we must bear in mind, is a new art, or the newer adaptation of a very old art. In the legitimate drama, the music was usually employed before the raising of the curtain, between acts and as the audience was leaving the theatre. In musical plays, the music generally accompanies the songs and by that token finds an "excuse" for its presence. But the picture show demands music continuously, because more than one sense must be appealed to. The minds of those who watch the pictures supply the interpretation of them, but it is the music that adds to this realism. Let the music cease, and the screen seems to have lost part of itself—the part that is represented by sound. The audience becomes uneasy. It is like trying to eat cake without sugar, or meat without salt. Music is the picture drama's flavor and the musician or orchestra must be sure that the music story is told properly.

My contention is that there are many ways of interpreting a picture, although there is but one proper analysis. My own repertoire consists of over 2,000 selections for the sake of variety. I have these catalogued and aim to give a musical program that can change continuously for weeks. If the musician had but a few selections which express pathos, what a fearful calamity that would be to the musician as well as to the audience. With an almost limitless field for proper selection, the musician should aim at variety so long as quality is not forfeited.

The inefficient or indifferent musician can find a theory readily enough to "explain away" any shortcomings, although the idea of music is

(Continued on page 20)

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

XII—The "Fade Away" at the Reel's End

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

MANY a man has received his severest bump when all the signs were propitious; and, inversely, many a man has won out when the day was filled with omens of dire disaster. But who can foretell what the day will bring forth when it begins with a weird juggling of the good and ill. That was the sort of day that confronted Jack Walling.

An unrest lay deep in his breast—and a black cat crossed his path and looked back balefully at him. The unrest was not new, but the black cat was new—to him. A shiver played tag along his spine, sporting with each vertebra.

Dolly Ewing was nowhere to be found! Mrs. Ewing said she had neither seen Dolly nor heard from her since the day before. This was extraordinary. It promised adventure; it suggested tragedy. Strangely, Mrs. Ewing objected to Walling's searching the morgue or informing the police.

That was the evil part of the day. There was a good side, to wit, the spot cash offer for all the Ewing-Walling interests, amounting to so huge a sum, it made Walling gasp to think about it. He was not weary of the movies. He could never tire of the silent drama, or the "big game" that was interwoven with it. But he wanted to rest—to go away somewhere and forget all about the world for a few months. However, one condition alone would make his going possible and that condition was missing. It was the big condition that had governed him from that first day in Central Park.

It is, perhaps, unfair to refer to Dolly Ewing as a condition. More properly, she was a combination of conditions. Just at the moment Walling believed he knew her mind, she altered her opinion and upset his calculations. But now, at the very time when all other signs were right, she was missing. Also, there was a bank of ugly clouds athwart the northwestern sky, which in Chicago—and especially in February—presaged a snowstorm, possibly a blizzard.

Here was the chronology of events leading up to Miss Ewing's disappearance: At three o'clock on the afternoon of the day preceding, she had hurried into the house, her mother stated tearfully, very much out of breath and equally out of sorts. She said little and that in an undertone. She was plainly perturbed. At five minutes past three, Dolly glided out of the front door of the Ewing apartment. A taxicab was waiting which whisked the girl away so rapidly that Mrs. Ewing was not certain she had seen her daughter at all. The confectioner on the corner had noticed the cab swing past—bound directly toward the lake. A "white wing" over on Sheridan Road thought he had seen the car turn south. Beyond that, all signs ceased. And at this moment, Jack Walling was walking with his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets, in a most unfamiliar part of Chicago—for him—the Ghetto.

He paused abruptly before a tawdry gilt front that bore the name, "Mispah Theatre." A few greasy incandescent globes illuminated its exterior. A scattering of children gazed wistfully at the bold posters with their promise of adventure, and wondered why such temples of bliss were intended for the very wealthy who owned

spare nickels, to the exclusion of those who hardly possessed spare pennies. It was a ripe cause for juvenile socialism—that sign. For a moment Walling smiled. He could afford to; he had a monarch's ransom in his wallet.

A few irregular flakes of snow were languidly descending through the pall of smoke—and the temperature perceptibly was lower than it had been when Walling started out. The storm had arrived after its long journey out of Medicine Hat. Walling felt a sense of pity and fellowship as he counted the children. There were twelve of them—half-clad, and less than half-fed. Abruptly he walked to the window and bought twelve tickets, and handed the faded blue passports to the awe-inspired children. This was like a dream to them—and the day was like a dream to Walling, so that he actually expected to wake up at any time. One of the youngsters muttered thanks, and handed Walling a tin whistle in token of appreciation. Walling accepted it with a chuckle. The others simply gazed open-mouthed, obviously startled that their fellow should give away a plaything!—and then they pressed into the warm dreamland that had so lately been closed to them.

"Here is a five-dollar bill," said Jack airily, as he leaned against the frost-coated glass, "and you will see that the next one hundred children are admitted." He did not wait for a reply, but turned into Twelfth Street, with his heart a little lighter, despite his very real concern over Dolly.

He paused a moment at the point where Twelfth bids good-morrow to Halsted, and stared blankly through the filtering screen of snow. An auto-horn honked so close to him that he jumped back—but he had caught view of the lone occupant—Dolly Ewing!

Halsted at Twelfth is not a section of Chicago likely to harbor taxis, or any other vehicle that might be for hire. It is the confluence of the thoroughfares of misery and lamentation—and Walling realized this with painful sharpness, as he attempted to race after the fleeing car. But it was gone—it had been swallowed

up in the shifting distance. But this much he knew, at any rate. Dolly Ewing was not dead—she was, on the contrary, very much alive.

At the moment of his greatest hopelessness, a large touring car drew up to the curb, and the chauffeur clapped his hands to bring back the blood to his cold fingers.

"I want to hire this car!" Walling cried impetuously.

The driver shook his head stiffly.

"I must hire it—a hundred dollars for an hour—fifty for every hour thereafter—a hundred and fifty in front!" He had counted out the bank-notes, and the driver's eyes opened in incredulous surprise.

"All right," he replied laconically, as he gathered the bills in his chilled hands. "Hop in!"

They rushed on westward, but it was impossible to see a hundred yards ahead. Only one guide did they have: the tracks of the wheels of the taxi in the newly fallen snow. If they tarried even a few minutes, those precious marks

would be obliterated and their only clue lost.

For blocks they pursued—always a little faster, as the traffic became less congested, and the broad paths of the wheels were more easily discerned. Walling was seated beside the driver, and he turned over the distressing facts of the day in his mind, rapidly but without order. Every thought was a question, and every question was unanswered. Why should Dolly Ewing select a day and place like this day and this quarter of the city? Why should Walling have wandered to the Ghetto? Why should the touring car come up when everything seemed miserably lost? Suddenly there were two sets of tracks ahead. The second seemed to have come out of the first. Or had one been following the other so faithfully it looked like a single trail?

For blocks, the paths of the two cars seemed to zigzag—blending at times, and showing as separate markings at other times. Finally, one set of grooves turned sharply to the right—the other continued straight ahead. Walling's mind was numb. He was struggling for reason—for the power of deduction—for luck—for anything that would serve its purpose. The driver, however, had turned.

"Why did you do it—why?" Walling queried anxiously.

"Because," the man replied wearily, "it is the car you want; it was the last car to run in those tracks; it was the only taxi you saw." Walling couldn't grasp the logic—nor could he contradict it.

They were on Francisco avenue, bordered with the low, brick apartments that were more dreary even than the day. The tracks of the taxi veered to one side, and there were marks to show where it had drawn up at the curb; but the walk was as white and level as when the snow had first fallen. No footprints could be found in the white mantle.

"We'll stop here," the driver commented with even greater weariness.

"But no one has alighted," Walling protested. "See, the walks are without a footprint!"



An Auto Horn Honked so Close to Him That He Jumped Back, But He Caught a View of the Lone Occupant—Dolly Ewing.

The chauffeur seemed more weary than ever. But he was not to be moved by Walling's reasoning. And Walling suspected that the driver was seeking an easy way out—that he would dart into the gathering gloom the moment Jack stepped from the car.

"Well, she's in there," the chauffeur said with finality. "Oh, I'll wait. You are still forty minutes to the good. Hurry—right up the second set of steps—to that house with the drawn shades."

Had the man gone mad? His appearance suggested neither insanity nor trickery. Reluctantly, Walling obeyed. He trudged up to the house indicated, but the sound of the bell echoed through vacant rooms! There was a sharp chugging of the motors back of him, and Walling turned sharply just in time to see the car disappearing in the gloom. So he was outwitted after all—he, the great Walling, whose mind had gained him a reputation for shrewdness and foresight! An aching jump arose in his throat—and he spat his hands to relieve his rising temper.

Without thinking, he pressed the bell again, and he fancied that he heard some one walking softly down the hall. There was a pause—and then the door opened very slightly. An old lady appeared—very aged and extremely wrinkled, and as furtive as she was old. She was about to slam the door on him, when he thrust one foot into the opening, and his body was soon increasing the space, in the face of voluble protests.

The old lady looked at him with a rebuke in her eyes. But if there was to be victory—if the driver was correct—then did the reward not justify the lack of courtesy on his part.

"I wish to see Miss Ewing," he said curiously.

"Never heard of her," the old lady piped nervously. "Besides, if you don't get out, I'll summon the police!"

"Go ahead and do it," Jack retorted gruffly, but regretted his tones, for the woman was evidently refined, and poor and miserable.

Then, as he gazed at the unfurnished interior, an idea came racing to him. He was beginning to think again. The little tin whistle the boy had handed to him, came to his mind. He withdrew it from his pocket. "I'll call the police," he said firmly.

The old lady's demeanor changed suddenly. Her resentment had fled. Tears welled in her eyes, and she clutched his arm with her thin hands. "Don't!" she pleaded. "Heaven knows there is enough trouble already!"

"Where is Miss Ewing?" he demanded with a feeling of greater certainty. "Come, tell me quick—or—!"

"She isn't here," the old lady protested. "She was to come here, but she's not here—yet!"

So she was to come! Did the driver know? Was it more than chance that had brought him along in time? She was to come. That accounted for the lack of foot

prints in the snow on the walk near the house.

Suddenly the doorbell sounded—three long and two short rings. The old lady was strangely agitated. "Here," she whispered hoarsely, "you go into this room," indicating the large, bare living room beyond. Walling obeyed, but remained close to the door as a precautionary measure.

Some one had entered the hall. There were hasty whispers—and Walling leaned forward to catch the sound of the voice. Evidently it was muffled with sobs. Then there were light footfalls down the hall. Walling hurried out just in time to see two figures disappearing through a door. One was that of the old lady; the other could be only one person in all the world. But by the time Walling reached the door, the lock had turned in it. His way was barred!

His first impulse was to throw his body against the door—but the woodwork was heavy. While he cogitated ways and means, he could hear voices from beyond the barrier. One was Dolly's voice—very high-pitched and very angry. He stooped and placed his ear to the keyhole. It was Dolly beyond question. She was sobbing and scolding, and was undoubtedly boss of the situation. Walling could not understand it at all. He was keyed up to mystery—but was this mystery? Was it even adventure? Suppose he should be prying on something that was none of his affair? Such things are possible—and they were doubly probable when Miss Ewing was in the plot.

"But," Walling reasoned, "the old lady was afraid I might call the police. She was fearful lest Dolly see me. This isn't all regular—and I'll hang around awhile, because one can never tell when one is needed."

Once more the doorbell jangled, and the door

against which Walling's ear was plastered was jerked open with such suddenness he lost his balance and sprawled inside—at Dolly's feet!

But that floor was not bare, nor were the walls without adornment. It was very beautifully furnished—with the rear windows barred by shutters. There was a huge base-burner doing duty in the center of this larger room, and an ancient oil lamp swung from a chain that was screened by three-score prisms.

"Jack Walling!" Dolly cried, partly in surprise and partly in anger.

"Well, you didn't think you could lose me, did you?" Walling questioned, as he arose awkwardly and began awkwardly dusting off his clothes. He was half-ashamed and half-boastful. And then something happened at the front door which shocked him into immediate action. The old lady screamed, and fell back and two hulking shapes were rushing down the hall. Maybe they were officers, but suppose they weren't? It might be best to act first and explain afterwards. Walling was unarmed, but he was alert. He could fight—not as well as some, but a trifle better than most folk. He was out of his overcoat before Dolly could catch her breath. And it was well that he had been so spry, because one of the men struck at him with a cane—not a regulation police club, but an ugly, knotted cane.

Walling dodged the blow, and took a chance on his arm. He struck out with his right fist as taut as a rawhide thong, and it connected beautifully with a square jaw that was coated with a few weeks' growth of beard. Jack's funny-bone ached for a day afterwards. He tackled the second. This was not so easy. The second enemy had witnessed the discomfiture of the first, and was better prepared. But the demon

of fight was in Jack, and he scarcely felt an ugly blow on the face. It started a crimson stream flowing, but it had not short-circuited his current of determination. He fended the next blow, and came to grips—at which he was extremely clever. At one time, Walling had been a successful wrestler; not a very great grappler, but far above the ordinary run.

That explains why he grasped an outstretched arm, jerked it tight and struck the elbow with his free hand. Something snapped, according to schedule, for when tendons are stretched against the joints, they often give—and this one gave amazingly. There was a cry of pain, and the promising opponent came to his knees, crying for mercy. Walling sprang to the man's side, and the light fell on their faces. The fellow was none other than the chauffeur.

"You were going to rob us," Walling breathed malignantly. But he did not wait for a reply. He never did when he was certain he was correct. Curiosity was getting the better of him.

"Tell me," he said, as he picked up the gnarled bludgeon of the first victim, "how you knew this was the house?"

"Because I live next door, and have been wise to goings-on these three weeks past. And now, it's all off, and my arm's broken and I'll lose even my hundred-



The Second Enemy Witnessed the Discomfiture of the First and Was Better Prepared. But the Demon of Fight Was in Jack.

and-fifty!" After all, the fellow had guided him aright—and Dolly was present—so why seek revenge?

"I'll give you ten second to vanish," Walling told the driver threateningly. Then he altered his decision. He was not satisfied with the reply the man had given. "I insist on the straight of this," he said warningly. "I don't believe that you live next door."

"Maybe that's so," the driver replied sullenly, "but it's my story and I'll stick to it to the end."

Walling smiled. The fellow had spirit, and was injured, so why pursue the subject further?

He conducted them to the door and watched them hurry into the car and disappear in the gathering film of snow—for the storm had a strong wind back of it; a wind that howled dismally—and the flakes were keen-edged, and were driving pedestrians from the street.

"Now," said Walling, with a feeling of heroism that dominated him, "I shall ask Dolly for an explanation." But he could not understand why Dolly was so evidently elated. A young woman who has recently emerged from such exciting ordeals, is usually supposed to faint. Dolly was far from fainting.

"If you trust me, you must never ask," and Dolly's lips came together with a delicious snap

to them that was necessary to hide a smile. Jack was not quite certain it was a smile, but he thought it was. Dolly knew.

It was time to become dramatic. All young men have a touch of the histrionic in them at times—but it does not always show itself. Was he not the hero of this sketch? Had he not trudged the streets for hours, guided by fate. Had he not rescued Dolly from Death itself? He knew he had, and fortified by this knowledge, he was prepared to have his say!

His oration was long and glorious. He was fired with a fine command that he had never dared use to Dolly before.

After the spirit of heroism began to subside somewhat, the flame of romance started to proclaim itself. The old lady had disappeared into an adjoining room, probably because she did not wish to be a witness to Walling's vainglorious claims—maybe because she was not too old to have a sense of humor—and also probably because it was proper to retire at this particular stage.

Dolly looked so very little and dependent that all the love within Walling's heart surged to the surface, and he caught her in his arms—no longer with trembling apologies, but with the feeling of genuine ownership. He told her about the day he had first seen her at the Circle along Upper Broadway. He recalled all the glad weeks

on Amsterdam avenue in New York—and he discreetly forgot the inglorious days that followed along the great white way.

And then, after catching his breath, he asked Dolly why she had never consented to marry him.

"Have you ever asked me?" she queried with a note of gentle rebuke in her voice. And suddenly Jack Walling realized that while he had approached the subject from a thousand different angles, he had never asked her.

But he did—then and there!

And—Jack Walling was never to know that all the intricate arrangements of the disappearance, the house of mystery, the excited old lady, and even the "hold-up" were staged by Dolly, because she was weary of wondering if Jack Walling possessed the one quality she was not sure he did possess and which she demanded—real physical bravery. Nor was he to ever know that Dolly's taxi and the touring car had both shadowed him all day until the proper time had come for the great dénouement! But, then, he had thought it was all arranged by fate—and he had acquitted himself bravely.

And even Dolly was sorry for it all when, the very next day, she signed herself, for the first time: "Dolly Walling!"

(THE END)

Canine Movie Crooks



This is not an academic discussion of possibilities, but a cold statement of facts, for in chapter 30 of "Our Mutual Girl," written by Irvin S. Cobb, a former German police dog is employed to steal a valuable cameo necklace. He does it with such skill and so defies detection after the act that what started out merely as fiction has turned into a very solemn condition.

Let us tell first about the dog. By the irony of things this first of highly trained dog thieves is a female. Her name is Anni von der Heinrichsburg.

The Pictures Represent Several Scenes from "Our Mutual Girl" Serial, and Show Anni, the Police Dog, in Several Incidents



THE thief catcher who trains dogs to aid him in his detection and capture of criminals is in danger of being hoisted by his own petard. The fact that a dog is intelligent enough to catch a thief proved to an expert in criminology that a dog would be successful also as a thief.

A veritable Pandora's box of troubles seems to have been opened by this discovery, now employed for the first time in motion pictures. We have seen the evolution of the police dog, trained to the skillful detection of a criminal. Now we are to have the opposite of that proposition, the skilled police dog trained by a thief to serve his own ends.

All dogs are by instinct thieves. It is their inheritance from their wolf ancestors. Through years of arduous training we have taught dogs that they must not steal. But latent, always, is that heritage from their wild forefathers. The corruption of a thief-catching dog so that he becomes a thief himself is, after all, a simple case of reversion to type.

But conceive the consequences! As soon as we have a number of thieving dogs operating at the direction of a criminal intelligence we naturally confront a situation wherein police dogs, trained to stop thieving, will combat ex-police dogs retrained in their natural bent as thieves. Instead of the "dogs of war" we seem to face the "war of dogs." We shall have Sherlock Holmes turned Raffles.



She is a German schaeferhund (sheep dog), born at Hellingen, Weimar, Germany, on Dec. 10, 1909. So she is not five years old.

Anni comes from a splendid line of German police dogs, and as the Germans were first to utilize dogs for police, war and life saving purposes, this lineage bespeaks years of inherited training. Anni's mother is Resel von Jena Paradies, the champion female dog of Germany. Her father was Siegfried von Jena Paradies, another champion.

Anni was trained from birth until she was fourteen months old by the Berlin police authorities. Then they had to dispose of her because she could not get on with the other dogs. Anni was cleverest among them all, but her quarrelsome tendencies made it impossible for her to be retained in the kennels. There wasn't a dog in the Berlin squad that she didn't fight—and defeat.

And so her police career came to an abrupt end. She went back to the kennels of her first owner and spent three years in idleness, so far as police activities were concerned. Then she was brought to the United States for exhibition purposes.

This is the way she first was employed in the film: Mrs. Knickerbocker, Our Mutual Girl's wealthy aunt, purchases a \$50,000 necklace at Tiffany's as her niece's birthday present. The aunt is seen to buy the antique cameo by the clever thief who owns Anni. He follows Mrs. Knickerbocker to her home, marks the various ways of ingress and egress and then gets his dog.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Knickerbocker has given Margaret, Our Mutual Girl, her present. And Our Mutual Girl, delighted with the splendid gift, rapturously shows it to all her friends. Then, girl-like, she leaves it in her dresser while she dines.

Anni in the meantime has been brought to the door of Mrs. Knickerbocker's house. Her master rings the bell and engages the butler in a lengthy conversation, during which Anni sneaks past the unnoticing butler and manages to get upstairs. The real thief—that is, Anni's owner—has given her a handkerchief of Margaret's to smell, and the dog, trained by the police to follow such a blazing scent, goes direct to Our Mutual Girl's room.

Anni hides under the bed until Margaret retires. Our Mutual Girl, in her sweet simplicity, takes the necklace in its satin lined case to bed with her. No sooner has she lowered the lights and sunk into girlhood's refreshing slumber than Anni is called to the window by her owner's whistle. A few low spoken words in German and Anni is at work.

Skillfully, so carefully as not to disturb the sleeper and arouse her, Anni gets the jewel case in her delicate jaws and jumps out of the second floor window to Fifth avenue. There her master quickly takes from her mouth the case containing the jewel and puts the necklace in his pocket, throws the case away and saunters quietly up the avenue.

Here is a robbery where obviously there is no "inside work" to be blamed by the police. Nor is there any mark of jimmy or skeleton key on door or window of the house.

And now what are we in for? Are we to have a crime wave in which these skilled dogs of the police turn grafters and thieves at the instigation and under the training of expert crooks? In a subsequent chapter of Our Mutual Girl Anni's owner is caught because he becomes arrogant and throws caution to the winds. But had he been content to wait before selling the jewel he might forever have gone undetected.

FELICIA OF THE FILMS

The Letters of a Would-be Movie Star

ILLUSTRATED BY O. STEWARD INHOFF

BETTY dear:—
 Sept. 26.
 Whe-e-e-e, I've got news for you!
 All about movies and new clothes!
 I feel like a real "city chap." No longer could a passer-by pick me out as a recent small town recruit. I should say not. I've a new suit and I look like a real human being—but I'll start at the beginning.

You aren't "mad-a-me" for not answering sooner, are you? You know, in a small town like Danville, there isn't anything else to do but write letters. But here—why it seems that there is something to do every single minute, in Chicago.

I feel like a regular actress, a somebody, a city person! There is a sort of blur of excitement and happiness over everything, with just a little worry and uneasiness underneath, that doesn't count very much, I hope.

First I'll tell you about the pictures, for I know you're most interested in them, aren't you? I've been in about seven, I think, since I wrote. I'm still just an extra, but I'm beginning to know what to do. I never want to stare into the camera any more. I can walk right across a scene, with the camera grinding, without wanting to fall down or feel that I'm committing some horrible crime by merely being alive—and there. I know how to make up, too, without getting too much black on my eyes, you know I have rather good eyes, Betty, even if it does sound conceited of me to know it. Carl chose me for nearly all of the pictures I've been in. But Mr. Gerting picked me out for one! Isn't that bully? That's important, you know, for Edward Gerting is the biggest director at Triple Tee, and if he wanted to, why he could turn me into a real movie star in one clock-tick.

In the picture Mr. Gerting chose me for I had a part—I wasn't just one of the mob. I was at the studio early when Mr. Gerting came to choose the extras.

"You're the girl who climbed the tree, aren't you?" he asked. I nodded, too embarrassed and fussed and nervous to say a word.

"Do you think that you could throw some china around, hard enough to break it?"

I nodded again. Huh, breaking china was no stunt at all. He put a friendly hand on my arm. Then he picked out three more extra girls, told us to make up and report at the comedy studio. There are two big studios, you know, here at Triple Tee, one for the comedies and one for the serious dramas, each one equipped with blue lights and enough scenery to stage any play you've ever heard of. Why, in five minutes, the scene shifts from a bath-room to a banquet

hall. The exteriors are really taken out of doors, you know.

The woman who has charge of the wardrobe gave me some clothes to wear, even worse than my old Danville things, a short, full sleeved jacket, a ruffled skirt, a hat with one sickly feather on it and a pair of run-over shoes. I put the things on hurriedly and went to the studio. They laughed when they saw me but the principals are always dressing funny in pictures so I laughed, too.

The story was about a family who had a lot of poor cooks. I was one of them. First, there was an intelligence office scene. I was engaged there. Right next to it was the next scene, a view of a kitchen. My part was to enter the kitchen and start to cook—it was real cooking on a real gas stove. Then the mistress of the house came in. Miss Trudell had that part. She scolded me. I made faces at her and finally threw dishes, not hitting her, of course, but really breaking them on the floor. It went fine, all except that a piece of one of the plates hit her on the cheek and she glared at me until I really felt like a real discharged cook-lady.

"Pretty well done!" said Mr. Gerting, after we had finished the scene—we rehearsed it twice and the picture was taken the third time we went over it. Miss Trudell is awfully impatient about rehearsing with extras. She was trying to show off a bit, I think, because a new man was there.

The new man is named Fred Bernard. He's a New York man, a friend of Mr. Gerting and has been with an eastern company. He is going to be one of the big principals here and is staying with the Gertings at their flat. They had a little informal party for him the other night but of course only the principals and important people were invited.

Fred Bernard is the type we used to rave over and call "perfectly grand looking" when we were in High School. I do think, though, that he's one of the finest looking men I have ever seen. He's manly looking and his features are regular. His hair is dark brown with just a touch of wave in it and his expression is rather stern, until he smiles. I didn't think he'd notice an extra like me but I saw him laughing as I scowled and threw the dishes and he said, "She's all right, isn't she," to Mr. Gerting. Maybe he thought I was a real actress. I think that's one thing that made Miss Trudell angry.

I was introduced to him the next day. I was going to dinner with Carl and was waiting for him at the entrance. He and Mr. Bernard came out together and Carl introduced me. Mr. Bernard smiles like a big college boy and I don't think he's more than about twenty-five. We all three walked down the street together, laughing and talking about the pictures. He left us at the car. At dinner, Carl said:

"You seem to like the new man."

"He seems very nice," I answered, for I do like him.

"Well," said Carl, "if I were you I wouldn't make such a fuss over him. He doesn't look like just the right sort to me." I didn't think that a nice remark to make, and I said so. Carl did not like it. Of course I really don't know anything about Mr. Bernard but he's the sort of man, it seems to me, you'd want to have for your friend.

The other pictures I was in were just mob scenes—a dance, in which I had such a gorgeous dancer for a partner that I didn't want to stop when the picture was over; a court room scene; a banquet and scenes like that.

Now I'll tell you about my new clothes. Don't be angry at me either. You'd like

my new clothes and wouldn't blame me one bit, if you could see them. I told you I was going to get some. I had a little money saved from what Carl loaned me and what I had been earning. I went down town the first day I wasn't in a picture and looked at things. It was a horrible disappointment. I was used to seeing pretty things worn around the studio. But when I priced the things I wanted, they were heaps more than I could afford. I wanted perfectly plain things, too, but the plainer they were, the more they cost. Only the things all covered with trimming were cheap. So I didn't get any new clothes, that day.

The next evening, Carl took me to supper (he's been taking me about three times each week).

"Where are the new clothes?" he asked. Carl is pretty much of a snob, I guess, and prefers to be with people who



"You're the Girl Who Climbed the Tree, Aren't You?"

dress well. He was ashamed of my old Danville things. I can't say I blamed him, for they did look awful.

I told him about the high prices and said I would wait a few weeks, until I had saved more money.

"Nonsense," he said. "Why, every day you wait you may lose out on a chance to be in a picture. I'm going to make you let me lend you a little more money. The way you're getting along, you'll have it paid in a few weeks and you know it needn't worry you."

I protested for I hate to be under such obligations to him but he insisted until it seemed perverse and childish to refuse. It made me appear as if I were afraid of him or didn't trust him. I guess maybe I don't really trust him but it wouldn't be very nice of me to say so, after all he's done for me. I ought to like him, more, I guess, for he's made it possible for me to stay in Chicago and he's put me in most of the pictures.

So we talked it over and Carl lent me twenty-five dollars. That's fifty-five I owe him altogether. It's an awful lot, I know, and I ought to be terribly worried about it, but he says I'll make good soon and can pay it back without a bit of trouble. It's more than I've ever had before at one time in all my life.

The next day I went shopping again. I found exactly what I wanted, this time. I got a coat suit of dark blue serge, an awfully "smart" cut, and a silk blouse to go with it. Then I got a crepe dress, a sort of a blue-grey that I can wear in pictures, and if I'm asked out any place. (Carl has already asked me to go to the theatre with him, next week.) I bought a black hat with a big tailored bow on the side and a pair of shoes. Didn't I do a lot of shopping? Everything is good looking, I think. Trixie Gerting is the best groomed woman I ever saw and she wears plain things.

I feel a lot different than I did in Danville. I don't feel like a poor little worm, now that I have my new things. It makes a person awfully self-confident to look well, I think.

It's funny, though, when I was picking out my new clothes, wondering how I would look, I thought only of what Mr. Bernard's opinion might be. And he—why he hardly knows I'm alive. Carl Webber likes loud clothes best.

You asked if I was in love with Carl Webber, and a lot more nonsense like that. Well, I'm not in love with him nor engaged nor anything. He has been nice to me and has kept me from being blue and lonesome. It wasn't right to borrow the money and I suppose that sounds even worse in Danville. It really doesn't seem dreadful—here. And I did so want to stay in Chicago and have a few pretty things. So don't worry about me.

FELICIA.

UI

Oct. 4.

YOU dear Betty:— It's raining a misty, drippy, drizzly rain outside. And I feel a lot less cheerful than the weather. I wish you were here so that I could tell you all about things. I know that you'd



He Paused, Looked Down, and then Straightened His Always Rounded Shoulders. "I'll Tell You, Miss Carter, He's Married"

sympathize with me and comfort me, just like you used to do, back in Danville.

Things aren't coming out the way I thought they would, Bettchen, dear. I almost wish I were back in Danville. I'm putting in the "almost," though, for things may seem brighter, later. I hate to give up, now.

Things started clouding up right after my last letter. When I last wrote I thought I was just about two leaps from being a real star. Now I'm afraid I'm nothing but a failure.

Remember, I told you all about my new clothes and how proud I was of them. I wore my new suit and hat over to the studio the day after I wrote to you. They did look nice. As I was waiting in the reception room, Mr. Bernard came in. When I saw him my heart did a sort of combined hesitation and one-step and I couldn't do anything but look foolish and smile. It's silly to act that way over someone you hardly know, isn't it? He just talked about everyday things. His voice has a sort of a slow drawl—he was born in Virginia, though he lived in New York for years. I get so interested in his voice that I forget the words he's saying and say "yes" when I ought to say "no."

While Mr. Bernard was speaking to me, Carl Webber came into the room to choose extras. He looked right straight at me and didn't choose me at all! I should not have minded at all for he has chosen me so many times already but it made me mighty uncomfortable, for its been through him that I've gotten in the pictures.

Carl Webber had invited me to go to the theatre with him the next night. The next day he didn't pick me out for a picture, either, so I went home early. At about four o'clock, a boy from the studio brought a note to me. It was from Mr. Webber and he said he was sorry but he found he would be unable to go to the theatre that night. It was short and signed with his initials.

For three days I was in not a single picture and did not see Mr. Webber. Then, he started asking me out to dinners, again. But he

how stupid of me. I wonder if you wouldn't like to come to our house this evening for dinner? Just a few around the studio are coming, it's quite informal. We'll take in a movie or two, later. They are going to show 'The Hidden Letters' at the Bijou." I had been in that picture. Of course I accepted, rather too eagerly, I guess, for she smiled as she told me the house number and time. Miss Trudell looked rather annoyed at my getting the invitation. I wonder if Mr. Bernard had anything to do with my getting it? That sounds conceited, doesn't it? But Mrs. Gerting had never invited me to her home before and he was with her when she asked me this time.

I was all excited over the invitation. Mr. Webber came to choose extras and smiled at me. "Getting along all right?" he asked.

Until fifteen minutes before I had felt badly treated but the invitation had put a rosy glow on things.

"Fine," I said. "What about a little dinner tonight at the Blue Rose Tea Room?"

"I'm sorry," I said—but I wasn't—"I've got another engagement."

I don't like to think of the look that came into his eyes. Maybe it was partly imagination. I hope so.

"With Bernard, eh?"

"No," I answered and told him about Mrs. Gerting inviting me, leaving out the fact that Mr. Bernard was with her at the time. He waited a few minutes, muttered something about "That Gerting crowd" and then said:

"What about dinner tomorrow?" For some reason I wanted to refuse, but I didn't. He had always been nice to me. I wondered if he were really jealous? It seemed funny that a real moving-picture director should be jealous of just me, an extra girl, from Danville.

The dinner at the Gertings is the one bright spot in this letter, I guess. I shall never forget that evening. It was perfect, every minute

didn't ask me to be in any pictures. Day after day I waited around, just like a new extra, but no one noticed me. Finally, one day, Mr. Harvey Keener, another director let me be in a mob picture, but that was all the work I had for ten days. Mr. Webber referred only once to not choosing me. Then he said that he was using only a few extras. I didn't know whether to believe that reason or not for he had always found room for me.

On Thursday, the nicest thing in the last two weeks happened to me. Mrs. Gerting—yes, Trixie Gerting, herself—asked me to dinner at her house! Wasn't that perfectly splendid? And I went and had a wonderful time, too.

It was in the morning that she asked me. I hadn't been in a picture for days, and felt blue. She was with Mr. Gerting and Miss Trudell and Mr. Bernard. They were passing me in the reception room when Mrs. Gerting stopped.

"Oh, Miss, er—" she hesitated. I knew she didn't remember my name.

"Carter," I said.

"Oh, of course,

of it. Mrs. Gerting had said "at seven" so I was there on time. The guests were six of the principals, a pretty "extra" girl, a Miss Knowlan, a cousin of Mr. Spalding and an extra man who used to ride horses in a wild west show. Nobody was dressed up so my new suit looked fine. The evening was informal and jolly. Everybody talked movies every minute—how a certain picture company had a new lighting effect, how some of the new reels were taking with the public, what leading lady was the best known—all "shop" talk. A few months ago that conversation would have meant nothing to me. At the Gertings it seemed the most natural thing in the world and the most interesting, too. It sort of "gets" you—the moving picture business. You want to stay with it, no matter what happens.

The supper was a simple one, served by their one maid. They have a darling little apartment. After supper Mrs. Gerting played and we all sang songs and then went to the movies. Most of the principals and directors at Triple Tee go nearly every night. Mr. Webber used to take me, sometimes.

During the evening, Mr. Gerting asked me a lot of questions and seemed interested in me. He is a wonderful man, rather tired looking and not very strong but he has a wonderfully kind and courteous way.

At one of the movies, we went to, I sat next to Mr. Bernard and we laughed at the same things and had fun, at least I did. Miss Trudell was there, too. I don't like her but I refuse to let one thought of her stain the memory of that perfect evening.

The next evening I went to supper with Mr. Webber. I cannot even think of him as "Carl" any more. We had a fairly nice time, though something seemed wrong with our friendship, then. That was three days ago. I've been in no more pictures.

Today, as I was leaving the theatre, Mr. Anderson McCain, the actor, caught up with me.

"Wait a minute, I'm walking your way, little lady," he said.

I waited, gladly. I always feel safe and protected with him. His hair is thin and gray and he's so shabby and kind.

We walked along, almost in silence for a few blocks. Then he started to talk, abruptly, in short jerky sentences.

"I'm going to tell you something, Miss Carter," he said. "Please try not to be angry with an old man. I'd want—someone—to tell my daughter, if I had one. It's this—if I were you, I wouldn't go to too many dinners with Mr. Webber."

He paused, nervous and confused. I don't believe he wanted to say that in just that way. A horrible sinking sensation came to me.

"Why not?" I asked. "He's been awfully nice to me."

He paused, looked down, then straightened his always rounded shoulders.

"I'll tell you, Miss Carter—he's married!"

There! I've written it. Everything seemed to reel in front of me, for a minute. It wasn't that I liked Mr. Webber. You know I never did, really. It was just because a thing like that should happen. I've always trusted him, gone to innumerable dinners and movies with him—borrowed money, even. Married! I'd gone to dozens of dinners with a married man—and he had never told me. I couldn't doubt Mr. McCain. He was so anxious, so sincere.

We walked to a near-by drug store and ordered a soda. Neither of us drank any.

Then he told me. Mr. Webber had been married for five years. He has two small children. His wife is visiting relatives in Wisconsin, but even when she is here, he doesn't pay much attention to her.

"He may have been kind to you because you're a stranger here," went on Mr. McCain. "If you were like some of these other extras, it wouldn't matter. They'll go to dinner with any one, married or single, who will buy them a meal. But you aren't their kind. So I thought I'd tell you. Rules are informal around here. An occasional meal with a married man makes

not one bit of difference. But I didn't want you to start to like him. I didn't want you to misunderstand. You looked so young and helpless."

He looked helpless, himself, then. It almost made me smile to hear him. His shoulders are so stooped and there are so many tiny wrinkles on his kindly old face.

I told him I understood, and thanked him. Then, I thought of something else. I'm a coward, I guess. For I was as much worried over appearances as over what I had done.

"Do the others here at Triple Tee know?" I asked, trembling. I couldn't bear to think that the Gertings and Mr. Bernard thought I'd go around with a married man.

But I was spared at that.

"I don't think that they do. Mr. Webber hasn't been here very long. He used to be with a company I traveled with. I was the comedian, he was stage manager. I know some friends of his, too, here in Chicago. So that's how I know all about him." He paused. "Miss Trudell used to be in the same company with him, a few years ago, on the road. Maybe she knows. She probably hadn't thought to tell anyone."

Now I'm back in my room.

Doesn't it seem an awful mess? Here, for weeks I've been having dinners with a married man and actually borrowed money—twice—from him. He's never told me he was married.

I don't know what to do. I don't want to leave Triple Tee. I haven't any money to pay back Mr. Webber. There is no one to whom I can turn.

If I were only in a lot of pictures I could pay him back but he's the only one who puts me in pictures. And he won't put me in any more for I can never go to dinner, again, with him. And he's jealous of me—and he's married.

Danville seems so safe and homey tonight.

Write to me right away, please. I need your letters a lot.

FERLITA.

"Broncho Billy" Tells of Dangers

"ACTING in the motion pictures is far harder than the easy business that it looks," said G. M. Anderson, the famous "Broncho Billy" of the Essanay Company. Mr. Anderson was speaking in regard to a letter he received from a young man who stated he wished to become a motion picture actor.

"While I am too modest to say that it requires an unusual amount of talent to act for the films I will say that the hardest sort of work is necessary," said Mr. Anderson.

"Acting for motion pictures is more difficult than acting on the stage. On the stage the player uses his voice. There is all the difference in the world. The film actor must 'get over' by his acting alone, for his voice thus far cannot be photographed. His acting must be next to perfect, so as to impress his audience.

"Over-acting is more noticeable in motion pictures than anything else. Some of the stage stars are making fairly good motion picture players, but none of them has got into a picture and starred immediately. They have had to unlearn lots of things they learned through stage experience. The young man who has an idea that he is picking out a soft job for himself by entering the motion picture field is making the mistake of his life. To the young man who has so-called talent and can adapt himself readily to anything, there is an opportunity, but it means work.

"Naturally the educated young man has the best chance in motion pictures, as he has in everything else. If he is a student of men and affairs it will help him a great deal. In film work the actor is cast for practically a different part every day. One day he may be a drunkard, loafing in a saloon and drinking his life away. The next he is a minister, administering to his flock and leading a righteous life. And later on he may be a daredevil cowboy, riding



recklessly on a wild broncho and otherwise risking his neck.

"In motion picture work the actor loses his identity the moment he assumes his part. He

obeys absolutely the orders of the producer. Should he be told to plunge fifty feet from a cliff he must do it, no matter what he thinks about it personally. It would take a book to tell the tough experiences I have had in acting for the films. Throughout our 'Broncho Billy' series there hasn't been a day some of us haven't risked our lives. I have swum raging torrents, climbed up the side of a precipice hand over hand, fallen from horses and done the many other things incident to motion picture work.

"Yet it is all in the day's work. I like it. I like to know that thousands of persons all over the world are laughing or crying with 'Broncho Billy'; that he is instilling into the hearts of the young the love of fair play, truth and honesty. For in the long run the motion picture actor is preacher as well as player."

Getting War Pictures

IF the warring powers of Europe are able to carry out their plans, this is destined to be a war without pictures. Since the first hint of hostilities, this country has been flooded with pictures of mobilization, the gathering of troops in England, France, Belgium and Austria-Hungary. The first fighting broke out ahead of time when the Belgians so heroically and unexpectedly opposed the Germans. That was not according to schedule.

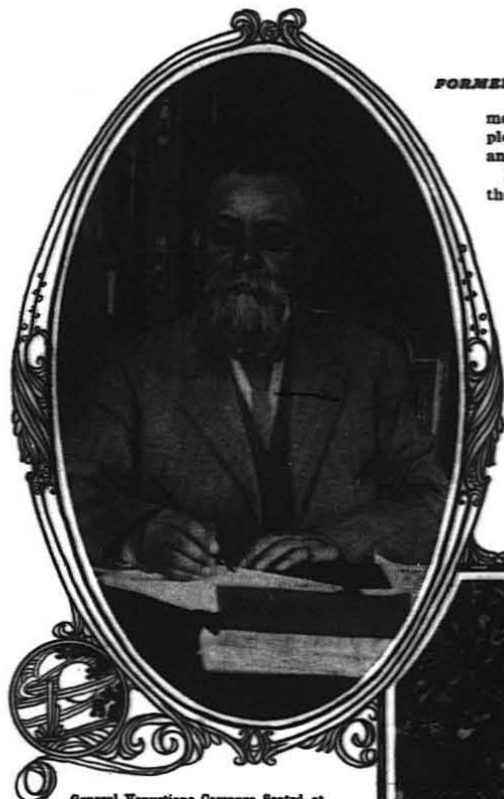
Belgium at the outset allowed some correspondents and photographers within her lines, and for several weeks there have been many Belgian war pictures in circulation. But from now on authentic war pictures are likely to be scarce.

Information, considered reliable, has reached here, that the Kaiser has issued orders that any man caught by his troops in the field with a camera shall be shot. Similar information has been received about orders issued by the French. Should these reports prove correct, in substance, the prospects of making a photographic record of the great war are distinctly discouraging.

THE MOVIES IN MEXICO

By HARRY H. DUNN

FORMERLY NEWS EDITOR OF LA PRENSA AND THE DAILY MEXICAN, MEXICO CITY



General Venustiano Carranza Seated at His Desk in the Executive Chambers of the National Palace at Mexico City. This Photograph was Made Shortly after the Establishment of the Constitutionalist Government in the Mexican Capital

FOR nearly five years, Mexico has furnished to the world a vast moving picture of rebellion, brigandage, loot, with shifting and "shifty" presidents as leading men of more variable political "make-up" than a d'Israeli or a Shakespeare could have imagined. For half a decade, the southern republic has been, to employ a punning simile, 800,000 square miles of real and reeling life, the greater number of whose "situations" have not been filmed except on the minds of those who played the parts.

In this vast film—to resort again to imagery—nearly 100,000 lives have been lost; more than half a billion dollars in property and money destroyed, confiscated and stolen; nearly two score villages and small towns razed, and businesses founded in the days of the second republic, more than fifty years ago, hurled to ruin with the explosion of dynamite bombs, and amid the crackle of the flames.

Yet, amid all the ruin which war has brought to this nation of 16,000,000 inhabitants, there has been one class of business, which, though by no means so well established as in the United States, not only has survived but has gleaned a rich harvest from the sickle of Death that has reaped so closely in the five years of revolution. This is the

Machine Guns of General Villa's Army Attacking Zacatecas



moving picture "game"—the *cinematografía* of the Mexican, without which no town is complete, and for whose films battles have been started and stopped, prisoners executed in squads, and villages burned.

In Mexico, as everywhere else, there are two ends to the movie business—the producer and the exhibitor. In the middle is the man called, in Mexico, the "film broker," and both ends and the middle have made money, more money in proportion to capital invested, probably than any men engaged in a similar business anywhere else in the world.

Moving picture houses began to appear in Mexico City, Guadalajara, Puebla, Monterrey, and the other larger cities, about seven years ago. At first their prices were high, as they are yet, when compared to the admissions charged in the United States. The Salon Rojo, the largest *cinematografía* in Mexico City, charged one *peso* (50c) admission for the first two years of its existence, and presented pictures which could be seen in the five and ten cent houses of the United States. Soon competition arose, however, and the Cine Palacio opened its doors at a *toston* (25c) admission fee. The Salon Rojo met this by putting in three halls and running three different films simultaneously. It held the *peso* price.

This move drew the foreigners and the upper class Mexicans, but it did not catch the middle classes. Then came smaller film houses, throughout Mixcoac, Tlalpan, Coyoacan, San Angel, and other suburbs of the capital, with prices of *veinte centavos* (10c). The Cine Palacio cut its price to 35 cents silver—17½ cents, U. S. currency—and the Salon Rojo met the reduction. Then came the harvest. On the Jeffries-Johnson prize fight, the proprietor of the Salon Rojo, who secured the rights for Mexico, cleared \$10,000, in



The Victorious Entry of General Carranza into Mexico City. Amid the Cheers of all Classes the Rebel Leader was Presented With the Keys of the City

gold in the city of Mexico alone, and about as much more in the smaller towns. The Cine Palacio retaliated by bringing in the first real moving picture play. Up to that time most of the films shown in Mexico had been of the fall-out-of-the-window-run-up-the-alley sort of slapstick comedy which needed no words to explain and which secured laughs from the Mexicans as quickly as it did from the movie fans in the United States.

The manager of the Cine Palacio, a clever Spaniard, cut out the English text on the films and substituted Spanish translations. His house was crowded, and in his report to the inspector of theatres and collector of the stamp tax, he admitted a profit of \$5,000, net for the first month, with no other films shown but this one play. He followed this with a complete film of a bullfight, one of the most remarkable films the writer has ever seen. This film was shown in the season when the bull rings are closed and the *matadores* on their vacations. The manager was arrested on an average of twice a week during the run of this movie for allowing spectators to stand in the aisles of his playhouse.

Then came the Madero revolution, and the proprietor of the Salon Rojo distanced his rival by sending an operator to the first battle of Juarez. The films so secured were neither clear nor long, but his net profits for the first month on the national rights to this battle reel were \$17,257.60, according to his statement to



Odilia Olvera, a Mexican Girl Who Has Never Appeared on the Legitimate Stage but Who Has Made a Success of Motion Picture Acting

ing films compelled her to close her house and take to the smaller cities to make a living.

Marie Conesa, an exceptionally beautiful actress of little ability, but some skill as a dancer, tied up the movie makers with such good royalty contracts that she made enough money in 1911-12 to "go to Spain until the war is over," as she expressed it as she bade some thousand of her admirers farewell at the railroad station.

And the exhibitors are still making money; moving picture houses, despite the revolution, are drawing enormous crowds every afternoon and night, at prices higher than the average admission fee charged in the United States. Only about 150,000 of the 16,000,000 inhabitants of Mexico are fighting, either on one side or the other, or are directly interested in the war. The remaining 15,850,000 have to be amused, and they find their best and cheapest amusement in the movies.

The producing side of the films in Mexico—and I imagine that it is elsewhere—is far more interesting from the spectator's point of view than is

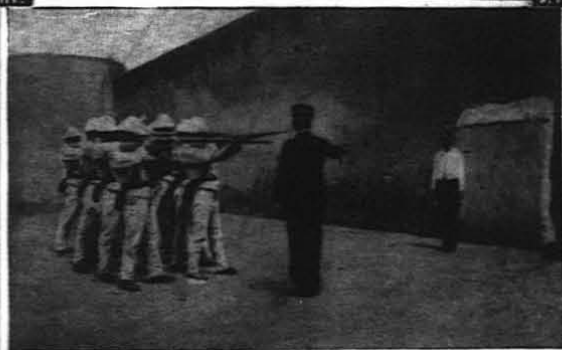


The Most Beautiful Actress in Mexico, Marie Conesa, Abandoned a Successful Career on the Legitimate Stage to Act for the Movies. She is Now Living in Spain

the inspector of these matters.

"The Merry Widow" and "The Balkan Princess" were playing at Mexico City theatres at that time, one in the Arben and the other in the Virginia Fabregas. The proprietor of the Cine Palacio made fragmentary films of both, including the chorus and the dances. He put these films on in his little playhouse, with his

There is a story to the effect that an American Moving Picture Operator Paid 20 pesos (\$10) to have this Execution of a Spy Take Place while the Sun was Shining



the dollars-and-cents end of the game at the cash registers of the exhibitors. It is said that no less a personage than the celebrated bandit, Francisco Villa, who has been hailed as the "Napoleon of Mexico," but who may prove the Benedict Arnold of his nation before history finishes with him, once broke a truce with the Federals in the state of Chihuahua, and attacked them unexpectedly because an American moving picture operator promised to film the bandit-rebel in a charge.



The Proprietor of a Moving Picture House in the Mexican Capital Permeated Emiliano Zapata's to Parade His Bandits, the Most Dreaded in Mexico, Before a Motion Picture Camera

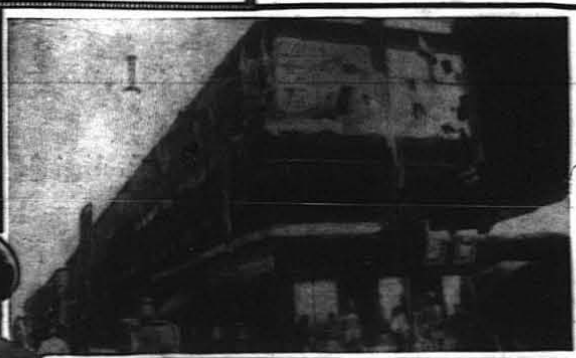
orchestra playing selections from each, and actually killed the run of the two operettas in the capital. People refused to pay four pesos to see the players, when they could see them on the curtain for thirty-five centavos. The movie manager had paid the men in control of the two musical shows \$500 for the privilege of making each film, and they laughed at his idea of selling on the film what they were selling in real life. When their audiences turned to the Cine Palacio their laughter changed to curses, but the movie man had them on the hip and a projected suit in the courts fell flat.

When President Taft threw some 11,000 American soldiers along the United States-Mexico border, at the height of the Madero revolution, every moving picture house in Mexico had films of the troops on the march, in camp, detaining, patrolling the border and in their hours of leisure. All Mexico was literally wild to see these "demons from the mouth of the dragon of the north," as our soldiers were called in the newspapers and on the films, and the movie houses collected so much money that they all but put the slot machines out of business.

Each movie house in each of the larger cities produced on the average of one war film a month, while in between they packed their houses with film dramas made in the United States, France and Italy. Miss Virginia Fabregas, one of the best actresses Latin America has produced, staged a magnificent production of "Quo Vadis," which netted her something like \$5,000 for a six weeks' run. One of the film men gave her \$2,000 to play her company two afternoons before his camera, and the result-



"Pancho" Villa



The Salin Rojo (Red Hill) is the Largest Moving Picture Theatre in Mexico

The attack cost the lives of thirty-seven rebels and about an equal number of Federals, but Villa was the center of a very clear film, which drew hundreds of thousands of admissions to movie houses all over the republic. At another time, it is said, that being given a similar promise by another film-maker, Villa unlimbered a battery of artillery and fired eleven shells into an inoffensive non-combatant village. The story goes that the operator stood out in front of the battery, and, as it went into action, secured excellent pictures of the roaring cannon, whose shells, screaming over his head, wrecked the homes of the villagers and killed a number of them.

And there is still another story of how an American photographer, representing one of the largest of the film weeklies, arrived in Tampico shortly before the final battle between the Federals holding the port and the Carranza Rebels outside. Major Romero, in charge of the post which covered the hotel in which the photographer had found lodgings, mentioned to the latter that he had a rebel spy whom he would execute the next day.

"I'll give you twenty pesos to kill him now, while the sun is shining," said the movie maker.

"Give me the twenty pesos," replied the major. "I regret you did not arrive yesterday, for I executed three rebels, and, had you come, I would have had sixty pesos. Come on."

They walked out to the execution grounds, picking up the firing squad and the prisoner on the way. Arrived in the courtyard and the machine set up, the riflemen were marched out in front of the camera, to their posts, and the prisoner was

forced to kneel, say his prayers, and was then shot, in front of the camera.

On the following day, the film-producer took his machine, accompanied by Major Romero and a guard, out to the furthest trenches of the Federals. As they stood on top of the ridge of earth, making photos of the Federal riflemen in the pits, the Rebels in the brush outside opened fire. The major fell dead at the first volley, but the movie man hurled himself down the embankment to safety, afterwards retrieving his camera, which, much to his surprise, contained only one bullet hole.

One of the most amusing films—in the making—was one I saw taken in Vera Cruz a few days after the American marines took the city, April 21-22, 1914. The same operator who paid the twenty pesos for the execution in Tampico, went to one of the outposts to make a few feet of film of American soldiers throwing up trenches. In front of this post was a particularly heavy bit of jungle. Ten men were detailed with axes and grub hoes to clean this approach to the outpost back for a hundred yards, so that Mexican guerrillas might not slip up on the sentries unseen.

The men had proceeded to their task and were chopping down a large tree when one drove his axe into a hornet's nest inside the trunk. Almost instantly the ten men were running, leaping into the air, throwing themselves on the ground, and wildly pawing at their heads in an effort to be rid of the stinging insects. The lieutenant in command of the outposts imagined the jungle-choppers had been attacked, and ordered twenty men to their assistance. The twenty were driven back with the ten, but it was some minutes before the lieutenant learned just what had happened. Meantime, the film-maker had had his camera pointed directly at the men, and secured a clear picture of the "Second Battle of Tejar," as the incident was described in dispatches.

The foreign movie-producer in Mexico is credited with possessing more nerve than his native competitor, but this is usually due to the fact that he knows neither language nor people, and has to use "brass and gold" where the native worker can gain his ends by conversation. The proprietor of the Salon Rojo, whom I have mentioned before, and who, by the way, is a French-Mexican, has shown as much bare nerve in making films as any man I have seen in Mexico or in the United States. He is one of the best photographers in the southern republic, and often goes after special films himself, instead of sending an operator.

One evening in 1911 it was reported in Mexico City that the dreaded bandit, Emiliano Zapata, and his horde of some 20,000 armed and mounted thugs, was on the Cuernavaca road, about thirty miles from the capital. The owner of the Salon Rojo, securing his camera, went alone in his motor car, by night, to meet these bandits. He found the place where they had been, the village of Tres Marias, a smouldering pile of ashes, and learned from an Indian that the Zapatistas had gone on to Horseshoe Hill, south of Cuernavaca. There he followed them, and coming up with the leader, telling them why he was there, and laying stress on the fact that a good film shown to the people would prove to them that the Zapatistas were really patriots under arms, instead of the bandits they had been called.

This so impressed Emiliano Zapata that he paraded all his force before the camera, staged a sham battle, and himself posed for the movies, afterward giving a banquet in the little village of Santa Maria, near Horseshoe Hill, to the film-maker. Afterwards he gave the little French Mexican an escort of fifty men, who accompanied him almost to the gates of Mexico City.

At other times, the nerve of the Salon Rojo proprietor exceeded proper bounds. When the first aviation meet was held in Mexico City, in February, 1910, the little fellow invaded the grounds, after he had refused to pay for the privilege of filming the fights. Something more than a score of Mexican policemen were unable to expel him, but two Americans, one of whom happened to be the writer, lifted him and his camera gently over the fence, and set his face tenderly but firmly away from the grounds. He stayed away, and, about six months afterward,

sent me a perpetual pass to his playhouse. He had seen the joke at last.

But perhaps the best idea of the grip the movies have on the Mexican people, and the amount of money they are willing to pay to see the films they like, is to be found in a plan recently put forward in Mexico City to turn the magnificent \$25,000,000 National Theatre, not quite completed, into an exclusive movie house, with prices from five to twenty-five cents, silver (2½ to 12½ cents, gold) with educational films and good movie-dramas as the features. Letters received by the writer recently from the capital indicate that this plan will be followed out as soon as the great steel and marble structure is completed.

Effect of the Movies

IF it isn't the war it's the movies, and this time it's the movies. Rivermen near Keokuk, Iowa, are blaming the motion picture shows for the mediocre season especially in the passenger run and excursion business which the local boats have had. While the season has been as successful in a general way, the river men declare that it has not been anywhere near as big a one as was anticipated.

Out of Keokuk there have been more excursions this year than ever before, but only one or two of these were successful. In fact on one of the most widely advertised trips, there were just 100 passengers. The Sunday excursions out of Keokuk furnished nowhere near the amount of patronage they have done heretofore. Into Keokuk, to see the dam, the business has been good.

But the veteran rivermen, those who have seen the stream in all its glory of the days when everybody rode on boats, declare that the movies have put the excursion business on the down and out special. They say that when the whole family can go two or three times a week on the money that it would take for one excursion ticket, the poor man chooses the movies and goes and looks at the river and watches the boats come in on the other nights of the week.

Lolita Robertson—Expert Horsewoman

WITH a girl clinging to his back, a runaway horse was pounding along Wilshire boulevard, Los Angeles. The rider's hat had blown away and her long dark hair was streaming in the wind, but she held on pluckily. Behind her galloped a man on a powerful black horse, and just as she seemed about to fall he grabbed the bridle of his frightened steed and deftly lifted the girl to his own saddle. Then she fainted in his arms.

If it had not been for the presence of a moving picture camera, spectators would have thought they had been seeing a near-tragedy. As it was, they admired the fine riding and passed on. Very few of them knew that they had been watching Max Figman and his wife, Lolita Robertson, act the runaway scene from "The Man on the Box" for the Jesse Lasky films.

Later in the day, when she was superintending an orgie of dressmaking at her Hollywood bungalow, Lolita Robertson was asked how she and Max Figman became such reckless riders.

"We ought to be able to ride," she replied demurely. "Most of our courting was done on horseback. I was Mr. Figman's leading woman for two years in 'The Man on the Box' and whenever we had a chance we went horseback riding. He is a native of Vienna and started in riding at the age of 4. He says he often ached after a lesson—not from bumping the horse, but from the taps and taps he got from his teacher. He can ride anything. It is scarcely necessary to explain how I came to ride—I'm a Californian."

As she moved about the room in a loose white wrapper, Lolita Robertson looked even prettier than she does on the stage. She is one of the very few actresses who brave the footlights with just a dust of powder on the nose and a mere suspicion of rouge, but no real make-up. Her clear complexion can triumphantly brave the light of day. Playing about the room was little

Maxime Lolita Figman, the 22-months' old baby who has traveled 22,000 miles—a child with her mother's big, serious eyes and dark hair.

"She is a eugenic baby," said Lolita Robertson with a ring of pride in her voice. "I scarcely knew what that meant until we were asked to enter for a eugenic contest in Portland, Ore. They sounded and pounded, measured and tested her and 220 other babies, and you can imagine how proud we were when she was awarded a silver cup as the most perfect baby in the show."

"After we have finished our film engagement we are going to take the baby for a real, Western camping trip."

An Interesting Experiment

THE city of Hartford, Conn., will be the witness to an experiment in moving picture productions which ought to make a valuable contribution to the general study of moving picture conditions. A Hartford county clergyman has taken over a large moving picture show house in Hartford and is about to run it as an entertainment center. As we understand his program, he does not intend to turn this picture house into a Sunday school enterprise, nor to undertake to do indirectly what the churches undertake to do, under other methods, in a direct way. He has become convinced that the moving picture business can be so run as to accomplish two things, first the entertainment of the public and second the gradual elevation of the taste of the public in this particular. He will, therefore, select his films accordingly. In a way it is a semi-commercial undertaking, for it must pay its way, to accomplish that which other communities are attempting to accomplish by means of a picture censorship. He wants to help the people to solve their own problem by lifting them to a higher level of appreciation without undertaking to lead them like sheep. He will study their needs as they exist, and seek legitimately to raise the tone of his playhouse by meeting the demands of the audiences as they necessarily develop under the policy. The experiment is well worth trying, for if it is successful it will constitute a service to the community at large.

Answers to Questions

INQUISITIVE, ATLANTA, GA.—Vivian Rich is not the bride of Sydney Ayres and there is no foundation to that story you heard about their leaving the American.

SWEET SIXTEEN, MASSILLON, O.—Yes, that player's name is really Tom Moore. We never heard of his visiting your city while playing vaudeville engagements. You can get a bully picture of him by writing the Kalem Company, though, of course, there will be a small charge. He plays opposite Alice Joyce, we expect, because that is what he was hired to do. Leading men, you know, have to act opposite whomever the director selects to appear with them.

A. B. AND B. V., HAMMOND, IND.—Write to Mary Pickford, care of Famous Players Film Company, New York City, and to Warren Kerrigan, care of Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, California. Winifred Greenwood is the wife of George Fields, not of Edward Cohan.

ENTHUSIAST, RICHMOND, VA.—Photo of Anita Stewart of the Vitaphone Company appeared in the October art section of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and an interview with Vivian Rich is to be a part of the November PHOTOPLAY.

MAHEL B. S., BELTON, S. C.—Tom Craven in Broncho's "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" was Thomas Chatterton. You will also see him in many Domino and Kay Bee pictures. See answer to Hazel J. S. above. Mention is made there of two Domino pictures in which Chatterton works.

RANDOLPH C. C., COALGATE, OKLA.—Gertrude McCoy played Peg in Edison's "Peg o' the Movies."

FAMOUS FEATURE FILMS

Reviewed by Vanderheyden Fyles

The Baron Almost Promises to Leave the Army But the Loss of His Wife's Fortune Makes It Impossible



As the Aged Man Expires He Induces His Son-in-law to Swear Never to Go to War Again

War—and Cissy's Wink

NINE years ago, the late Baroness Von Suttner received the Nobel Peace Prize (which some people think will not be given this year to the German Emperor) and something of the sort might reasonably be awarded to the Great Northern Film Company for its presentation on the screen of her greatest novel, "Lay Down Your Arms." The achievement is notable indeed.

Of course, the European situation immediately brought out every sort and grade of war pictures, some too bad to talk about and others reasonably good examples of conventional military melodrama, in which every incident is obviously unreal and every move is acting. An instance of the sort is "The Last Volunteer," a "stupendous war production in five parts" by the Eclectic Film Company, which was the chief item in the dedicatory bill at Oscar Hammerstein's new Lexington Avenue Opera House, where motion pictures and excerpts from opera take the place of the doughty impresario's ambitious scheme to enter once more into competition with the Metropolitan.

Only some good outdoor scenes create any sense of actuality in "The Last Volunteer." Most of the interiors are unconvincing and all of the players seem to be impressed with the necessity of acting, acting, acting. The onlooker is not for an instant in doubt as to which is the hero and the villain and the heroine and so on; scenes end with carefully arranged climaxes, instead of with that apparently unconscious continuousness that so helps out the illusion of reality; one feels convinced that if the figures on the screen could be heard, their dialogue would be made up chiefly of such exclamations as "A mere scratch!" "My God!" "Curse you!" But there is a large public for such theatrical stuff, on the screen and on the stage. A new success in the latter form is "The Story of the Rosary" and "The Last Volunteer" might



The Barn is Blown to Atoms

be its twin, though with its best scenes acted under actual skies and trees instead of calcium and canvas.

"Lay Down Your Arms" is exceptionally powerful just because it does seem real. I am speaking now of the war scenes, taking us to vast plains and fearsome mountain passes and the angry sea: the pictures that merely carry on the story are less praiseworthy. But the country roads along which homeless peasants hurry with such household goods as they can carry, the fields of dead and wounded, the sufferings in the Red Cross hospitals, the blowing up of buildings, the furious cavalry charges and the general carnage are marvelous sights indeed. Coming at the present time, they are never to be forgotten. Unscrupulous promoters might readily offer them as actual pictorial reports of happenings of the moment on the Continent. It is almost uncanny to compare many of them with accounts appearing the same day in newspapers, cabled over by accredited correspondents of our numerous publishing concerns.

A temporary Red Cross hospital may be cited as an instance of intimate views of just such horrors as are making Europe awful at this time. Baroness Martha Von Tilling, the heroine of the story, has come

in search of her husband. We follow her through pathways hedged by prostrate forms. Some are living, some are lifeless, some are gasping on the tortured borderland between. The Baroness peers down into the faces of the living and the dead alike: even this tender, cultured woman has grown almost callous in the face of so much suffering. One of the buildings through which she passes is a barn, hastily converted into a hospital. None of the forms stretched on the floor is the one she is searching for. She passes on. We see the outside of the barn. Then we see a shell come whizzing through the air, strike the barn, explode and blow it into atoms. The building collapses and our imagination can picture the torture beneath the ruins.



The Baroness Peers into the Faces of Living and Dead

Although "Lay Down Your Arms" was cast in the form of a novel, Baroness Von Suttner wrote it primarily as propaganda. Naturally, the argumentative phases of her story go for little on the screen. Some, indeed, are very dull, taken in dumb show. Martha, the wife of Baron Von Tilling, is opposed to war on principle. She urges her husband to withdraw from the army. He cannot bring himself to. Then an armistice is declared, while a board of arbitration meets. Martha resumes her entreaties and almost converts her husband. However, word comes that her fortune has been lost. This decides the Baron. Without his army pay or her money, they would have to live on her father. However, while the Baron finds it entirely honorable to subsist on his wife, he spurns it as out of the question for a soldier and a gentleman to accept anything directly from his wife's father—a Continental distinction not calculated to find much sympathy among Americans. In any case, the arbitration council comes to nothing, the war is resumed and Baron Von Tilling rejoins his regiment. He is wounded in battle; and it is in the Baroness's search for him that the Red Cross scenes occur.

Another story concerns the Baroness's sister. She is betrothed to a handsome young officer and happiness seems in store for her; but she succumbs to cholera, brought from the war. She dies in agony and her old father, assisted only by an ancient family servant, buries her at nighttime in a forest. The scenes of burial are unnecessarily depressing. Indeed, if "Lay Down Your Arms" is to be considered as entertainment, all the scenes—and they are many and varied—about the spread of cholera after war might be omitted. On the other hand, as propaganda, they are perhaps the most illuminative and efficacious. Of sufferings and death in battle, we are well aware; of the aftermath, too few people think.

The end of "Lay Down Your Arms" is rather too theatrical and, therefore, not so strong in

its effect, after the wholly lifelike scenes of battle. The second victim of cholera in the noble family is the aged father of the girl he had buried in the moonlight. He, too, has always been opposed to war. So as he expires, he induces his military son-in-law to clasp the Baroness Martha's hand across his bed and swear never to go to war again. The old man, for no reason that suggests itself, is made-up to resemble Franz Josef of Austria.

The cast of "Lay Down Your Arms" is:

Baron Von Tilling.....Olaf Fonn
General Count Von Althaus.....Phillip Bech
Doctor Bresser.....Fred Jacobson
Conrad Von Althaus.....C. Schonberg
Martha Von Tilling.....Augusta Blad
Rosa Von Althaus.....Fritzi Petersen

IF ONE is disinclined for the horrors of war, no matter how vividly depicted—or, perhaps, because the very vividness of "Lay Down Your Arms" drives home the futility of it—one has only to go to the southerly end of the same building, to the part of Hammerstein's Olympia that is now the Vitagraph Theatre. There the leading item is "The Win(k)some Widow." It is really a burlesque, though called a farce; and it was devised for the appearance on the screen of Cissy Fitzgerald. When many of us were chiefly concerned with tin soldiers or doll babies, as the case might be, Cissy Fitzgerald and her wink were considered quite the naughtiest things in town. They appeared in a farce called "The Foundling;" and the late E. M. Holland, who played a leading part, advertised the impropriety by refusing to remain on the stage while Cissy did the dance in the course of which the wink occurred. At least, 'twas so I heard the legend at my nurse's knee.

Yet here they show us a handsome, plump young person, apparently in her early twenties, and assure us she is the same Cissy. She is as smooth and blithesome as Billie Burke. And where has the naughtiness gone? Instead of

shocking us, the winking Cissy seems a wholesome, jolly good fellow. But I suppose we cannot have passed through "The Lure" and year after year of the Ziegfeld Follies without a deterioration from the moral standards of our parents.

"The Win(k)some Widow" is a sort of harlequinade in modern dress. Its popular appeal is heightened by the appearance with Miss Fitzgerald of several Vitagraph favorites, including Hughie Mack, Nicholas Dunnew and L. Rogers Lytton. Then, above all, there is Wally Van. He is the press-agent of an almost defunct musical comedy and, hearing that Cissy Fitzgerald is returning from Europe, he believes she could save the show. In his eagerness to secure her services, he goes down New York Bay in a motorboat and carries her off the liner. This, of course, is good stuff. Later, the auditorium of a theatre, packed to the roof, is shown. Cissy appears on the stage and turns on her wink. All men capitulate; young and old, good and bad, rich and poor, a temperamental orchestra-leader, the manager, a millionaire, even the wise-guy press-agent. After that, there are many scenes in Cissy's apartment, whence her admirers carry gifts of all sorts. Some of the presents are live stock—a dog, a cat, a parrot, a monkey, even bear cubs. Finally, a husband. He is Cissy's and he puts the admirers to rout. Among his expedients is a flood of water. However, even knee-deep, Cissy smiles and winks with the utmost hearty geniality.

The cast of "The Win(k)some Widow" is:

Cutey.....Wally Van
Cissy's Husband.....L. Rogers Lytton
Hughie.....Hughie Mack
Nini Tosca.....Nicholas Dunnew
Old Gotrocks.....Albert Ruccardi
A Biddulous Reporter.....Harry Kendall
A Real Estate Agent.....George S. Stevens
The Win(k)some Widow.....Cissy Fitzgerald
Her Maid.....Edwina Robbins

The Sunken Bell

(Continued from page 8)

ing fast, by the head. One stack was gone; another hung, ready to topple at a touch. All about them were men, swimming. Two or three Jackies, nearby, saw them, and hailed them with astonished cries.

"Swim away from her—quick," cried one of them. "She'll drag us down if we don't. You'll be picked up—lots of help near."

For an hour, it seemed, they struggled to keep afloat. But then a long nosed destroyer found them; they were hauled aboard. On her deck they stared at one another. And the first look of each was for the film the other carried!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Music Story

(Continued from page 9)

older than the history of the oldest nations! Instead of adopting a theory that will help stave off responsibility and effort, is it not better to study musical dramatization earnestly?

Several million persons will join in this demand (and its expression) that the theatres given to pictures must have good music. With this end in view, I invite music lovers, exhibitors and, above all else, picture accompanists, to send in their views. The kind of letters I wish are: 1—Practical comments on what you are doing by way of musical interpretation of pictures; 2—Your views or theories regarding this class of music; 3—Some of your own musical suggestions for films, which you feel you were especially successful with; 4—Your views of practices regarding improvising; 5—Questions regarding musical matters generally pertaining to pictures.

In other words, this page is not to be confined to my personal views. Everybody merits a hearing. Please make your letters brief, because I wish to give many an audience and to be fair to all views. It is not enough to lift your voices and say, "We must have better music for the

movies;" but tell us what you are doing, or have tried to do, or would prefer, and why, and then we can make some actual progress. Kindly address your letters to: Musical Editor, Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Tom Santschi

(Continued from page 6)

"Are you never coming out of that shell? I am not going to eat you alive."

Then followed a perfect bombardment from which the following extracts are taken: Arcanum of Sir Thomas' Life.

1. Some pugilist.
2. O. S. Telegrapher.
3. Great hunter.
4. Wonderful acrobat. Stands on his head as easily as on his feet.
5. Has miraculous power of SILENCE!

Again: "Sir Thomas: Realizing that the demand for your photograph must be great and you may be unable to supply the fair sex, I will be reasonable. Am enclosing a poor imitation of the Sphinx. If you will kindly attach your autograph to the same and return it, hostilities will cease. Don't be a big stingy."

Another: "Sir Tommy: The haughty enemy maintains a dignified silence. Presuming this means that hostilities are still exclusive features, by turning the page we will view Part II of Selig's 'Great War Drama,' featuring the Unrelenting Sir Thomas Santschi in, 'He Met His Waterloo.'"

The second page revealed clever clippings showing the "vilyun" with the heroine lashed to the tree. Then came the heroine's entire navy to the rescue. The clippings ends with a Doc. Yak goat, presumably Santschi's, which is extremely loose.

"You state that many of your correspondents are people of intelligence and worth while. Why do you never reply to them?" Santschi was asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. I am saving all the worthy ones. I always thought I would sit down some day and clean them all up," said Tom.

"If they wait for you to 'get around to it,' most of them will be delivered to the cemetery," added Watson.

Checking the Babies

THE newest wrinkle in the moving picture business is a nursery annex, which is now having a tryout at Westchester avenue and 161st street, in the Bronx, New York. The Bronx matrons are fully alive to its opportunities, for 258 children, between the ages of six weeks and ten years, have been entertained in the nursery. Furthermore, according to the trained nurse in charge, "there hasn't been a single accident or a fight."

The nursery is a large store, which has been fitted up with a sand pile, three swings, four rocking horses, low chairs, and a crib. Also there are toys of all sorts and pails and the other tools of the trade for digging in the sand. Only once so far has a fond parent had to be called to duty by the misconduct of her offspring. This was when a six months' old baby awoke to find that he had been cruelly deserted by his mother.

He opened his mouth and yelled and refused to be comforted by the trained nurse. The mother was notified by having her name flashed on the screen with a notice that she was wanted forthwith in the nursery.

There is no chance that these babies will be mixed up by some little Buttercup, for each child is tagged, a claim check being given to the mother or father. To aid the nurse are four of the neighborhood's older children, upon whose shoulders rest rather heavily the dignities of their new office.

That this institution is a boon to mothers of large families is shown by the fact that a Mrs. Goldstein comes each afternoon and deposits her flock of six, ranging from Lula, aged two, to Eleanor, aged ten. While Mother Goldstein takes a look at the pictures the young Goldsteins have an equally enjoyable afternoon in the swings. Not only do mothers avail themselves of this opportunity to shift their burdens, but fathers also and big sisters are just as keen for release.

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Film Possessing or Lacking Realism

SO many letters have been coming to us relative to our Realism idea, it is possible to publish only the best and to give excerpts from others. Naturally, we cannot agree with all of the criticisms that are offered, but where we think the critic is wrong, we are going to say so. It is also understood that this department is open to the film producers, and any time any company feels that its toes have been stepped on, we should be very glad to publish the reply.

Following are some interesting Realism letters:

Maybe She Had a One-Minute Camera

1853 Arch St.,
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sir:

I saw Florence Lawrence in "The Mysterious Mystery." Only mystery I could discover was how the "Universal" and Florence could perpetrate so much stupidity! It showed her at the studio—getting in electric—driving home. Her children ask to see her in a moving picture—takes them in machine—buys tickets at box window—goes in theatre—seats children—then they see these occurrences that are supposed to have taken place within the last few minutes, all come out on the screen! Certainly a marvelous feat of the Camera Man! Never have I had such a strain put upon my imagination!

(Signed) Mrs. Caroline A. Howell.

Perhaps She Was Old For Her Years

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial,
Chicago.

Dear Editor:

Truly I am in a panic, for if a ten-year-old girl looks twenty, how old must a twenty-year-old look? I hope I don't look forty yet!

Last night in a tragedy of the screen—a Mutual picture—a babe in arms in the first reel became, ten years later in the second reel, a twenty-year-old girl. The transition was so sudden and her appearance so different from what I expected that I laughed aloud. Many were the murderous looks cast in my direction. Really this "Censor-for-Realism" movement may save my life some time by preventing such inconsistencies.

Yours truly,

Miss N. W.

A Sort of Pandora's Box

Gentlemen: Los Angeles, Calif.

In Geo. Kleine's "Vendetta," the Count exposes himself to the plague, is stricken and dies. The people who found him stricken, bury him in a vault, taking valuables he has, and turn them over to his widow. He comes to life, is bewildered, digs out, proceeds to buy food and clothes. Promptly produces money from pocket to pay for clothes!

The idea is ridiculous, the audience laughs. Had he registered surprise upon finding money in pocket, while in bewilderment, it would have been all right for him to pay for clothes.

Yours truly,

623 West 5th Street. (unsigned)

If the Count's wife had gone through his clothes, it is quite likely that he would not have found money for new raiment or food.

Her First Purchase Should Have Been A Hat

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial,
Chicago, Ill.

In a film I saw quite recently, Nina, a department store clerk, suddenly comes into possession of a large sum of money; and in a scene several weeks later, we see her wearing

Conducted by Our Readers

the same hat she had on when she received her good news. Realism? No, an impossibility!

Yours for Realism,
(Signed) Carl Stiner.

A Whole Group of Realisms

Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Here's to Realism. May it become more real.

In 4th series of "Trey O'Hearts," shows a steamer colliding with the schooner on which the hero and heroine and several others are. Tearing a hole in the schooner's side, and never looking to see what damage they had done, or offering any assistance, the steamer passed on. Commenting on it, my boy said, "Geel Ma, the men on the steamer were laughin'."

"When the West was Young," showed a band of pioneer women, and one of them was carrying a poodle dog. Looked more 1914 than 1849.

"One Wonderful Night." Five o'clock in the morning—street full of women and children. Those near me laughed: "Heavens, they are shopping early there."

Yours truly,

Mrs. C. K.

Very likely the men on the steamer who did the laughing were not trained movie actors. Perhaps if any of us could see the movies in the making, we would have to do a good deal of laughing, too. In the comment about the pioneer women, we might say, in the vernacular, that the woman in question was "putting on a lot of dog" during such strenuous times. We might also comment on the "One Wonderful Night," 5 o'clock scene, by stating that in the cities, that is about the time a good many people go home.

(Winner of the \$5 Prize.)

Waiting Patiently for Doom

Realism Editor,
The Movie Pictorial,
Chicago, Ill.

From the Reliance, "In the Nick of Time."

Our hero knocked over the lamp in the telegraph office, setting it on fire. The robbers trying to open the safe, sprang up—instead of going out of the room by the way they came, they broke off the closet lock and crouched inside. Our hero telegraphed the next station for a special, ran out of the burning building to the platform and calmly stood there until help arrived. Then all went into the building for the robbers still in the closet, waiting for someone to come after them and win a reward.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Julian Alexander.

We agree with Mr. Alexander that it would take a bold band of burglars to wait patiently for fire to reach them, and he would be a considerable hero who would stroll about with conflagration and armed men so near at hand. The spectacular is often played at the expense of the realistic and logical. In the movies we see things happen, and while we can forego sudden lapses of time, we cannot always reconcile ourselves to what we do not believe would happen in natural life.

Frank Farrington, This Is For You!

1623 Wabash Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Realism Editor,
The Movie Pictorial.

Dear Sir:

In the interests of realism on the screen, I have a few criticisms to offer on that

thrilling picture serial, "The Million Dollar Mystery." In the tenth episode, Vroon, just rescued from a perilous battle with the waves, recognizes the heiress, and immediately starts off at a jog trot to communicate his news. Would a man so quickly recover breath and strength after coming so near drowning?

Immediately following this, without a word of explanation or another scene intervening, we see Vroon, still, or again, on a jog trot, rush into the apartments of the Countess with his startling information. It seemed to me it would have been somewhat clearer and more realistic if in some manner the film had indicated lapse of time or change of scene.

Another point I have noted is that Braine, that most villainous villain, when in the throes of plotting further trouble for poor Florence, has a bad habit of pacing rapidly to and fro and furiously puffing at a big fat cigar. His actions savor most too much of the heavy villain in a 10-20-30-cent show. His actions otherwise are truly admirable, if one can say such, in his portrayal of so unadmirable a character.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Miss Ethel Smith.

While we do not entirely agree with Miss Smith, we might join in asking Mr. Farrington the kind of cigars he smokes. Some of them are more agreeable when they are puffed with avidity.

Frank Always Was Spry

708 Maryland Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Realism Editor,
The Movie Pictorial.

Dear Sir:

In "The Three-Fingered Clue" (Essanay). Francis X. Bushman walks from library into the parlor. In the library he wore a dark suit—in the parlor, a light suit.

This certainly distracted from the realism of the play, as the people who noticed it lost the trend of the story trying to figure why Bushman made such a lightning change of clothing. The two scenes were evidently taken at different times, and Bushman probably forgot the suit he had been using.

Will film manufacturers permit these incongruous situations, or avoid them by taking a picture in its natural sequence?

(Signed) James B. Miller.

Maybe Jim Changed Them in the Sewer

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

In the Eighth Episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery," Jim Norton, the reporter, as he steps from the taxicab onto the false covering of the sewer, is shown wearing a pair of heelless white tennis shoes. When he is rescued in the bay, he has on a pair of heavy, black leather shoes with moderately high heels. It strikes me that the sewer was a very inconvenient place to change his shoes.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) Ruth K. Collins,
5227 Ingleside Ave.

Open to Dispute

Gamble Theatre,
Altoona, Pa.

Realism Editor,
The Movie Pictorial.

Gentlemen:

In one of the Eclectic's latest releases, "The Last Volunteer," the hero, Prince of Sax Lorraine, signs articles with an old-fashioned quill pen; in the same picture they use aeroplanes to drop bombs on the enemy's headquarters. I don't think quill pens are

used in this, the twentieth century, although they may be the style in some countries.

(Signed) Samuel Bowser.

We presume it is quite possible that certain persons still prefer quill pens, although they are so rarely used they would naturally attract comment in a scene such as Mr. Bowser describes. Maybe the Eclectic scenario editor can enlighten us.

The Speed Was Not Warranted

Realism Editor,
Movie Pictorial.
Dear Sir:

I saw a moving picture called "Boy," an Eclair film, in which a man became a priest with a very short time, which is an impossibility as it requires about four years of study to assume this sacred office.

Yours truly,
(Signed) William A. Stich,
44 Ontario St.,
Rochester, N. Y.

We believe that film companies should pay especial attention to anything dealing with the length of time required to learn a trade or profession. They should also handle religious subjects very carefully.

A short time ago, we received a letter relative to a film that the censors threw out altogether. It was a direct insult to a religious body. Whether the religion has millions of followers or only a few, it is not a subject to deal with lightly in the films, because those who view the production naturally feel that any affront to a religion, no matter how slight, is sacrilegious. Indeed, religious matters should be handled very carefully in film productions, because even where they are supposed to portray only the deepest sentiments, the necessity of rapidly shifting scenes very often tends to burlesque what was planned as deeply dramatic.

A Question of Life Insurance

Realism Editor, Danville, Ill.
Movie Pictorial.
Dear Sir:

I saw "The Jack Pot Club," a Universal film, in which a man has the misfortune to have his arm so seriously injured that amputation was necessary. With only one arm, he is unable to get work to support his family. Having a life insurance policy for several thousand dollars, in his wife's name as beneficiary, he decides to commit suicide by shooting himself, so his wife would get the insurance. I never knew of a life insurance company that paid insurance for suicides in any way, shape or form.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Oscar E. Long,
419 Short St.

We believe that the lapse of time between taking out the policy and the time of suicide would have something to do with the situation. At any rate, it is an extremely gruesome subject, although it is probably intended to portray self-sacrifice. We doubt that it has fulfilled its mission.

The Movie Cowpuncher

Realism Editor, St. Paul, Minn.
Movie Pictorial.
Dear Sir:

In nearly every Western photoplay that I have seen, the cowboys wear chappes and carry a "six-shooter." This manner of dressing would be perfectly correct if the action of the play had taken place a hundred, or even fifty, years ago; but, no cowboy of today wears chappes except on a roundup, and certainly no cowboy would ever think of going to work carrying a gun placed conspicuously in a holster. This carrying of a gun may thrill the people of the East, but to a Western man this appears ridiculous.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Richard M. Washington,
587 Summit Ave.

Mr. Washington probably knows that many of the Wild West scenes are taken in New Jersey, and that some of the cowboys are circus riders and jockeys. Probably a cowpuncher as he is today would produce very few thrills; although why not have cowpunchers as they are?

A DOLLAR PHOTOGRAPH of MARY PICKFORD ALMOST FREE

Entirely new process; far superior to lithographing; known as water-color hand finish

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The Art Color Portrait is FIFTY Times
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This richly colored portrait on heavy art photo-board to stand on your bureau will not require a frame, as embossed design frames it. A new pose—rich in color. The most beautiful and artistic colored photograph of this popular star of the Famous Players Film Company ever made. No advertising on the portrait. Send Twenty-five Cents in Stamps or Coin for Packing and Mailing

PHOTOPLAYERS PORTRAIT CO., 1505 Broadway, NEW YORK

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Newspapers are filled with accounts of this latest collection craze. Young and old alike are collecting these stamps and pasting them in albums, trading in them, or using them as seals on the back of their letters.

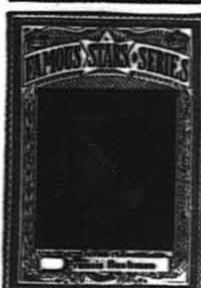


A new craze is sweeping the country. It is the collecting of "postage stamps" bearing the latest portraits of American motion picture actors and actresses. Of course, these stamps are not actually good for postage, but otherwise they represent postage stamps.

The stamps are most pleasing in design and printed in beautiful colors. They are really objects of artistic value, and therefore their possession is eagerly sought by the lovers of motion picture players.



A collection of these stamps will soon be of undoubted cash value, as new designs are constantly being made and the first ones will in time grow very scarce. All those who have collected postage stamps know that some series which are no longer used bring fabulous prices, as high as a thousand dollars having often been paid for an old, cancelled postage stamp by some enthusiastic collector who needed it to complete his collection and who had neglected to secure it in the days when it could have been had for the asking.



These are only four out of the one hundred portrait stamps that form the complete collection. It is impossible to reproduce in the above illustrations the clearness, beauty, rich color, and artistic values of the actual stamp. Each stamp is three times as large as an ordinary stamp.

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(To write one hundred letters to photoplayers would take a lot of time and cost you \$2.00 for postage. Unless every one answers your letter, your collection will be incomplete and therefore valueless.)

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THE RISE OF MARCUS LOEW

How He Amassed Eight Million Dollars Worth of Nickels, Dimes and Quarters

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



At the age of six years, Marcus Loew worked on the streets of Gotham, his birthplace, as a news boy. He cried "daily papers" from the street corners, and he saved his nickels and dimes. At 12, he had saved a sufficient number of nickels, dimes and quarters to become partner in a modest job printing establishment, and later he helped to get out a paper.

Later, he was employed in a wholesale fur shop, became traveling salesman for the fur firm, and then went into business for himself. Loew then dropped the nickels, dimes and quarters he had laid by for a proverbial "rainy day," for he failed three times. But the habits of

has seven in Brooklyn, one in Hoboken, three in Boston, three in Fall River, two in Philadelphia, including the Metropolitan Opera House, the largest in the world, and others. He is constantly enlarging his chain of theatres, and is building a theatre in Toronto, another in Montreal, one in Ottawa and one in Buffalo to cost a million and a quarter dollars.

Mr. Loew has been very successful in combining vaudeville with motion pictures, and he has a pet theory, which is that large theatres are "the thing."

"With large theatres I am able to accommodate more people, give better bills and keep down the cost of admission," says Mr. Loew. "I would rather give a show before 3,000 people

for ten cents than before 300 people for one dollar. My original investment in theatres of unusual seating capacity enables the public to see my shows at reduced prices. The successful man of the future in this business will be the man with the big

IT was a large sum of money that the treasurer of a Loew theatre had been discovered stealing. It was decided that the man must pay the penalty of his misdeeds. It was a serious crime and serious steps for reprisal must be taken.

And then one morning Nicholas Schenck, general manager of the Loew enterprises, was timidly accosted by a woman in the Loew offices, American Theatre Building, New York City. She was the wife of the disgraced treasurer. Schenck heard her story—it was a pitiful one. Too tender-hearted to tell the little woman that her husband must go to jail Schenck gave her ten dollars, told her to "buy herself some lunch," and left.

The shabbily dressed little woman lingered. Another man entered the room. Miss Levington, private secretary, whispered to the other man. He turned and scanned the shabbily dressed little woman.

"Are you the wife of that former treasurer?" asked the man.

"Yes sir," she answered timidly.

"Miss Levington, give this lady a twenty dollar note. Madam, tell your husband to keep out of bad company, and tell him hereafter not to touch other people's money. He will not be sent to jail. My name's Loew; good morning."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the shabbily dressed little woman. She tried to express her heart-felt gratitude but an uncompromising back was turned toward her. She left the offices with a silent blessing.

Later, Mr. Schenck returned.

"Schenck," said Marcus Loew sternly, "I hear you gave that treasurer's wife ten dollars. You're too darned soft-hearted!"

The above is a true happening; it is just a peek into the big heart of the "Movie Magnate" who amassed eight million dollars worth of nickels, dimes and quarters; who opened two million dollars worth of theatres in two weeks; who acquired the Sullivan-Considine vaudeville circuit at a cost of \$100,000; who is one of the greatest powers in the theatrical world.

thrift learned in adversity's school, and his inherent honesty of purpose, assisted him nobly, and at 23 years of age he had liquidated all his financial obligations.

He then worked day and night, gathered enough capital to engage in the manufacture of golf caps, prospered exceedingly and, with David Warfield, the actor, invested his money in a penny arcade in Cincinnati, Ohio. It was a prosperous business. The arcade was located on Fountain Square and all classes of entertainment cost one penny.

"Marcus, go on over across the river and see the new kind of picture show," casually advised an acquaintance to Loew one day. Curiosity sent Loew over the river into Covington, Ky.

In the vacant store room was installed one of the first motion picture shows ever instituted in the world. The proprietor was ticket seller, lecturer, and machine operator. He sold tickets until the room was filled—there were no seats—then he went inside and gave the picture, lecturing while turning the crank.

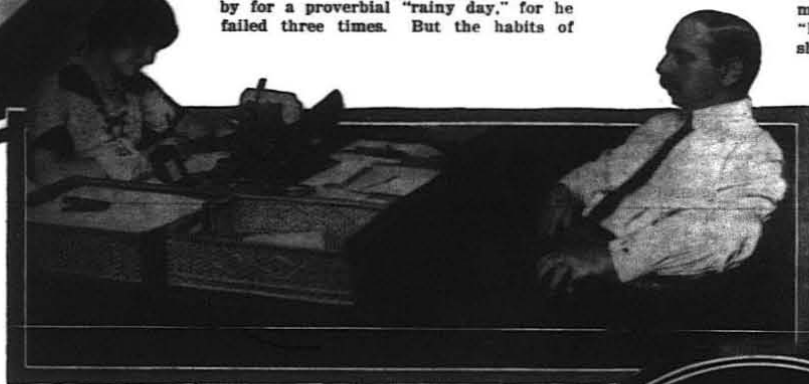
"I'm cleaning up \$75 a week," he told Loew.

When Old Opportunity knocks at our doors, the majority of us are somewhere in the back part of the house. Not so with Marcus Loew. He recognized good Old Opportunity and greeted him cordially. He hustled to New York City and opened a motion picture theatre on 23rd street and Seventh Avenue. He started to coin money. He opened other picture theatres even leasing regular theatres, until today he owns and controls 26 theatres in New York alone. He

theatre, for he will be the only one able to give a high class show at a low rate of admission."

His genius and his knowledge of men and human nature have enabled Marcus Loew to surround himself with a brilliant and loyal class of men. Members of the Loew staff particularly in his confidence are: Nicholas M. Schenck, general manager; Joseph M. Schenck, manager of the booking office; David Bernstein, his treasurer; and Samuel H. Meinholt, who has charge of all theatre employees and who books motion picture features.

Although he is now only forty-three years old, Marcus Loew is among the wealthiest and most powerful of the amusement directors, and he is as modest as was his start in life.



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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West Coast Studio Jottings

HOW is this for coincidence. In "Ready Money" James Neill plays the part of a counterfeiter. He was gazing at an old Confederate bill of \$10 when suddenly he noticed that it was signed by his father. John Neill was Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederates during the Civil war.

I spent several days at Santa Barbara recently and enjoyed an evening with Billy Garwood who was encased in a genuine suit of armor for "Galahad of Twilight". The armor was worn in 1515. Billy says he felt like a sardine in a tin. I found Henry Otto busy on "The Three Brothers" at the Santa Barbara company's studio with that very clever actress Reina Valdez in the lead and I came back to Los Angeles with Harry Pollard and Margarita Fischer who took a few days off. Their English bull dog "Peter" accompanied them and kept us all busy during the six hours' trip.

And now Eddie Lyons has put aside his Ukalele and has started in to learn the banjo. Protesters are unavailing and kind suggestions that he has not yet mastered the lesser instrument are ignored. He says that when he has learned a few chords in the minor key his friends will all like it. Huh?

House Peters, six foot two of him, arrived in Los Angeles this week accompanied by Mrs. Peters. They left the other house at San Rafael to the caretaker, a dog, some cats, canaries, and other animals collected by the House which starts with a capital.

G. P. Hamilton of the Albuquerque is back and tells a good one on himself. He and several others had entered a card game. At Kansas City Hamilton left the Pullman to send a wire and as he was stakeholder twenty seven dollars went with him. And he got left, minus baggage, coat or hat. He caught a later train after having made his peace by wire. His companions enjoyed his discomfiture immensely when the first shock was over. Lolita Robertson who is starring in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" with Max Figman with the "Masterpiece films", has had to milk a cow. She did it very well but says, "Apart from the fact that I complained that he wouldn't stand still and the cow was dry, I really did splendidly."

When Dave Kirkland, director of the Sterling comedy company, was in San Francisco recently he complained to a small exhibitor that he was running one of the Sterling comedies too slowly. The man expostulated, "If I speed up that machine all day I wear it out." Dave had nothing more to say.

John Sheehan of the Carlyle Blackwell forces tells the following. While he was with Miller, the well-known actor, he had a bit of business in which he used a pipe cleaner in a certain scene. In rehearsal he looked around for a place to put it after having used it. Miller stood it for a while and then said wearily from the stalls, "Mr. Sheehan, will you kindly swallow the d—d thing."

As is well known now, Cleo Madison takes the part of two sisters in "The Trey of Hearts" and when one is not on, the other is. Ray Hanford said something sassy to her the other day and Cleo begged him to go and chase himself. "Gee," he replied, "you are chasing yourself all the time."

Hooray! The invalids have returned. Bess Meredith is with us once more after her severe treatment to ward off rabies. She says she still feels rather doxy but is all right otherwise. Anna Little is also back looking like a two year old and full of life and vigor.

The Frontier company at Santa Paula has organized another company under the direction of J. J. Franz who has been with them as leading man for three years. By the way, Jay Morley, Lillian Christie, Edythe Sterling and John Jones have joined the company which will produce western plays only. Willis Robards remains as chief director.

The Wednesday night dinners at the Photoplayers Club are going strong. Marshall Mayo night was a huge success. Marshall is one of the best after dinner speakers in the profession and Billy Taylor is also an excellent speechifier but

is far more serious than Marshall. Charlie Ray says he isn't much of a talker but he has about filled up the "Suggestion Book" which is kept on the manager's desk.

Theodore Roberts who is being featured in "The Rich Master" at Lasky's is sorry his pet bow-wow took a liking to his cosmetics. So is the dog.

Is Eddie Dillon of the Komic Company a father? I doubt it. He had a baby to manage (!) in the "Million Dollar Bride" and when he wanted it to laugh it cried and vice versa. Eddie says he lost two days and his nannie trying to understand how to direct infants. He now turns down scenarios featuring babies.

When I go to the Universal I generally lunch with Francis Ford and Grace Cunard. Now Miss Cunard is still building her bungalow on the hills of Hollywood and Ford delights to josh his leading lady on the expense. During lunch Miss Cunard ordered a special side dish and Ford shook his head and murmured, "There goes another brick!"

There was a new juvenile actor playing opposite Myrtle Stedman in one of Hobart Bosworth's recent pictures. He was very nervous over his love making and finally Bosworth said quietly, "Warm up a little young man. You've got to marry her before the day it out anyhow."

Mona Darkfeather has a green African parrot which is a holy terror. This depraved bird loves to sip beer and he becomes very talkative afterwards and flies into a rage when the phonograph is started. Its efforts to drown the records are funny in the extreme.

During the progress of the street riot put on by prominent Universalites at the request of Carl Laemmle and with the help of the Chamber of Commerce, members of the Los Angeles police were instructed to arrest Francis Ford and take him to the patrol wagon and, of course, Francis was instructed to be arrested near the camera. He could not get through the crowd, however, and the police seized him. "I've got to get to the foreground," said the struggling Ford. "You've got to get in the wagon," said his captors and he did.

Oh joy, Dot Farley is to be seen in a series of "Twin" sisters again. She was very popular when she played them before and a revival is timely, indeed.

I heard from Harold—he of the Famous Players and he says he's all swollen up with his interview in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and that it is the very best he ever had. Another booster for the P. M. this P. M.

I always hate to hear of accidents to actresses and felt quite badly when the news reached me that Adele Lane, the delightful little Selig actress, had her hands and arms all bandaged up after an argument with a refractory Bear at the Animal Farm. She has the prettiest hands and arms imaginable and I certainly think that Bruin was an inconsiderate cuss when he selected Adele for his attentions.

Charming Ruth Hartman is to play the lead in Carlyle Blackwell's next production. I have pleasant memories of her performances on the legitimate stage and she has been absent from the public gaze too long. Welcome Ruth.

Harry Rattenbury of Christie's company at the big U is an extremely stout person (I guess that is delicately put) and one day when he was performing a dusky maiden watched the scene and said to one of the actors—Lee Moran I think it was, "Has dat man got stuffin' in dar?" Lee told her no. "Lordy mussy," she returned "you mean to tell me dat he's a regular pusson?"

Frank Garbutt is very proud of his new studio in which the Bosworth Inc., pictures will be made in future. It is about the most complete thing in its line, too, of concrete and steel. The appointments are excellent. Hobard Bosworth and the Smalley's will produce from there. Myrtle Stedman reports that she has a "swell" dressing room.

They were digging a big hole at the Sterling Studios and Max Asher remarked "What's that for?" Beverly Griffith who was passing told him it was being prepared for Asher to fall into

in the next picture. Max took it in and remarked sadly, "They nearly put me out of business in a coffin in the last one. Why don't they give me my pay envelope with a courteous note instead of killing me by inches."

J. Warren Kerrigan, not to be outdone in the series line, will have a little one of about ten releases all to his own self. He will impersonate a lovable Irishman.

Stella Razeto of the Selig company is the latest offender. She has written a scenario and that is not all. It is to be produced by Al E. Christie and that is not all, it is entirely novel being written around Angels Flight, one of Los Angeles incline railroads and that is not all—it is good. Stella is going to buy a brand new hat with the proceeds.

They are telling a tale on W. C. Cabbage, the Reliance director, but I refuse to vouch for it.

truth. They say he appeared at the studios in a new derby hat and that it rested comfortably somewhere about his ears and that he absolutely refused to doff it. Said that it was a birthday present from Mrs. Cabbage and that she might register disapproval if he did not wear it. His friends are planning some awful accident to the title—sequel next week.

The papers have been at it again and this time had Ray Gallagher engaged to a pretty writer. Nothing to it, says Ray, and he is angry for the young lady's sake. How do these things get around anyhow?

William D. Taylor is now head director at the Balboa and is to put on a series of special features with Jackie Saunders and Henry King. It is astonishing how soon this fine actor made good as a producer—his first picture did it.

Virginia Chester at one time with Frank Montgomery and later with the U. S. Company at San Diego is at present delighting patrons of a prominent restaurant as a cabaret singer but says she will return to pictures.

Whilst at Lasky's I noticed two old friends of mine, Howard Hickman the husband of Bessie Barriscale who did such fine work with Otis Turner and Jeanie Macpherson who is writing the scenarios for Cecil De Mille and taking parts in the pictures. She is a clever girl. Talking of Otis Turner he is back from the mountains and will probably go back producing at the Universal at the end of the month.

Burton King is still turning out one reelers at Glendale for the Usona and we are all still asking when releases will start. King has kept his secret wonderfully well but we will get him yet.

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of the Players in and Around New York

JIM CRUZE, alias Jim Norton, the reporter, is in receipt of a queer letter from a "Million Dollar Mystery" fan. It requests him to confess the secret of the mystery for which information he is to receive two thousand of the ten thousand dollars offered as a prize to the one who solves the problem. Needless to say, the writer is going to receive a long drawn out silence for his generosity, if not a rap on the knuckles from Detective Burns who is hot on the trail himself.

One of the thrills in the thirteenth episode of "The Perils of Pauline" played havoc with its heroine; that is it was as near havoc as any of Pearl White's risks have succeeded in being thus far. The accident happened in the leap from a high cliff in the Adirondacks into Saranac Lake below. Miss White got started all right but lost her balance in mid-air, striking the water in such a way that the wind was completely knocked out of her. Director Gasmier, standing on shore with his camera man, saw her make a few feeble struggles and then sink, and plunged in after her. She was carried ashore and revived, and half an hour later made the jump again, this time landing "clean."

King and Queen Baggot have deserted New York City for a time and taken up residence at the Shelbourne Hotel, Brighton Beach. The reason for this change of address is to give King, Jr., every opportunity of developing the sturdy physique and constitution characteristic of his father. The Baggots' stay at the Long Island resort is indefinite, and meanwhile Father Kirk faithfully makes the long tramp night and day to and from the Imp studio.

William Humphrey, Vitagraph player and producer, is now back at work after injuries sustained some weeks ago when his automobile skidded and turned turtle on the sandy beach at Asbury Park, N. J. Mrs. Humphrey who accompanied him was also injured.

Mary Pickford was a first-nighter at the Strand theater's showing of "Such a Little Queen." Nobody but Mary's escort knew of her presence for she came early, slipping into her seat before the great crowd had begun to collect and long before the "Standing Room Only" sign had been put on display.

Clara Kimball Young has been making personal appearances at the various houses of the Proctor circuit which have displayed her latest, and many think biggest, screen success, "My Official Wife." She has become quite proficient in the art of making curtain speeches and packed houses have greeted her every appearance. She is now working in the feature productions of well-known theatrical managers, the pictures to be released under the Peerless brand and by the World Film Corporation. James Young, her hus-

band, also formerly a well-known member of the Vitagraph company, is her director.

Edwin August is to be seen hereafter, as lead in the Eaco company's productions. This company is owned by Edwin August and Edward E. Anderson, brother of G. M. Anderson. Mr. August is directing the company's output. The first release will be an early one on the Universal program.

Gertrude McCoy is the author of the three-reel melodrama to be released by the Edison company and entitled, "What Could She Do?" It is a film replete with action and is by no means the first produced script of which this pretty Edison lead can boast.

Mignon Anderson, the week after her return from Arizona where she went with a company of Thanhouse people, was bereft of her father. His death came as a shock as it was the result of but a week's illness. The funeral was held at night at New Rochelle and was attended by a large number of Miss Anderson's associates at the Thanhouse studio. Miss Anderson's many friends offer her sympathy.

Followers of Mary Fuller will soon see her in a three-reel sensational play written especially for her and entitled "The Girl of the People." The story is of a sweatshop girl who blooms forth as a modern Joan of Arc, and affords Miss Fuller a rôle which she has long been ambitious to play. Charles Ogle supports her as leading man.

Alice Joyce and Tom Moore startled the gathering at Battery Park recently by leaping from the deck of an incoming ocean liner, a thrill which will be seen in "The Girl and the Stowaway," a two part feature of the Alice Joyce series. Miss Joyce, a daring swimmer and an expert diver, made the leap first, and had hardly struck the water before Tom Moore followed to the "rescue." The crowd on shore rushed, horrified, to the water's edge. Just then one of the spectators discovered the camera focussed on the scene, and the secret leaked out but the excited actions of the people had been caught by the camera and will make the scene unusually realistic.

The call of the legitimate stage was recently heard out at the Edison studio and Richard Tucker and Duncan McRae answered it. Mr. Tucker has accepted an offer as leading man in the American Theater Stock Company in Philadelphia, and Mr. McRae is going to play leads opposite Grace George. Both of these men have a host of friends at the studio and will be greatly missed.

Work is now in full swing at the Thanhouse studio on the new serial, "Zadora," a forty-reel masterpiece with a touch of the wizardry of the Orient in it, and which promises to surpass the

"Million Dollar Mystery." Marguerite Snow is playing the leading feminine rôle; "Handsome Harry" Benham, the juvenile male lead; and Jim Cruze, the "heavy." Daniel Carson Goodman is the author of the story, Lloyd F. Lonergan, the scenario writer, and F. R. Sullivan, the director.

Edward Earle created a sensation on Fifth Avenue one Sunday afternoon by promenading under a hat which has no duplicate in this country. He discovered it in a shop window while on a tour for a "hat with a personality" to be worn by him as a French villain in the Edison picture, "The Window Monsieur Forgot." The shop owner had the ornament on display merely to attract attention and not with any intention of selling it, but it attracted Mr. Earle's fancy to such an extent that he purchased it. Then in order to ascertain whether he had secured what he wanted—something "different"—he tried it out on Fifth Avenue. The result was conclusive proof for he attracted so much attention and inspired so many people to smiles that his companion finally refused to walk with him on any but deserted streets.

George M. and J. Ernest Williamson, sons of Captain Williamson, the inventor of the Williamson submersible tube, were present at the first showing of the "Deep Sea" pictures which Carl L. Gregory, the plucky photographer, explained. The pictures were taken at a depth of about twenty-five feet and in one part shows George M. Williamson rummaging around the ruins of an old wreck in a diver's suit, and in another, his brother, Ernest, fighting and killing a giant shark, wearing nothing but swimming trunks and armed only with a double-edged knife. After the performance which was at the Broadway Rose Gardens, Mr. Gregory introduced the boys to the audience.

Valentine Grant of the Sid Olcott Players, has made her way safely across from Ireland and is now at her home in Seattle, Washington. Miss Grant admits that Ireland is a beautiful country, but says that the scenery around her present residence with the Olympic Mountains on one side, the Cascades on the other, and an automobile to annihilate the distance between the two is hard to beat. Miss Grant expects to be back in New York with the rest of the company soon.

Cherry Kearton took some long chances with the German government in smuggling a camera under his raincoat into places where cameras were prohibited, and taking real war pictures. He succeeded in getting pictures of the troops, refugees, rapid fire guns, etc., in and around Louvain just before its destruction, positives of which pictures are now being made and distributed by the Eclectic Film Company.

Carey L. Hastings's skill in the art of make-up often plays boomerang jokes on her. She takes character leads in Thanhouse pictures and can make up to perfection for most any rôle. Recently one of her friends who had always met her at the studio promised to see her at the opening of the Broadway Rose Gardens. Carey was there and so was her girl friend but, on being spoken to by Miss Hastings, she didn't recognize her. When Carey explained that it was really herself "sans grease paint and working clothes" she was kept busy accepting apologies.

Information Department

Answers to Questions About Plays and Players

CURIOUS SUE, STEAMBOAT SPRINGS, COLO.—Both Edith Storey and Ned Finley are still with the Vitagraph Company.

T. A. P., KINSELEY, KAN.—So far as the "Answer Man" knows neither of the actresses that your name is married.

EDNA M. W., TORONTO, ONTARIO, CAN.—Grace Curd, as you probably know by this time, has given up her plan for going into vaudeville and is now back at the Universal studio and at work in more pictures under the direction of Francis Ford. Surely it is all right for you to send a package to her in care of the studio.

JESSIE G., OMAHA, NEB.—Sorry to disappoint you, but we haven't that particular Lubin cast sheet and so can't tell you who the girl was. As to whether Lillian Gish is really "the most beautiful blonde in the world" or not, we leave it to you to judge. The girl you refer to in that Essanay film is Ruth Stonehouse and the other actress is Marguerite Clayton.

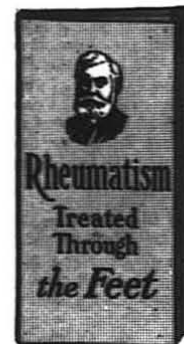
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HELEN B., HERMANN, MO.—Lucille's husband is Sydney Ayres in that American film. Rosemary's husband is Harry Von Meter, and Rosemary's father is also Sydney Ayres. Haven't a cast on that Domino picture.

JAMES R., CHICAGO, ILL.—Walter Kerrigan has a brother, Wallace Kerrigan, but he seldom appears in films, being in the business department of the Universal. So far as we know he has no relatives living in Chicago. Kathryn Williams is not his sister. He has one sister that we know of, Miss Kathleen Kerrigan. Perhaps that's where you got the two Kathryns mixed up—but please note that one is Kathryn and the other Kathleen.

MRS. LOUISE F., ATHENS, GA.—Can't name the leading man in "A Tragedy of the Orient" for you as we haven't a cast sheet of that production. Arthur Johnson is married.

JANE T. W., ROSA, CAL.—Anita Stewart is unmarried. She was born in Brooklyn, February 17, 1895. Yes, she has relations in the moving picture business, for in private life she is the sister-in-law of Ralph Ince, the famous Vitagraph director.

MARIE L. S., HOUSTON, TEX.—The Kalem west end company can be reached by addressing your letter to Santa Monica, California. We meant just what we said in answering "Teckla M., Wilkes Barre, Pa." a few issues ago and are so glad if it prevented you from being foolish enough to leave home in an endeavor to seek work as a movie actress.

ALICE M. H., IRONTON, O.—Marie Eline has not, as you say, been appearing in Princess films of late. Not long ago she worked with Irving Cummings in a five reel version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which is being released as a special feature by the World Feature Film Corporation. The tiny girl in Thanbouser films is Helen Badgely. No, you are mistaken or misinformed if you think the Cruze's have a little daughter like that.

JEAN J. E., OAK PARK, ILL. You certainly "asked us something" when you wanted to know how you could sell a one reel photoplay which you are expecting to film with your own motion picture camera. It all depends on the quality of the picture. If it proves to be perfect photographically and seems full of "punches" that will make it "go big" with the public, such concerns as Warner's features, the World Feature Film Corporation, etc., might buy it from you after a screen inspection.

VIRGINIA W., PITTSBURGH, PA. Sorry, Virginia, but we don't recall having seen your questions before, so they must, as you say, have gone astray. Warren Kerrigan is not married. He is an American, having been born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1887. His hair and eyes are both dark.

KANSAS CITY SUBSCRIBER. Not being personally acquainted with Mignon Anderson, we can't tell you just how tall she is, though we're quite certain she is not very big. Why don't you write her, care the Thanbouser studio, New Rochelle, New York. She would almost surely answer you if you enclosed a stamped envelope for a reply. See answer to Alice M. H. above for statement of Marie Eline's last appearance. Really the "Answer Man" doesn't know a bit more about "The Million Dollar Mystery" than you probably do, though he's willing to hazard a guess that Mr. MacGrath and Mr. Lonergan have a special solution of the mystery and that the prize will be awarded to the person who comes nearest to guessing what it is.

L. V. B.—Write the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Building, New York City, and ask if they can tell you when the

story of "Lucille Love" in book form will be published, and by whom it will be issued.

I. W. F., LANARNA PARK.—Do you remember a while back you asked us to tell you something about the Cascade Film Company and we were unable to do so? Well, for your information, now, and that of a lot of other folks who are doubtless interested, will say that the Cascade Film Company is located at 1421 San Pascual Street, Pasadena, California, and a letter to them will doubtless give you the information you were seeking.

CUTIE, RALEIGH, N. C.—We found the release date of that Thanbouser picture, "The Campaign Managers"—it was November 11, 1913, but there is no cast sheet for it. Write the Thanbouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, New York, and perhaps the publicity man can tell you who played that particular rôle.

"A FAX."—Yes, Robert Brower is Superintendent Narkom in Edison's "The Chronicles of Cleek;" Ailsa Lorne is Gertrude McCoy; Dollops is Harry Beaumont.

EDWARD M., BUFFALO, N. Y.—That player you mention is no longer in motion pictures but has gone back to the legitimate stage. Since the MOVIE PICTORIAL only endeavors to keep track of film players, we would suggest that you write the editor of the New York Dramatic Mirror, a publication devoted more particularly to the legitimate stage, and he can probably tell you in what company the actor you named in your letter is appearing.

MISS A. R., NEW YORK CITY.—Frankly, with out experience, you haven't one chance in a thousand of getting a position on the picture stage, and years of training and no little in herited talent would be necessary in order to insure you even a trial.

FRANK C. H., PATTERSON, N. J.—We don't answer questions by means of letters, but only through this department of the MOVIE PICTORIAL. You don't name the film brand in your first question and as it is far too great a task to wade through the hundreds of thousands of film titles, of all companies, looking for some particular release, we must insist upon all those questioning us giving at least the make of film, as well as the title of the subject. The number of scenes in a one reel picture varies greatly. It runs all the way from five or six up to fifty or more. The salaries of actors and actresses is a matter solely between them and their employers, so the MOVIE PICTORIAL cannot tell you what any particular star draws. If we did lots of people would imagine it was only stage money. The MOVIE PICTORIAL aims to publish advertising only of reliable firms, though it is not always possible to investigate our advertisers as thoroughly as we should like to. Gertrude McCoy should be addressed care of the Edison studio, and "Cutie" care of the Vitagraph studio; all the other players you mention are with the Universal. Address them Los Angeles, California.

MARY F., JACKSON, MICH.—"Pierre of the Plains" was never storyized in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but "Coprice" appeared in the 1913 volume.

MINNIE G. C., ELY, NEV. Yes, Maurice Costello is still with Vitagraph and appearing about as often as ever. He directs, too, you know, so that sometimes accounts for his not appearing in films. There were thirteen parts to Kathryn's adventures, though each part consisted of two reels, with the exception of the first one, which was three reels long. John Bunny and Flora Finch are not man and wife. No, your questions don't bother us. Ask as many as you want to. That's what this department is for—to answer questions.

JOHN C., ST. LOUIS, MO.—If by "odd jobs" you mean general roustabout, a jack-of-all-trades, etc., around a studio, there might be a chance for you to get on with some picture company, though personal application would undoubtedly be necessary for you to secure the job. But would it pay any more than a good position right there in your own home?

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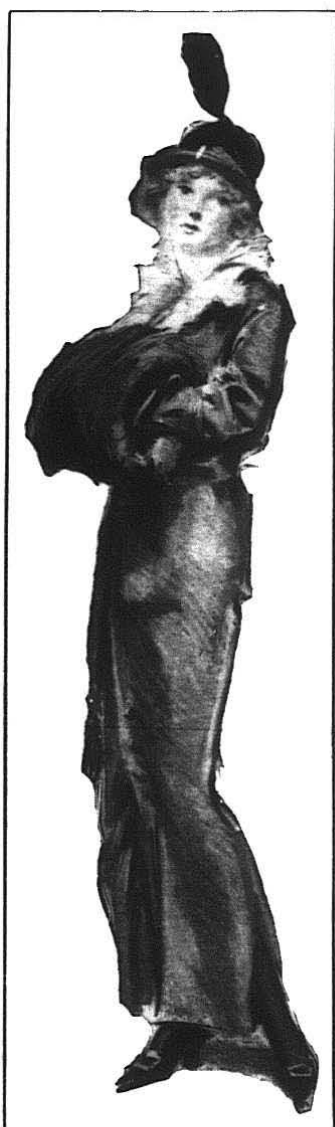
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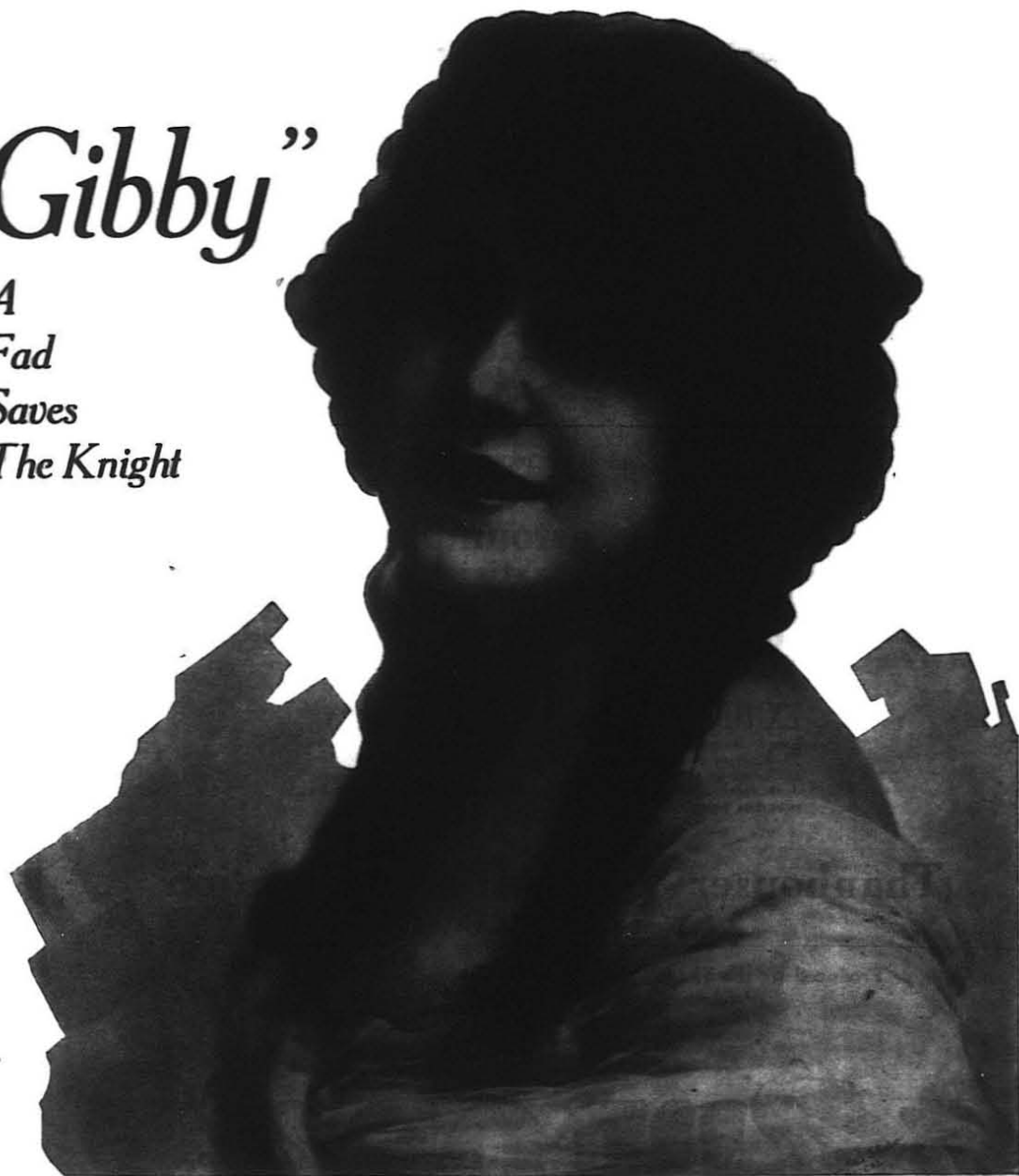
MOVIE PICTORIAL

NOVEMBER, 1914

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The MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE NATIONAL MOVIE PUBLICATION

LLOYD KENYON JONES, Editor

ON THE EDITORIAL SCREEN

EVERYBODY hates a liar. A false prophet is regarded in about the same light. The honest worker, whose hope is a little deferred, has reason for proclaiming himself neither a prevaricator nor a false prophet.

Many promises have been made to you in the past about what MOVIE PICTORIAL would achieve. MOVIE PICTORIAL has been like a small man, with a great burden, walking uphill. But there must be a top even to the steepest hill, and MOVIE PICTORIAL is very close to that top, where the going will be smoother, and the achievement greater.

When this publication made its bow to the world, it skyrocketed. It made itself known at a tremendous expenditure of money, thought and effort. But MOVIE PICTORIAL, like all things and all individuals worth while, has had its evil days. It has been bound down and handicapped, and I feel that it has been abused just a little, although MOVIE PICTORIAL is not going to appeal to you on the basis of sympathy, but on the foundation merit of service.

You will notice that its publishers are not the same—that it has changed ownership and management.

My associates and I have finally reached the point where we can do the things we have long wished to do, because MOVIE PICTORIAL is no longer the side-show, but is under "the big top."

Hereafter, MOVIE PICTORIAL will be published once a month, because arrangements have already been made to increase its circulation and carry it into all the highways and byways of America. This is to make it bigger, better and broader, and to make it first, last and always a family magazine.

The great series of articles by William J. Burns, the world's peerless detective, on "Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery," are drawing to an end. In the December issue, Detective Burns will publish his chart on clues to the mystery's solution.

Another big feature will be a story peculiarly applicable at this time. It is by Mr. Charles Nixon, known as one of the foremost scenario writers of the day. This story is in diary form, and was written at the close of the Spanish-American War, and shows all the hopes and heartaches, anticipations and despairs of a man in the conning tower of a battleship. Admiral Evans pronounced this story the most accurate and thrilling account of a sea-fight that he had ever read.

"The Music Story," that is already enjoyed by our readers and that will become more enjoyable as time passes, will be continued with new and entertaining truths in each issue.

"Realism in the Movies," that is giving the movie fans of America so much wholesome enjoyment, will continue to spread its hearty laughs before our family of readers.

"Film Favorites' Fashions" will tell our lady readers all about the gowns and hats worn by the movie actresses—about their colors and how they are made.

"Movie News" is still another department that will please you, and "Movie Pictorial Family" will spread still other wonders before you. And, in addition, there will be real stories and genuine features that will not permit a single line of dull or uninteresting space in the publication.

Incidentally, you will receive as many issues of MOVIE PICTORIAL as you originally paid for, which will greatly extend the duration of your subscription.

Measure my promises by what is done. Let each issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL be its own orator. You are one of us, and we want to be part of your family circle—now, and next month, and next year—'way into the deep of time.

THE EDITOR.

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1914

NUMBER 23

"Gibby"

ELLA MARGARET GIBSON didn't mean to do it—oh, mercy, not at all. But Fate came along at the opportune moment, and that's how the fad began.

Miss Gibson is not only the youngest leading lady in the Vitagraph Stock Company, out where the Occident waves its greetings to the Orient beyond, but she is also just a trifle superstitious. But who, pray, among actor folk, is not? They have their mascots, their omens, their hunches, their lucky days, and their evil hours, and Miss Gibson is very much like all the others who are "to the manner born." But, why not? She is the daughter of actor-folk. Her mother possessed a voice like the gentle coming of dawn—and her mother's father sang, and her mother's mother danced. So it was simply born in the blood of this little actress to dote on mascots—without any thought or plan of starting a new idea similar to the federal reserve banks.

But let us hasten slowly, because it is a treat, indeed, to become acquainted with this little star—and she's a very pretty star, too—a constant star, as it were—not at all like the variable kind.

She was born right beneath the towering majesty of Pike's Peak, that looms many thousand feet above her natal city, Colorado Springs. But early in life, Miss Gibson was on the wing. She was born and bred to the boards—and it gets into one's blood when it is so ordained.

Now, as actresses grow older they are prone to forget their day of original appearance in the never-ending, but always-changing, drama called Life. But when they are young, they are not so particular about hiding their ages—and on September 14 last Miss Gibson was nineteen—just a little girl with a woman's ability.

Of course, when one must begin on the stage so young, one needs must pick up an education on the gallop, which explains why Miss Gibson did her studying in three states—Colorado, Kansas and California. This proves that she is thoroughly western, in birth, breeding, spirit, education. But her learning was not stinted—and, besides, she had the capacity to learn, and that spells success.

When twelve years of age, little Miss Gibson was tripping her lines in the "legit." Later on, she appeared in vaudeville, and before she was fifteen she was the ingenue and soubrette in a permanent stock company located in her own home town. During the period she was with that organization she played not under one hundred parts. But there is a lure to the silent drama, just as Australians tell us there is witchery to the vast "Never-Never" that is splendid because of its terrible loneliness. What was more natural, then, than

that Miss Gibson should desert the first-hand method of entertaining and do her acting before the busily clicking camera of the cinematograph man?

In 1912, this lively, likely, likable and wholesome little actress was in Los Angeles—above which hung destiny's star. When she applied to the Western Vitagraph Company she was engaged immediately, and for a while she

The Star Who Started a Fad

played in minor parts, becoming accustomed to the camera and its limitations. But she had the artistic soul within her, and soon the multitudes of weary men and women who attend the picture shows began to take note of her beauty and cleverness—and they made a place in their hearts for her, where all places must be created before a star ever exists. They do not simply decide to be stars—and all the advertising on earth won't make them stars. It must be deep in their hearts, and paramount in their minds, just as it was with little Miss Gibson.

It was not long before Ella Margaret Gibson was leading lady. It was her first love in the life of the films, and it has been her only love, in the films, because, when the story of Miss Gibson's little adventure is recited, we cannot hold ourselves down to any professions of her not loving elsewhere. In fact, if she did not love just a little—but let us not hasten. There are still other things to tell.

Among the more recent successes of Miss Gibson were her leads in "The Riders of Petersham," "The Love of Tokiwa," "The Hidden House," "Francine," "Blanca," "Auntie," "Ginger's Reign," "Back to Eden," "The Little Madonna," "The Kiss," "The Outlaw," "Mareca, the Half-Breed," "Out in Happy Hollow," "The Old Oak's Secret," as well as innumerable others. In all, this star has been featured in a hundred Vitagraph pictures.

With the blood of the West in her veins, it is logical that Miss Gibson should be an excellent horse-woman, motorist, and all-around out-of-door person. She believes that buildings are all right, so far as they go, but that the open country, with its flat reaches of plain, its towering hills, its fresh air and general joy, is the land for girls who like the blush of the rose in their cheeks, and a spring in their steps. That is where real beauty is bred—and Miss Gibson is entitled to the real beauty classifica-

tion—beautiful of features, beautiful of form—a girl in a million. This latter is referred respectfully to the young man in the case—or should we say case? At any rate, there was a young man—but why shouldn't there be? Today, were it not for Miss Gibson's kind consideration, that young man would have a credit rating as low as the tide just when it is finished with ebbing.

Just a Little Girl With a Woman's Ability

But again, come to think it over, what Miss Gibson did was just the most natural thing on earth to do. She was a real "good fellow," and now thousands of girls who have heard of the incident have decided to follow her excellent example—because who can tell when a garter will come in handy?

There—we said it! The story hinges around a garter, and the garter hinges around—well, a little superstition, let us say. Back in the old days (if a girl of nineteen years is entitled to refer to "old days!"), Miss Gibson received, as her first professional salary, a shining twenty-dollar gold piece. And did she spend it? Not at all. She did something else with it; something very safe and sensible, and the idea pleased her so much that she took another double golden eagle, and did the same thing with that—and then she had a pair of them; not that the public could ever know—because there are some things the world could not, and certainly should not, know. This was one of them—or two of them. And every time Miss Gibson took a step, those gold-pieces were given a ride! They were her mascots. They stood her in good stead as—shall we say supporters? Maybe that is it—supporters! They brought her opportunity—or, at any rate, were with her when opportunity beckoned. They were her constant companions by day, and remained close to her at night.

Miss Gibson is always very considerate of her friends—be they gold-pieces or human friends—and sometimes gold-pieces seem to be more human than human beings, because sometimes mortals are not worth a cent, and the gold coins are always worth a great deal—full face value, be they held captive in dainty platinum rings or used to pay one's way. But

Miss Gibson has a wealth of loyalty within her soul. She is considerate. That is part of the westland breeding—and the countless thousands who have viewed her work on the screen realize that no girl could perform so well without feeling every emotion that she portrays. We say "perform" advisedly. Acting is the proper term, but performance of duty is deeper than acting.

Miss Gibson receives many flattering letters. All pretty little leading ladies do. Men fall in love with them in the pictures—and girls covet their success. But this little lady has ridden through all this empty flattery with as much sound sense as a business man would have—because acting is her business in life.

The others in the Vitagraph company are champions of their leading lady. They like her—are her best boosters—because they know her best, even down to the story of the gold-pieces. This we continually forget, because it is the most reasonable thing on earth to keep remembering these little merits of Miss Gibson, and we must surely include this other merit.

It was night time in Los Angeles—and the western metropolis is alive when the sun creeps low and starts getting ready for business in China. The gay cafes were ablaze with good cheer, music and excellent food. And at one of the tables in the very best of these restaurants were Miss Gibson and a young man. Who he is we profess not to know. But he was there, and he ordered with a lavish hand. Nothing was too good for the dainty lady across from him. He urged goodies upon her—scored price—was the best little good fellow in the wide, wide world. But with every bill-of-lading there should be an invoice. The waiter handed the young man the statement of account, and

it was like the fatted calf just about the time the prodigal came home. The fatted calf part of the story is apropos, too. And then the young gentleman, with all the *sang-froid* at his command, reached into his inner coat-pocket. He reached further, and then a crimson hue began to mount to his temples. He felt in all his other pockets, and his discomfiture was alarming. But the wallet that had been had ceased to be! There he was—surrounded by plenty, and as poor as a desert hermit!

"I'm—I'm—afraid," he stammered, but Miss Gibson understood. She has a little way of understanding about her that is a delicious relief in a crisis like this.

"You just wait here," she told him, "and I will be back shortly—with the money."

It was a bright twenty-dollar gold-piece she laid in his hand—a trembling, thankful hand, that was humid with drear anticipation of the patrol-wagon, a stern judge, a story in the morning papers—ugh! such complications?

But he paid the check, fed the waiter lavishly, breathed blessing untold on his fair companion—and departed. And then, just before bidding her good-night, he asked timidly how she made the "raise."

"Why," Miss Gibson confessed, "it was simple enough. You see, when I was a very little girl, the first twenty dollars I earned I saved. It brought me great fortune—and then I saved another—in the same way. They were set in platinum buckles. But I think I had better go now. The safety-pin isn't holding very well."

"The safety-pin?" her friend questioned.

"Why, yes, stupid," Miss Gibson fung back, as she vanished in the doorway, "this night's entertainment has cost me a garter—!"

Helps to the
Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF SEVENTEENTH EPISODE: The Black Hundred planned to get rid of Norton, and Olga imitated Florence's handwriting in a note sent to the reporter directing him to the Henderson home. Jones saw a member of the band lurking in the bushes around the Hargrave residence and followed him, only to learn that the conspirator was shadowing Norton. Braine and his cohorts were in the house to which Norton had been directed, but "Gen. Henderson" could not prevail upon Norton to drink a glass of wine. One of the thugs was hidden behind the portieres, but Norton saw him coming with a "black jack" uplifted ready to strike, the reflection showing in the reporter's watch case. Taking up the glass of wine as though to drink it, Norton dashed the contents into the villain's face. In the struggle that followed, Braine sprang a trapdoor and Norton was dropped to a secret room beneath. Jones, in the meantime, had gained access to the house through a ruse, and soon sent Braine and his companion to join Norton, who was on guard below and dealt the plotters stinging blows as they fell. The duffer assisted Norton out of the pit by means of the portieres, but by the time the police arrived, the conspirators had escaped through a secret passageway.

REVIEW OF EIGHTEENTH EPISODE: The Countess Olga read of a masked ball to be given by the Princess Parlova, who, she learned from Braine, was a member of the Black Hundred. Going to call, Olga prevailed upon the Princess to invite Norton and Florence to the ball. They accepted, but their costumes were duplicated and worn by Black Hundred members. Mistaking Braine for Norton (because of his wearing exactly the same kind of costume), Flor-

ence was induced to go to the upper floor, and there she was locked in a room. Braine and his companion, pretending to be Jim and Florence, drove away in the Hargrave auto, but Norton got in touch with Jones a little later and they started out to search for Florence. At the home of the Princess, a bomb-maker was introduced to Florence, and she was told that her home would be destroyed unless she divulged the secrets regarding her father and the million dollars. Florence defied them, but as the anarchist worked to perfect his infernal device, there was a premature explosion, the house was partially wrecked and caught afire. Florence was bound to a chair, but Norton arrived and fought through the flames to her. After numerous harrowing experiences and futile efforts, Jones aided them in gaining a place of safety.

THE Jones we see in these two episodes is quite evidently Hargrave. He is the watchful, alert, plotting, aggressive one of the doubles—or twins. In past articles I have made clear that Jones is two. One is Hargrave and one is Jones. There is no way of telling one from the other so far as features or stature go, but only when action shows the alertness of the master and inertia discloses the habits of the servant. So here is Hargrave right with his own daughter all this while, and she does not suspect it! What would she say if she were told? Likely as not, she would repudiate him! He would look just

the same to her as Jones, and if he put on false whiskers, nobody could tell her that he resembled his portrait. I am not so sure that he ever had real whiskers, because, he did not shave them over in the first episode, so far as we could see. That part you were expected to take for granted.

I receive a great many letters from people who either attempt to bribe me into telling the solution, or else who point out trivial inconsistencies that are not clues at all. My work in dealing with The Million Dollar Mystery is not along the line of dramatic criticism. No point concerns me much unless it leads toward the solution of the Mystery itself. And the strangest part of it all is that we are learning very little that is new. We are being kept in the dark—and I venture that we are going to be right up to the end. Nothing would please me more, because the Mystery people have already given us so many excellent clues; there is little more they can give. The mystery part is nearly solved. Hargrave is less and less a myth—and more and more a reality. The recurring escapes of Norton, Florence and Jones (or Hargrave, as it happens to be more frequently of late) are going to dull your perception if you are not careful. That ten thousand dollars is a trifle more real now than it was a month ago. Very few episodes remain. But plenty of meat for speculation is still placed before us.

For illustration, how much money have the Hargrave interests been obliged to pay up to this time? The incidents probably cover less than a year; very little more time, in fact, than the episodes have taken up. There has been a great deal of upkeep to pay for; and numerous persons have been concerned, such



DARINGLY SHE RECOVERS THE MESSAGE

Florence is no longer the Creature of Circumstances; She is a Factor in the Mystery's Solution

as Hargreave, Jones, Florence, Susan, Norton, the servants, detectives, and maybe some traitors among the Black Hundred. If Stanley Hargreave could have met all these bills under \$50,000 he has been an excellent manager. In Mr. MacGrath's story, we read that Jones had about \$12,000 at his disposal. The maintenance cost of a home such as that of Hargreave would have absorbed at least that amount in this period. Mr. MacGrath also intimated that Hargreave had other interests—such as stocks and bonds. If he has drawn upon these, it follows that he need not have touched the million dollars. Norton could have negotiated the sale of securities or the collection of interest—or Hargreave could have a broker in New York acting for him. Do you think that Hargreave or Jones has had to disturb the million? I contend that, for the sake of continuity of the Mystery, the million should be where it was and without any reductions from its volume. One of the questions asked is: "What becomes of the millionaire?" Another is: "What became of the million dollars?"

Another point for consideration is this: If the cost has been so tremendous to the Hargreave interests, how much greater has it been to the Black Hundred? Braine and Olga live in wanton luxury. They alone may have spent anywhere from \$15,000 to \$50,000 since the Mystery opened. The organization has maintained innumerable apartments; its members have been free with transportation expenses, have lived well, have entertained regally, have stopped at no cost. If the Thanhouser Film Corporation has expended a fortune in making what was supposed to be enacted in life, how much greater would the genuine expenditures have been? If the Black Hundred have lost under \$100,000 they have done exceptionally well. This money has been taken, presumably, from their treasury, from dues levied upon wealthy but extremely unfortunate members, from counterfeiting, blackmail and similar unholy sources. Already we have a snug feeling that the conspirators will have no money to count in such reward as they reap!

Still another speculation is this: Have not Florence and Susan become just a little bit interested in all this talk of the hidden million? They have been threatened enough in the name of it surely. Most women think about the future. I believe that a woman's planning for the future is generally keener than a man's. Florence knows that Norton is poor. She is in love with him. She knows that her father may be killed at any time. Should that tragedy occur, how fine it would be to run far away with Norton—as Mrs. Norton, of course—and with one million dollars as a "nest egg!" If Florence did have to run away, her father's

portrait would accompany her—and with it, why not the million? From the secret aperture back of that portrait a "treasure-box" was taken, but nobody thus far has interfered with the picture itself.

By this time, the actors and actresses of The Million Dollar Mystery are all done with their Mystery work until the twenty-third episode has been decided upon by the winning solution. I wonder if they will keep all the details fresh in their minds? Will there be the same sense of mystery then? You wish to know why I ask. It is because I can see a number of different ways in which this absorbing story can terminate, as, for example: Two Joneses could appear. One of them could put on false whiskers and—he would be Hargreave! Bear all these possibilities in mind. No ordinary, simply solution could suffice. One lady wrote to me something like this:

"I offer a solution of the Million Dollar Mystery: Hargreave returns and Florence and Jim are married. The million was in a safety deposit vault all the time! Hargreave, now grown old, blesses his children, and they all live together happily ever after."

In the first place, I have nothing to do with receiving solutions. In the second place, if I had, I would not regard this as even a remote candidate for the solution! Hargreave can be but a few months older than he was when he vanished. And it would be poor logic to take that million to any safety deposit vault. It would not be fair to you and the others who have watched so patiently. Do not feel that a stroke or two of your pencil can solve this mystery. It demands real thought. Many clear, logical ideas must be embodied in the solution—and those hundred or fewer words must count. That Florence will marry Jim seems logical. But this final chapter must account for all unexplained things. The answer must be complete.

In the solution, at least, we must see Hargreave. Will he look as he did in the first episode, or as he did in the twelfth? Poor Hargreave is about weary of playing the game, I should imagine—and he is nearly through with it; just four more episodes distant! In the solution we shall see as much as we ever can see of the million dollars—and must know the relationship between Hargreave and Jones. But until then, except for your own wits, I can tell you that you'll know very little more than you understand this moment.

And now, another word about that chart of mine: It will follow the twenty-second episode. It will be a guide for you to study. It will show logical and illogical solutions, dependable and false clues, consistencies and inconsistencies—so far as they pertain to the solution. I want you to have that chart. I want you to think hard about exactly how the Mystery should end—which means, incidentally, close observation of the remaining four episodes!

REVIEW OF THE NINETEENTH EPISODE: A mysterious stranger called at the Hargreave home, inquiring for Florence, but she had left with Norton for the Broadway Rose Gardens—where Olga and Braine chanced to be dining. There was a hand thrust through the tapestries, and a paper appeared. Stealthily, Olga took it, and Florence was unaware of any attempt to get word to her—but the paper was blank, presumably written on with invisible ink. The next day, while riding, Florence saw a familiar figure—one of the Black Hundred—and tethering her horse, she followed him. Norton was out with his dog, and suddenly missed the collic, which had injured its foot. Florence followed the conspirator to a cave, which he entered by means of pressing a button that swung back a balanced, pivoted rock that acted as a door, and soon Florence was inside the cavern, listening to the treacherous utterances of different members of the band. Norton in the mean time found the dog, resting, near the horse, on Florence's coat, and surmised that all was not well. Florence managed to get the mysterious paper out of the man's pocket, and she secreted it in her hair, and planned her escape, but other members outside the cave found her shoes, and she was trapped. An underground river flowed through the cavern, and into this Florence leaped, swimming to the day beyond. But a series of exciting incidents followed, in which she was captured. At this instant, Norton, with his dog, copied her from shore, and swam to her rescue, overpowering the men in the boat—the collic assisting.

REVIEW OF THE TWENTIETH EPISODE: Jones and Norton managed to bring out the writing on the sheet of paper, using the heat of a candle-flame. The note stated that the Russian minister of police, Henri Servan, was at a well-known hotel, and his mission was to gather evidence regarding the Black Hundred.



The Entrance Hinted That She Would Be the Whirlwind of Robert's Action, Is Surely Going to End Here

which he was steadily running to earth, and wished such information as the Hargreave interests could bring out. Braine followed Jones, and surprised him and the Russian agent in the midst of their conversation. In the fight that followed, Braine came out the victor, although he had taken a daring step, and placed himself more nearly in the grip of his enemies.

ONLY when paths run parallel do they never interfere with one another. In *The Million Dollar Mystery*, the paths have crossed and recrossed, and very soon one or the other of the contending factors must be forced into a corner—a blind corner from which there is no escape. The cunning of Braine has gradually been giving place to awkward adventure. He has been striking out madly, caring little about results. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," is an adage that pertains with particular force to the Black Hundred, and it is evident that the mistakes on the Hargreave side must be fewer.

You must not overlook the real issue: It is the million dollars. It is that reward that the Black Hundred seek, and their investment in attempting to secure it, by hook or crook, has already been enormous. Perhaps they are at the end of their rope—depleted financially—desperate beyond the point of reason. But the million is still secure, and IS RIGHT WHERE IT WAS PLACED IN THE BEGINNING. We have never seen it removed; therefore, we must take for granted that it has been undisturbed—or, if it has been disturbed by Hargreave or Jones, it has been returned to its hiding place.

I am going to take you back to beginnings. When Hargreave withdrew the money from his banks, it is evident that this was practically all his ready cash—that other assets still remained, such as stock and bonds, and possibly realty holdings, and maybe incomes of various sorts. But the cash was a kind of reserve fund, and was retained for purposes of flight and protection, because no sound business man would keep that much money on deposit. He would invest it. Hargreave was not going to risk any delay in converting securities into money. Suppose war should come on—and the banks would suddenly refuse to handle what had recently been the best collateral? Suppose he should need the currency after banking hours, or on a Saturday or Sunday? The money itself was needed, and that money was hidden somewhere in the Hargreave mansion, or at least near the mansion—but more likely within its walls.

It was a very good hiding place that was selected, and it was one that must be easily accessible. It must have been a place where recovery of the money would have required but a few moments. It may have been placed in the Hargreave picture—the portrait that

Jones told Florence was "her father's gift to her." That was the most logical place—but it might also have been hidden in the plaster—plastered over—with the paper on the wall drawn over the hiding place. It might have been in some secret compartment in floor or wall—or in some dresser or secret drawer of a chest, or even in a false bottom or side of Hargreave's trunk or suit-case. It could have been in many places, but wherever it was hidden, there it is now—and there it will remain until the final episode (the twenty-third), when Hargreave himself, or Jones, or even Norton, will recover it, and restore it to Florence.

It is very evident that the chances of success of the Black Hundred have diminished to the point of improbability—even impossibility.



The Hargreave Portrait Still Remains a Favorite Candidate as the Hiding Place of the Million

This is true because Hargreave has undoubtedly had at his command secret agents—an organization—attested to by the mysterious stranger who passed the note to Florence; the note that Olga was cunning enough to take in the Rose Gardens. But it is equally true that Hargreave himself has been in constant communication with Jones—that he has taken the place of the butler, and that the butler has posed as the millionaire. These facts must have impressed themselves on Braine and Olga more than once—and the Black Hundred must realize that their time is limited—their days are numbered.

Of course, *The Million Dollar Mystery* is only a story, and the best stories have some inconsistencies—certain flaws that would not occur in real life. But we must overlook these

inconsistencies, because we have taken for granted that this is a series of actual happenings—that the adventures occurred just as we have seen them on the screen. Few of us believe that Florence would have been deceived so long by Olga. But the screen suggested that she was fooled badly for months. Few of us would believe that the Hargreave interests would have suffered so long without asking the police for aid—but we have seen them battle in the dark, and we must accept as the answer the theory that Hargreave did not dare create public talk about his trouble, lest the Black Hundred learn too much about his plans—and that he did not dare confide in the police, because there were secrets he was in duty bound to keep to himself.

I might point out a long line of contradictions that have occurred in the story, but we are not after its flaws—but after its thread of plot, that would lead us away in a maze of adventures and cause us to forget about the million, around which the tale itself hinges. And you who have viewed these episodes have likely been forced many times to forget all about the hiding place of the money, and have given your sympathies over to Florence—seeing the romantic side and blinding yourself to the real issue. That is where the genuine cleverness of the episodes comes in. They absorb one's attention with trivialities—with pretty scenes of romance—with whatever will lead away from the pith, point and object of the serial.

Remember that the story itself started months ago—the first episode was shown in the films last June. In those first episodes was woven the real plot of the story. What happened then was the foundation of all that might occur after—and it would have been immaterial just what adventures were indulged in, so long as they did not imperil the main issue—the million. And in reaching out for a solution, it is the most natural thing in the world for you to forget the importance of those early episodes, and devote your thought to what has happened in the past few installments. And that is

where they will catch you napping if you are not very careful. Unless the events in the two remaining episodes entirely upset our calculations, we can get right down to bed-rock and begin to reason into causes—accepting such clues as we wish and discarding the balance—weeding out the unimportant and retaining the essential.

In my next article, which will be the last, I am going to publish my chart—and this chart will be a guide to you in arriving at your own conclusions. I am going to present the situation from its various angles, pointing out the logical outcome—granting, of course, there can be more than one—and warning against illogical solutions. But this much I say: Whatever errors have been committed in the various

(Continued on page 19)

WHEN EDISON WAS A BOY

By HUGH C. WEIR

INTO the big, shadowy library stepped the stoop-shouldered man who is called the world's greatest genius.

I rose instinctively from my chair. There is that in the gravely chiseled face of Thomas A. Edison, crowned with thick, gray hair—there is that in the wistful gray eyes, which compels homage—insistent and instant. In that first curious view of the wonder-worker, who has written an Arabian Nights of fact a thousand-fold more dazzling than the Arabian Nights of fiction, I realized that one does not need to be introduced to such a man. I found myself smiling at his murmured words, "I am Mr. Edison!" A King George or a Kaiser Wilhelm might have found it necessary to identify himself, even to a subject. An Edison needs no such identification.

I resumed the huge, leather rocker to which a uniformed factory guard had assigned me, my eyes studying the human dynamo before me. I could see now that the figure under the loose, baggy coat and trousers, and soft shirt, was lean and spare and worn; that the craggy face was filling with the indelible marks of years refusing longer to be ignored; and that the wistful eyes could not always fight away the shadow of weariness behind them. It was borne in on me with a shock that Thomas A. Edison is an old man—that the Wizard of Menlo Park is facing the Great Eternal Mystery, which even his master brain cannot solve.

Mr. Edison leaned forward in his chair and inclined his ear, with its sensitive sounding trumpet. And then I remembered that there is a second mystery, before which the Edison genius has been compelled to admit defeat, the mystery of human hearing. For more than half a century, he, who has imprisoned the sounds of the world in cells of wax, and ordered them forth at the turn of a crank, and sent them flashing over half a continent, has, himself, remained deaf. And these later years have emphasized his handicap. No longer is it possible for him to distinguish the ordinary voice except through a powerfully magnified trumpet. As he leaned toward me in the somber light of the great, shadowy library of the Edison factory—the only corner of rest and quiet in that gigantic line of industry—there was something oddly pathetic in the almost unconscious gesture, with which he indicated his infirmity. Edison, the superman, became at once Edison, the man.

I had planned my interview on three leading questions. I put the first at once.

"What in this life do you value the highest?"

It was baldly, bluntly put, and I was not certain at first whether he had caught the thought behind the words. For a moment the wistful gray eyes stared into the shadows. I was about to elaborate my question when the musing gaze lighted with a sudden smile, as the answer came:

"The possession that I value highest in this life, at least among the highest, is that of Memory. Memory!" The measured voice of the great inventor lingered on the word. "A text for a thousand sermons if I were a sermonizer—for a thousand dreams if I were a poet! The bridge of life! Yes, I am quite sure that I would count my ability



© 1914, Theo. A. Edison

A Recent Picture of Thomas A. Edison Taken at East Orange, New Jersey

to cross and recross that bridge at will as one of my most valued treasures."

"The bridge from the man to the boy," I suggested, seizing the hint. "If it is not too personal a question, would you mind telling me what memories of your boyhood mean the most to you?"

The musing smile bubbled into a laugh.

"A friend should have warned you! When I begin to talk about my boyhood, I never know when to stop."

"Don't worry," I laughed back. "It is only the biggest men, after all, that never outgrow their boyhood."

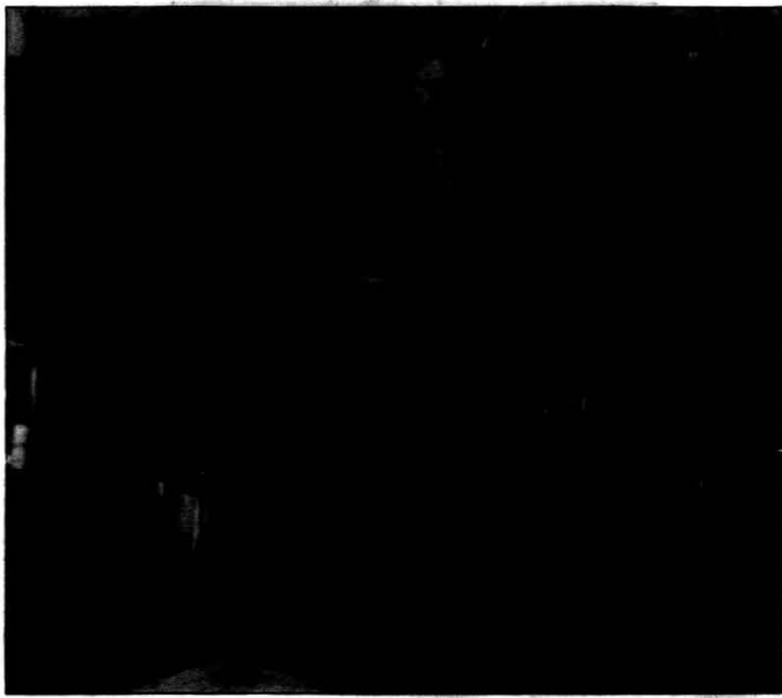
"You are right," said Mr. Edison, serious again. "I am sorry for the man who doesn't keep something of the boy in him!" He crossed his legs, and again tapped the side of his head.

"The memory of my boyhood which stands out the strongest is the incident that cost me my hearing, and marked me for life."

"I was a train boy at the time in Michigan on one of the railroad news runs out of Detroit, working on a commission basis. In other words, I purchased each morning from the railroad news company the supply of newspapers, magazines, books, candies, and fruit, which I thought sufficient for my day's run, paying wholesale prices, and selling for retail at a small margin of profit. I kept my stock in the baggage car, and made periodical selling trips through the passenger coaches with my wares either in a basket, or under my arms. It was just the school of experience to develop a youngster's practical, commercial instinct—if he had any. And its absence soon showed fatally, for, of course, if he miscalculated in his stock, or failed to dispose of it, or neglected to keep properly balanced accounts, it meant disaster not only for him, but in a smaller degree, for the company. If the train boy did not have the necessary business acumen, and an eye always on the main chance, it followed, as a matter of course, that he could not meet his week's bills for supplies with the company, quite apart from any margin of profit for himself."

"I was a success because I had to be. It was a question of bread and butter, and there is nothing that will sharpen the wits of boy or man more quickly! And then, too, I presume the get-ahead element was a part of my nature. I know that it was almost instinct with me to watch for a chance to increase my scanty earnings. Just how, or when the idea of printing a small railroad newspaper, designed to carry the gossip of the line, occurred to me I don't remember. I was always fascinated by anything in the suggestion of machinery, and when I found a chance to buy my papers in wholesale lots at the office of The Detroit Free Press, I made every excuse possible to linger near the big printing presses. Gradually I determined to have a printing press and type case of my own, and when I found I could install them in the baggage car I recklessly devoted my savings to their purchase. In the course of a few months, in the frequent intervals of resting in

the day's run, I mastered the rudiments of typesetting. It was a natural step to a newspaper of my own. I succeeded in getting permission to use an old car for my office, and to have it attached to the train. My little sheet in due course made its appearance, and perhaps, from the very fact of its novelty developed in a few weeks an encouraging circulation among the employees of the line, and the residents of the smaller towns. I had all the usual visions of a youngster of ambition. I saw myself becoming in time the leading publisher of the country. I have often speculated as to just what my life would have been had my journalistic enterprise continued to prosper. Perhaps my dream, on a more modified scale, might have been realized, although now I know that I lack those qualities essential to any great success in the newspaper field. In any event, however, I was not destined to progress beyond the first round of the journalistic ladder.



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A Late Photograph of the Great Wizard, Thomas A. Edison, Photographed in His Laboratory at East Orange, New Jersey.

Fate, cruel, and bitter, and unexpected at the time, was preparing to deal me a treacherous blow.

"I have said that I was given the use of an old car for my amateur printing office. I was very proud of this office, and it became quite an object of curiosity to the passengers of the road. But it was to prove my undoing. Just how the catastrophe occurred has always been something of a mystery. One day just after I had stepped out of the car there was a blinding explosion behind me. I stared back to see my railroad workshop wrapped in flames, and what was even more terrifying, the flames were threatening to sweep to the rest of the train. For a few moments I was conscious only of dismayed shouts and hurried orders and the train crew working in a frenzy to uncouple the burning car before it could do further damage. Some acids I had been using had taken fire. And then there was a quick step behind me, and the conductor towered over me in a burst of rage.

"See what you have done, you young scamp!" he cried, punctuating his denunciation in a burst of profanity. Whether my stupefied silence angered him still more, or whether he feared that he might be held responsible for the damage, I don't know. He drew back his hand suddenly, and struck me on the side of the head. It was a cruel blow. I fell to the ground, with a myriad of sparks dancing before my eyes.

"I must have been unconscious for the next few moments. When I was able again to grasp the details of the scene, my ill-fated car had been moved to a side-track, and the flames extinguished. My head was ringing, and a queer, shooting pain was stabbing through my temples. For several days I was completely disabled, and it was months before the pain entirely subsided. When I was able to return to work, it was with the knowledge that the effects of the conductor's blow could never be cured. I was to go through life almost deaf.

"Of course, the incident brought my little newspaper venture to an abrupt end. My ambitions for journalism were thoroughly smothered."

"Was it then that you transferred your allegiance to electricity?" I asked in the pause that followed.

"Oh, I have always had a fondness for electricity!" said Mr. Edison quickly. "Even when I was most deeply absorbed in my publishing ambition, I was picking up a smattering of telegraphy. Strangely enough, it was through my newspaper liking that the determination to give my life to the electrical field first came to me. Do you want another story?"

"The more the better!" I said heartily.

"It was a great battle, or rather the newspaper reports of a great battle, that confirmed me in my purpose to master what I could of electricity. The change in my work came about in this way.

"My boyhood railroad experiences came during the years of the Civil War. Naturally news from the front was at a premium. We did not have then our modern facilities for flashing the reports of a battle, almost while it was being fought. While the telegraph played a leading part in the war, it was still in a very incomplete and experimental stage. Often several

days passed without definite reports from the front, although we knew that perhaps a great engagement was being fought. It was just at the date of Vicksburg, I think, that early one morning came flashing the first news of the Union victory. The telegraph operator at Detroit had taken quite a fancy to me, and on a number of occasions I had given him newspapers and magazines. On this occasion, he repeated the message that came over the wire to me, and I was one of the first persons in that locality to hear it. Instantly the commercial possibilities of the situation came to me. I knew there would be an unprecedented demand for the latest newspapers with the reports of the battle, and I knew that I could deliver them to the towns along our route in advance of any competitors.

"I made up my mind to plunge, and plunge

credit, and the reason why I wanted it. For a moment the great man was silent, and then without a word he drew a writing pad from his desk, and scribbled a line on its surface. With a smile, he tore off the page, and handed it to me. It was an order to the circulation manager to deliver to Thomas A. Edison one thousand papers!

"Walking on air, I ran back to the basement, presented the cabalistic paper, and saw my stock stacked up neatly, with the circulation manager every now and then watching me curiously. I had no doubt that my importance increased very much in his estimation!

"With the papers in my possession, my next step was to call again on my friend, the telegraph operator. I wanted to prepare the people along the line for the news, and to announce that I was bringing the latest reports from the

front. By promising my friend at the key two magazines and a novel, I secured his co-operation. Before our train pulled out of the station, the announcement of the battle was being flashed ahead of us. The day that followed was one of the most exciting of my life. I was prepared for a crowd at the first station we made, but when the train rolled into sight of the depot, I saw that the platform was black with people. I took my position on the steps with one bundle of papers under my arm, and another just behind me. There was something like a stampede in my direction. Excited men threw coins and bills at me, and seized the treasured newspapers, without thinking of change. When the train finally pulled away, I found myself regretting that I had not secured two thousand copies of The Free Press! When I counted up results that evening, I found that I had made a clear profit of more than forty dollars.

"But it was not my success as a speculator that makes the incident stand out in my memory. It was the part which the telegraph played. Without its aid my success would have been impossible. From that date I made up my mind to know more of the mystery of electricity. I plunged into the

study of telegraphy in real earnest, and when I left the news service it was to take a position at the key."

The wistful gray eyes of Mr. Edison smiled again.

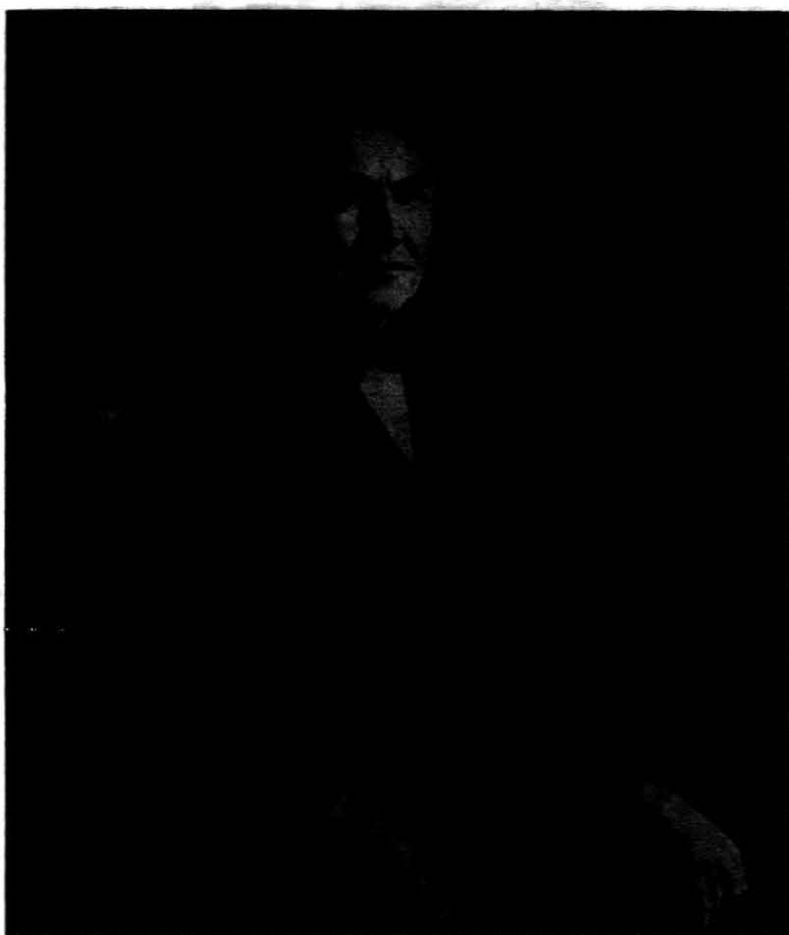
"So you see it was a variety of factors that combined, or conspired, to give me my start in life."

"What was your first real invention?" I asked. "Or can you remember it?"

The genial twinkle showed once more in the gravely chiseled face before me.

"Of course I remember it! It was both a success and a failure. In fact, it was too much of a success to be practicable. I doubt if you would ever guess what it was. It was an apparatus to record and register the votes of a large public assemblage like Congress. Naturally the most likely market for such an apparatus was Washington, and accordingly I took my model to the national capital, where I managed to gain a hearing, and a chance to demonstrate its possibilities. It worked well, so well that I was elated. I will never forget the

(Continued on page 18)



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There is That in the Gravely Chiseled Face of Thomas A. Edison Crowded With Thick Gray Hair—There is That in the Wistful Gray Eyes Which Compels Menage.

as heavily as my credit would carry me. Full of the idea I hurried to the office of The Free Press and asked boldly for one thousand copies of the extra editions. The circulation manager heard my request with a shrug.

"Where is your money?" he demanded. The price of the papers, wholesale, I think was three cents each. I had less than ten dollars. "I will pay you this evening," I said. He shook his head, and returned to his work. "You will pay me now, if you want the papers!" was his ultimatum.

"I stumbled out onto the walk, ready to sob at the collapse of my plan. I knew that I could double, maybe treble the price of each paper, if I only had the chance! Desperately I turned back into the building, with a daring resolve. I would put the matter up to the publisher, himself! I think it was only the excitement of the moment that nerved me to carry out my appeal. I remember that I climbed the stairs to his office, and was ushered into his sanctum before I could give myself opportunity to retreat. I must have presented a curious spectacle as I stammered out incoherently my request for

Training the Youngest Daredevil

By KATHERINE SYNON

"Jack be Nimble, Jack be Quick,
Jack Jump over the Candle-Stick!"

FROM the windows of passing trains on the Northwestern elevated railroad in Chicago there may be seen an expanse of roof topping a red-brick house and marked by a very tall chimney and the sign, "Edmond von Kaenel, Steeplejack."

During six days of the week the roof has no points of difference from the thousand others that the train speeds past; but on the seventh, which is Sunday, it becomes the most remarkable school in Chicago, or for that matter, in the United States, for on that day Edmond von Kaenel, one of the most famous steeplejacks in this country, undertakes the expert training of his five-year-old nephew and foster-son, Buddy, in the hazardous tricks of his daring profession.

A Recent Visit of Von Kaenel's was to Take Buddy to the Top of a 48 Foot Flagpole on the Chicago Telephone Company's Building, Which is 21 Stories High

The glimpse of the little boy climbing up a rope on the side of the tall chimney or sliding down a rope that stretches to the street below barely suggests the perils that the youngster, who seems hardly more than a baby, goes through in learning the rudiments of the profession in which his uncle excels. In order to realize how hazardous is the training of Buddy one must not only go up on the roofs with the tutor and his pupil on one of the Sunday mornings when they hold session, but also learn something of the history that has brought about this basis of Buddy's education.

Nearly twelve years ago Edmond von Kaenel came from Switzerland to America, the "land of promise." On the docks of the East River in New York he paused to look at the fleet of sailing ships. That pause cost him a year of liberty. Some one struck him a blow with a sandbag while he gazed upon the boats. When he awoke he found himself shanghaied on a fishing schooner bound for the Banks of Newfoundland.

Most shanghai stories depict the victim as inconsolable during the period of his involuntary service. Edmond von Kaenel wasn't of that type. Blithe, good-natured, optimistic, he made the best of evil circumstance, and found delight in climbing to the masthead and evolving tricks that evoked the admiration of even old seamen. Before he came back to New York he had established a reputation for dare-devil climbing that went far beyond the confines of the schooner.

He did not like the sea, however, perhaps because of his abduction to it. On his return from the Newfoundland cruise he met in a sailor's boarding house two men who had changed their occupations from sailing, having chosen the equally hazardous vocation of steeplejacks. The Swiss immigrant decided to join their trade. They secured for him an opening for training.

The trade of the steeplejack deserves to be

called a vocation because of the special characteristics of courage, ingenuity, and quick thinking that a man must bring to this most dangerous work. Von Kaenel brought them all in



Edmond von Kaenel, Steeplejack, and His Five Year Old Nephew and Foster Son, Buddy

such good measure that he is today one of the best-known steeplejacks in the United States, finding no job too hazardous, no stack too high, for his undertaking. Neither he nor the men of the crew who work under him ever use scaffolding, and they are all skilled workmen in several trades, painters, gilders, cornice-workers, tuck-pointers, roofers, cement workers, tile setters, lightning rod installers, structural iron workers. Ropes, and ropes only, are the means by which they ascend to far heights. A couple of loops of rope are Von Kaenel's beanstalk

Buddy Had Just Begun His Training When the Movie Discovers His Uncle and are Capturing Many of His During Feats on the Film



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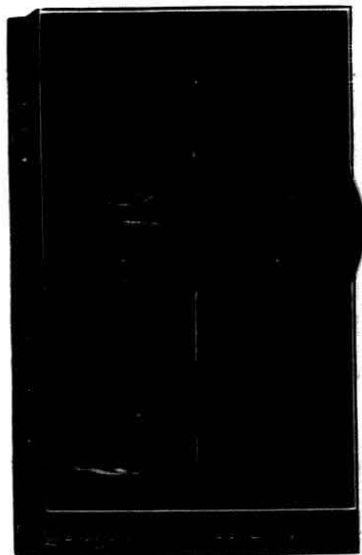


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14-kt. Gold Shell Baby Ring. Engraved with beautiful raised letters, as shown in illustrations. State inscription wanted when sending in your order.

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Actual Size, 2 3/4 x 5/8

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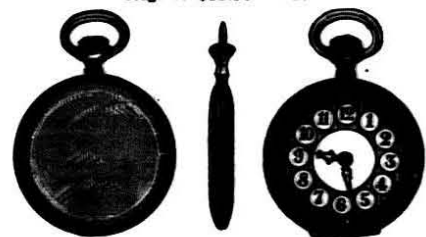


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A small, popular Ladies' Size Watch, smaller than the O size, fitted with a reliable 7-jewel nickel movement and a 14-kt. gold-filled adjustable bracelet and case, guaranteed 20 years. Gold or white dials. Will fit any size arm or wrist.

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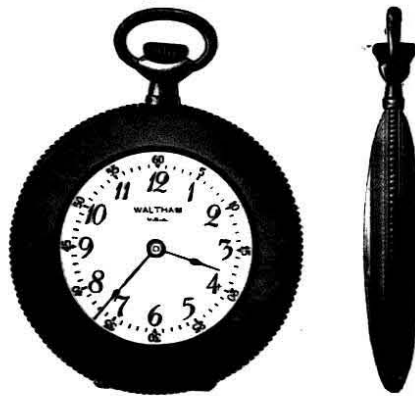
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The movements are 6x12 size, 7-jewel Elgin or Waltham, 1/2-plate, quick train, lever escapement, and the newest model (without second hand). The case is 14-kt. gold filled, fancy hand engraved or perfectly plain polished, and we guarantee them to wear for 20 years. When you buy an Elgin or Waltham watch you purchase satisfaction for a lifetime. But in all your life you will never again have the opportunity to buy a \$20.00 Elgin or Waltham Watch like this for \$6.98. When placing your order state which movement you prefer, also whether fancy or plain case is desired.

Military Hand Bag

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A real bargain. Fine genuine black Pin Goat Seal, real leather lined, 4 compartments, fitted with real leather coin purses, nickel powder box, perfume bottle and mirror. This bag is mounted on silver nickel frame with Pannier handle.

Size, 7x8 1/2.

Our Price **98c** Our Price

ladder. If a stack has a lightning rod, up the rod he goes, making a rope ladder with the rope loops, lifting them up as he goes, and undoing and retying them as he comes to new projections. On his back he carries the load of rope which is attached to the block and tackle outfit that he will have to secure to the top of the stack or the steeple on which he is to work. The danger of this work is the danger of losing control of the central rope and falling.

Two years ago Von Kaenel's brother-in-law, another young Swiss, lost control of the rope, and was dashed nearly a hundred feet to the ground, and instantly killed. He was Buddy's father. The knowledge of his father's death impressed the little chap, but it did not discourage his interest in the work that his father had been doing. He persisted in his awakened desire to follow it until finally his uncle, who had been busy devising a safety system to prevent any repetition of the disaster, agreed to teach him. And that is why the five-year-old boy has an individual school of daredevil feats on the North Side roof.

Buddy had just started his career when a moving picture company manager discovered his uncle's availability for amazing feats for the films. Von Kaenel's rope climbing could be utilized for the making of all sorts of thrillers. A hero who could climb up the side of twenty-five story buildings, who could go up a rope from an automobile to an airship, who could dash up steel structures, who could slide down the ropes of captive balloons, who could leap from biplanes without parachutes, was a wonder who should be held in captivity in the films. Von Kaenel was captured—to his own delight, be it said, for, cautious as he is in his actual work, he loves danger for danger's sake.

From Von Kaenel to Buddy was only a step. An operator who was taking pictures of the steeplejack discovered Buddy's performances. The five-year-old youngster who could hoist himself up seventy-foot flag poles, who could

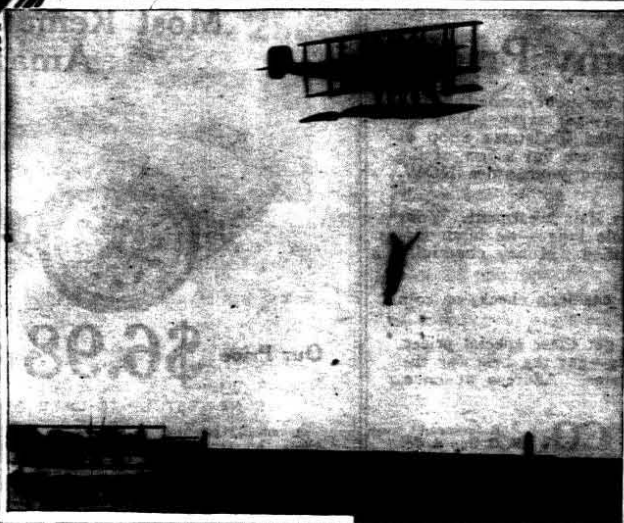


Ropes, and Ropes Only, are the Means Which Von Kaenel Uses for Ascending and Descending. No Soaring Ladders, Scaffoldings, and Kindred Life and Labor Saving Devices

slide down ropes and jump off ladders at great heights, who can tie fifteen different kinds of knots, and who can balance himself on flag poles on top of the Masonic Temple was a FIND. Buddy entered the movies as a headliner.

Up on the roof of their own home one Sunday morning Buddy and Von Kaenel discoursed upon the combined profession of moving picture actor and steeplejack, pausing from lessons to review some of the incidents that have brought them into the limelight. Buddy is a solemn child, light-haired, blue-eyed, without the twinkling humor that characterizes his uncle. His determination, however, is unquestionable, even in the lighter tasks that the latter sets for him. He was practicing a new knot, the sixteenth, while Von Kaenel began to talk of him.

"Buddy is taking up his father's work where his father stopped," he explained, regarding the little chap affection-



A Hazardous Leap—That is Hazardous for Anyone Else But Von Kaenel—Made from a Biplane Without a Parachute



No Less Danger for Danger's Sake. Does This Astonishing Man

ately. "He wanted to, and I thought that it was best that he should. It is wrong that a man should fear anything. If he did not take up climbing now, he would be afraid to climb when he grew older. That is why, when he wanted to climb, that I let him do so."

"He had always a great liking for me," he went on proudly, "and was asking me about my work. One day he said he wanted to be like me. So I bought him a little set of blocks and a tackle and hung it on the transom of his bedroom door. Then I showed him how to tie up

This Picture Shows Von Kaenel Just before He Struck the Water

his control line. Then I taught him how to take a pail and a brush up the rope with him.

"One night when I came home he said to me: 'Dad'—he calls me Dad since his father died—'take me tomorrow on your big job. I can do it now.' You could have bought me for a cent. The nerve of the kid!

"It came out of him as calm and unconcerned as though he was only washing his face. I thought a minute, then I said: 'No, Buddy, that's too quick.' But Buddy wouldn't take no for an answer. The next morning he woke me up, and he was all dressed. 'I'm ready to go. Come on, Dad, wake up!' he said to me. Well, he went with Dad.

"The men on the job wanted to know if I was really going to let Buddy go up. I said, 'Sure, I'll take the kid up.' Buddy went up, and there was no fright in him. Buddy's been going up ever since."

"Sure I have," Buddy put in. "And I'm going to be a great steeplejack, ain't I?"

"You sure are, Buddy," his uncle assured him. "You are the best and youngest daredevil moving picture actor in the world."

"I like the movies," Buddy announced.

"Sure," his uncle laughed. "The people send him toys, and candy, and write him letters. Buddy eats some of the candy and plays with a few of the toys, but he gives most of them away to the poorer children. I read the letters to him, but he can't answer them yet. Buddy's a real matinee idol, ain't you Buddy?" And Buddy solemnly agreed.



THE MUSIC STORY

A Department for Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures

By MABEL BISHOP WILSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This department, which made its initial bow in our last issue, has been urged into existence by the persistent requests of our readers. It is for our readers—an arena for discussion of musical topics as they apply to the exhibition of moving pictures. Its purpose is not alone for music players in moving picture theatres, who will find interesting, instructive and valuable thoughts and suggestions from the pen of one who knows picture accompanying in its every phase—but it will prove a delightful and fascinating department to all who possess a love of music itself, as it will lead them into a vaster field of musical enjoyment. Every reader having ideas along this line, criticisms or suggestions, will confer a favor on the editor of this department by writing to her.*

If you have not read the previous issue under this departmental head and wish to do so, just write for a copy of the October 15th issue of Movie Pictorial. Different views, different discussions, new practical ideas, gleanings from a rich store of musical inspiration will appear in each issue of Movie Pictorial.

A SHORT time ago, I read that "there could be no phenomena of light without eyes to interpret light." In other words, the peculiar vibration that we know as light would exist, but our ideas of light depend upon the reaction of those vibrations on the retinas of our eyes. In like manner, there would be no music without ears—and there could be no discordant notes without hearing to resent them.

Eyes and ears give us all the opportunity of enjoyment we can receive out of the silent drama; vision for the pictures, and hearing for the accompaniment. Frequently we do not determine which is action and which is music, because the two senses harmonize somewhere in the mind. The value of a correct musical setting, to enhance the romantic atmosphere of a well-staged love scene, to add the final touch of solemnity to the death scene, was recognized by the legitimate stage years ago, and struggles and stealthy scenes are always accompanied.

You may have attended many such performances and never noticed that there was any music whatever except the bright little numbers which you heard between the acts; but the theatre orchestra, who appeared at 6:30 and were handed perhaps 30 or 40 pages of manuscript with cues attached, for a hasty rehearsal with one of the company, who goes through it hurriedly, giving the tempos desired and outlining the scenes in which the cues are given, were fully cognizant of what was going on!

We hear so much about the psychological moment these days. That is the secret of this entire field of work—accompanying dramatic action. Music applied at the psychological moment, through co-operation of the senses, drives home the thought, which the dramatic action suggests, with added power, and fixes the impression so vividly that fitting musical accompaniment is now considered indispensable.

Could the average patron of vaudeville know how the performers depend upon the occupants of the orchestra pit to "put the act over" and "make it go," he would be amazed. He sits with his eyes riveted on the acrobat going

through a series of gyrations, wondering and admiring, and breathlessly watches for the final feat for which these preliminary achievements are evidently preparing, and he little realizes how much that subdued music is adding to the suspense of the moment. Finally, at a given sign, the "trick is turned;" the orchestra bursts forth exultantly and the house is in 'one grand uproar of applause! I do not wish to belittle the act, for doubtless the performer deserved all the appreciation he received, but there is no question that this same act put on unaccompanied would be received much less hilariously.

Again, why did you sit through that "sister comedy act," bored to the yawning point with those poorly presented and stale jokes, and then turn in and give them a rousing hand? Simply because they finished with a flourish, the orchestra gave them a long, well-sustained "chord off," and you "fell" for it! It had you keyed-up, and you clapped your hands enthusiastically, in spite of yourself. The power of music to stir the emotions can never be over-estimated.

The picture accompanist has practically the same conditions to deal with, in addition to those which are distinctly characteristic of pictures. To begin with, in direct contrast to the vaudeville pianist, the picture accompanist has a very vague idea of the performance he is about to play. The average performance consists of four, five or six reels. There may be a multiple-reel subject, each reel may have its own subject, or there may be what we call "split reels"—reels having more than one subject.

If he is paid enough to have genuine interest in his work, he will obtain advance synopses of the subject-matter of each reel. This is a great help; however, it is not wholly to be relied upon, as the pictures don't always adhere strictly to the synopses furnished. Sometimes they finish entirely differently. Though he has the gist of the story, gleaned from the synopsis (some of which are so brief as to consist of but a half dozen lines), he has no idea what scenes will be enacted and what part of the story will be left for the leaders to impart, nor the order in which this round of scenes, leaders, etc., will be presented. Each reel will run from 30 to 150 scenes, counting cut-backs, leaders, inserts, busts, flashes, etc.; the range of emotions will perhaps run the entire gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous, and all the accompanist has to do is to maintain the harmonious relations between pictures and the music!

The first performance concluded, he experiences a feeling of relief. He now has a fairly good idea of the run of things, length of selections required, when the quick changes come that demand a contrasting style of music, etc., and is now in position to play the remaining performances with some degree of intelligence. The first performance is the experiment—the rehearsal.

There are many things to take up the mind of the player, and the most conscientious will go amiss now and then. I shall never forget my trials with a picture in which a death scene succeeded abruptly a series of jovial ones, the scene immediately preceding this death scene being that of a child about two years old toddling along a path in the woods.

Suddenly another portion of this path was shown, and the prostrate form of a man appeared. Of the six times I played this picture, I did not succeed in flagging my gay music once till the scene was half over. Why? Because the piano sat at a slight angle and concealed the corner of the screen in which the body lay, and these closely connected scenes, extreme in character as they were, both being laid in the woods, caught me napping. It stands out in my memory as one of the most exasperating places I've met in my picture-accompanying experience. These difficulties the audience rarely appreciates. But if the musician falls under the requirements, the audience is ready to complain. On the other hand, if the music does blend in altering emotions with the pictures, it seems to be part of them. Sight has taken its message as predominant and has compelled sound to serve it. The accompanist, in the meantime, is receiving no praise; not that praise is wanted, but just by way of illustrating that the reward of art is frequently silence, and of its lack, considerable censure.

The purpose of music in photoplay houses is not essentially to impart a spirit of gaiety, although the slap-bang "rag" often played on all occasions would indicate that this is the predominant idea. Imagine a pretty wedding scene (at which somebody usually weeps because of its solemnity) where the music perverts itself into, "This Is the Life," or "I Didn't Want to Do It!" In any sentimental or pathetic scenes, there must be gradation of emotions that lead up to the climax or crisis. The anticipation of the audience must be measured. The music is obliged to assist in this preparation. That is the demand placed on art; an unusual demand, but a very ordinary requirement.

A young woman recently came to me and said, "I have decided to look for a position in a picture house. I can play well. Why not devote that talent to some useful purpose? I can memorize well. I know that I can do better than the average player." That is the way the amateur usually feels. It is a great deal different when one is down in the orchestra pit, watching each changing scene out of the corner of an eye, computing its musical significance, and reading all leaders, while engaged in playing.

The demands on one's mind are more than you've ever realized until you play your first picture. To "play a picture" well draws from your knowledge of interpreting music of every description, from grave to gay, for pictures laid in all sorts of surroundings from a queen's palace to the wilds of the South African jungles; and having characters ranging from the hobo up and through the long list of different nationalities, Indian, Hindoo, Spanish, etc. If you play from notes (let us hope you don't aspire to be only a "faker") with the aid of a good memory, it is a matter of making your choice quickly of something which the general character of the action on the screen suggests to you as suitable, and then apply it. In case you haven't made a good guess as to the length of selection needed, you are perhaps finding yourself drawing upon your knowledge of modulating, the principles of which you crammed into your brain several

(Continued on page 20)

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

EVERYBODY—his parents, brothers, sisters, friends—has become a film detective. "Realism" is the big favorite of the day, because there is always fun in tossing a brickbat through the other fellow's masterpiece. However, be fair in your criticisms. Be sure you have seen correctly. Be certain you know your subject. We shall reserve the right of publishing any defense offered by an author or film company. Read a sample of what such defense might be as shown in Mr. Smith's letter, printed in the following "Realisms":

What Western Women Think of Movie Riders

North Yakima, Wash.
This criticism applies to the way women mount a horse. In a Keystone play a woman rose laboriously on a stirrup, with an uncertain, speculative expression on her face, her mouth pursed to a circle. Then she flopped over. A real western girl gets on with a swing, not a lifeless fling.

Yours truly,

H. L. L.

A Baby-Coach that Ran Uphill

I saw a Cines picture in which a baby's first outing was illustrated by a doll with a great deal of hair. Anyone with common sense would know no baby could be dumped out of a coach like that was without being injured. Another unreal thing was the coach running uphill without anyone near it.

H. D.

Can the Blind Be Made to See?

Beaumont, Texas.
In "A Bit of Driftwood," a Biograph film, a child is born blind and remains totally so for fifteen years, when she is operated on and eyesight is restored. Being an optometrist myself, I have naturally made a study of the eye, and even discussed the above with an oculist, and neither of us ever heard of an operation being successful in this case.

L. F. B.

Maybe Jimmy is Like a Few White Hopes

Griggsville, Ill.
In Episode 8 of "The Million Dollar Mystery" James Norton floated out of the sewer on his back, apparently unconscious. When picked up by men in a skiff, and before they reached the landing, he had entirely recovered and walked away. How could a live man float while unconscious? If unconscious, why were there not effects that would at least weaken him so he would need support?

Ed W. Seehorn.

Who Would Really Care to Desert Florence?

Williamsport, Pa.
In the 11th Episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery" the conspirators leave Florence alone in the cabin unguarded. Would it not have been better and more realistic to have stationed a man outside the cabin, leaving Florence to have discovered a pistol in the cupboard, so that

she could have shot and wounded the man on guard and broke the window? She could then cut her bonds.

V. C. Wise.

We should like to know how Florence could get the pistol with her feet and hands tied!

Tough on the Indians.

Williamsport, Pa.
I saw "When the West Was Young," a Selig production, in which a settler shot Indians off their horses, which I claim is impossible. In fact, I think that the majority of Western scenes abuse realism.

L. S. Zeigler.

The Prince Was Out of Practice

Iola, Kan.
In "The Last Volunteer," Prince Ludwig came on the field of battle with his saber caught up to the hilt on his belt, where it thumped his elbow all the time, and it was in such a position that he could not have drawn it had he wished to do so. It should have hung at full length of straps.

T. S. S.

Taking Liberties With Electricity

Braddock, Pa.
In "The Making of Bobby Burnitt," a Lasky production, the heroine is locked up in a room and a piece is cut out of the telephone wire to keep her from phoning. She takes a picture off the wall and fills up the gap with picture wire, but she fails to scrape the insulation off the ends of the wires. This spoils the scene, because it would be impossible to make the telephone work the way she does it.

J. M. Clifford, Jr.

"Bench" the Girls With Curls

Kenton, Ohio.
We are quite used to the stopped clock, or one pointing to the same hour throughout the picture—and the modern gown on the dame of the 1862 period—but the worst inconsistency is the girl with the curls. What up-to-date young lady would go on the street, dressed in modern hat and gown, wearing her hair in ringlets?

Mrs. J. H. Stevenson.

Would a Rifle Bullet Stop a Balloon?

Chicago, Ill.
In "The Million Dollar Mystery," a balloon is punctured by a rifle bullet and drops swiftly to earth. The two holes in the gas bag of a balloon, put there by a bullet, will not allow sufficient gas to escape to cause a descent.

Allen A. Rouse.

Mr. Rouse will remember that the same balloon was picked up hundreds of miles out at sea, and as Detective Burns said, it may have been possible that the bullet had nothing to do with the descent, but it was a pretense to permit Hargreave and the aviator to alight, but the balloon once more arose and drifted without a pilot.

A Little Negligent Magic

Great Barrington, Mass.
In a film I saw recently, a girl came in from a ball with long white kid gloves

on her hands, and without removing them she opened a letter and read it. The cut-in of the letter showed a large thumb without gloves. The same girl was rescued from a burning building at midnight, and her hair was as carefully combed as though she were going to a ball. In the same picture, a ragged fisher maid wore a beautiful embroidered white petticoat under a dirty cotton gown.

Jan. A. Chadbourne.

Lo! The Poor Indian

Spokane, Wash.
Many directors seem to think that all that is required when producing an Indian picture is to have the participants garbed as red men. Have we not seen such absurd scenes as an Indian brave kissing his betrothed? The Indians do not employ the kiss as a token of love! Have we not seen a peaceful powwow with the Indians in war-paint? That decoration is reserved purely for the "warpath."

Irwin J. Cunz.

Referred to Billy Sunday

Jersey City, N. J.
In "The Better Man," a Famous Players film, the poor minister calls on Miss Wharton, kissing her repeatedly. The rich minister enters, and on receiving an explanation, deals the poor minister a stinging blow. I cannot imagine one clergyman striking another in reality, specially in the house of a millionaire and in the presence of a lady.

T. C. S.

Desperate Inconsistencies of the Films

Chicago, Ill.
The things that spoil the films are the little things—almost too small to notice. I have seen films in which the actors were supposed to be in the depth of poverty often wearing costly jewelry. I have seen men pawning their coats, but not touching their diamond rings. In "The Man With the Glove," a Kalem production, after the leader "Desperate with poverty and sickness, he determines to be revenged," I noticed a ring on the hand of each actor playing that part.

Miss Agnes E. Bender.

Accommodating Architecture.

Chicago, Ill.
In "A String of Pearls," a Kalem film, Batiste threw the pearls out of what was presumably the second story window above the main entrance of the building. Otherwise the pearls would not have fallen so neatly in the organ grinder's hat. Later, Batiste climbs out of the window on the fire escape. Are fire escapes usually put above the main entrance of buildings?

An Interested Reader.

A Clerical Oversight

Greenville, Ohio.
In the Thanhouser film, "Was She Right in Forgiving Him?" there was a death-bed marriage performed presumably by a priest, who made the sign of the cross and sprinkled water over the clasped

hands, but did not wear the priest's cap nor carry the crucifix. While I am not a Catholic, I saw at once what was lacking in the picture, and I am sure that the Catholics who viewed the same picture would not fail to see the same faults.

Madge Kellogg.

Maybe the Game Should have Set the Traps

La Crosse, Wis.

In "The Lie," a Lubin drama of the North, a hunter starts out one winter morning to set some traps. Instead of pulling the jaws of the trap back so as to catch an animal, he just put the trap on the ground with the jaws closed and packs snow on top of it.

Paul I. Cross.

A Real Human Typewriting Machine

Evansville, Ind.

In a play I saw recently, a gentleman dictated a letter to his stenographer directly on the typewriter. She took the message from the machine and handed it to him, and it was shown to be written by hand. How can you account for this?

Anne Waverley.

A Long Journey From the Spring.

Burlington, Vt.

In a recent picture, a man volunteers to carry a pail of water for a girl from a brook to her cabin. In starting the journey he has on a cap, and when he reached the cabin he is wearing a straw hat.

A Fan.

Maybe Fright Affected the Horses

San Francisco, Cal.

In "A Friend in Need," an Essanay film, Broncho Billy holds two robbers while Dr. Stockdale's daughter goes for the sheriff. She starts out on a spotted

horse, and when she arrives at the sheriff's office she is mounted on a horse of solid color, probably black or chestnut. What made the horse change its color?

M. G.

Florence is a Wonderful Girl

San Antonio, Tex.

In the Twelfth Episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery," Florence picks up a revolver and shoots Braine in the wrist, although we have never seen Florence practice shooting, and at the distance shown the feat was not true to life.

Ferda Parkison.

A Criticism in Three Reels

Missoula, Mont.

Reel No. 1

An hour spent in witnessing the Eclectic's "House of Mystery," which, it is too apparent, was made on the other side, makes one wish that a bunch of Zeppelins would sneak over the French studios at night and give 'em both barrels.

In one scene, two detectives are thrown in a dungeon, unshackled. They summon the police through the aid of a carrier pigeon, nothing explaining the presence of the pigeon in the dungeon. Further, the ease with which the pigeon is let out through a broken window makes one wonder why the prisoners do not make their exit likewise.

Reel No. 2

Among the many impossible situations, the most absurd is where the operations of two thugs in a dark room is recorded on an automatic cinematograph concealed in a trunk. The pictures, developed later and projected in the detective's office, show that they were taken from the opposite side of the room from which the camera was placed in the preceding scene. Anyone knows that a bright light is required in the taking of motion pictures

and the later criticism certainly shows a flaw in the staging of this production which no one can overlook.

Reel No. 3

Certainly an awful lot is left to one's imagination in the last scene. Two detectives are thrown into a dungeon, unshackled. Sand is let into the room through a vent in the wall near the ceiling. The police arrive in time to find the room half full of sand and the prisoners covered up to their necks.

Not handcuffed or chained to the floor, what is to prevent them from keeping on top of the pile as the sand pours in? The rescuer's actions turn an intended serious situation into an abominable low farce.

The "Fade-Away."

Now I feel better.

Ray Bagley.

We have decided that Mr. Bagley is entitled to the \$5.00, although we are not going to tell him which one of the three reels we are paying for.

Maybe They Were in a Hurry.

Belton, S. C.

In the Majestic's "Angel of Contention," the heroine's father dies. At the funeral next day, the tombstone, very conventionally and pathetically inscribed, is shown. Now, who ever saw a tombstone at a funeral. Reminds me of our southern negroes. They have the funeral when the tombstone is erected, if it is five years after the honoree's (?) death.

M. B. S.

Some Military Blunders.

Nashville, Tenn.

In "Classmates," where they receive commissions as second lieutenants in the Army, all are properly uniformed except

(Continued on page 19)

FASHIONS FOR FILMS

By ROSE ZEHNLE FORREST

ONE of the very fundamentals of moving pictures is photography—and if the camera is to register the beautiful, then the beautiful must be on parade before it. For years the film companies have done their utmost to secure actresses who are fair of features and who possess real art—and one of the mandates of the studios is that the very latest in styles must be worn where the part demands style. But the picture actress dresses not merely with a view to style—she shows style preferment; she selects the gowns, coats and hats that are best suited to her temperament, her stature, type of beauty, and likewise to the part she plays.

The pictures have become accepted universal entertainment. No city is too great, no town too small, to display the films, and the same features that are exhibited in the metropolis are found the same week in the country village. Therefore, the wives, daughters, sisters and mothers of farmers are brought into as intimate contact with the stars of moviedom as are the ladies on the shaded boulevards and exclusive drives. This being true, why should any type of art be more in demand than style? The twenty millions or more Americans who patronize the twenty thousand picture theaters are natural critics. They scrutinize the art of the plot,

This article is introductory of our new department, which will be conducted under the title of "Film Favorites' Fashions," and which will contain the latest truths about the attire worn by the most prominent picture actresses in various films. Gowns, coats, millinery, gloves, shoes—whatever may be of special moment to our lady readers—will be discussed and described by the film favorites themselves. Formerly, the actresses of the legitimate stage were regarded as exponents of up-to-now styles, but to-day the stars of the silent drama establish the modes—and no small part of womankind's interest in the screen is based on the styles thereon displayed. The following article by Miss Forrest is introductory—a herald of what is to come. If you are interested in knowing what film favorites wear—how their clothes are made—what materials are used—then watch this new department in Movie Pictorial.

the action, the principals, and, above all else, the manner in which those actors and actresses are dressed.

Ladies see a wonderland of new creations spread before their vision, and yet the pictures are all a monotone, and no hint of color is given. What shade is this actress' dress? What tints enter into that actress' wonderful hat? The films do not answer, nor do they tell the kind of materials, or where and how these gowns or hats were made. For all that, the studios show a parade of beautiful color—far more lovely than the animated photo-

graphs can even suggest—and so strident has become this demand for style, the film manufacturers make enormous allowances to their leading ladies in order that style may revel in its highest interpretation.

The ballroom scene is extremely popular on the screen—not that mere man demands it particularly, but because it awakens in every woman's heart a sense of the romantic. And what film story is complete without its folk of wealth, with their libraries, drawing rooms, limousines, etc.? This is part of the play, "put on for the ladies," and style is no longer a passing detail; it is one of the all-absorbing questions of film production—and essentially of theater receipts. These ballroom scenes require far greater numbers than the plot of the story itself, and the "extras" are called in—girls and women of splendid figures—ladies who "know how to wear clothes." There may be twenty or forty or threescore of these "extras," but each must display a style creation. So long as the public demands it, why should it be otherwise? Is not the public the arbiter of its own pleasures?

Are these gowns secured from the modiste or the large department store, or exclusive shops, on a rental basis? The rental rates are high, and bonds are required to insure the safe return of all the gowns and hats bor-

rowed. The larger and better studios maintain their own wardrobes, with artistic modistes and designers, and expert milliners, in continuous employ.

On the legitimate stage, with its footlights and general artificiality, many defects in costuming may be covered up, but in the picture studios the camera is but a few feet distant, and the penetrating rays of the two or three score flaring mercury lights, show every little imperfection. And perhaps in the very next scene a more costly and showy gown must be worn, and if an actress continues to display the same costumes in act after act, or one play after another, the women of the nation soon detect the fact and criticize the film company for its penurious methods.

The styles, however, are not all confined to to-day. Suppose the play is based on the sixteenth century. The gowns must be faithful duplicates of those worn in ages past, and they must be made of rich materials, or else the effects would suffer. From the early

times until the very present hour and minute style must yield its best, for the movies are vital, and a single scene may be viewed by a million or more ladies. Pause and compare this with the styles of the dramatic stage, where the run is of a few months, and where, at most, not over one hundred thousand women see the actresses. And remember, too, that the actresses of the legitimate stage may wear the same gowns all season, because they appear in but one production, while the movie star may pose and act for fifty or more films during the year.

To illustrate the demands placed on movie costuming more fully, let me suggest that the ordinary stage drama has about three or four acts, and usually not more than that number of scenes, whereas the one-reel film may have forty or one hundred and fifty scenes—may represent lapses of months or years—and may demand innumerable costume changes. In "The Parasite" Miss Lottie Briscoe makes eighteen changes of costume, and yet the play is of but three reels. In one scene this little lady wears a \$500 gown, and the bead trimmings weigh twenty-seven pounds. The costume is a shimmering surface of jet beads, on a lining of cerise silk, edged with purple. Miss Briscoe's wardrobe fills twenty trunks and two dressing rooms. She employs two maids and a dressmaker regularly.

The following description explains one gown worn by Miss Briscoe in "The Parasite": The dress is of pink coral charmeuse, trimmed with bone mohair buttons. The bottom of the skirt is of black mohair silk, with a large butterfly bow in front, slightly slashed. The waist is vest effect, with an Elizabethan collar of real Valenciennes. The coat is black mohair silk, trimmed with bone mohair buttons and flared at the waist to give a lampshade effect. The shoes are black patent leather, with large steel buckles, the heels being coral-colored leather. The hat is black velvet, with a large French coral-colored plume. The gloves are white kid with black stitching. It is in this costume that she first attracts the attention of her victim in the film drama previously mentioned. Miss Briscoe's knowledge of dress is not confined to her screen appearances. "I aim, at all times," she says, "to make my clothes a part of myself, and, rather than have my gowns noted in detail, I prefer to have the effect a harmonious one. To me all styles are beautiful, simply because I never allow any particular mode to carry me away. Women make a mistake in blindly following the fashion in cut and colors. It always seems that if cerise or taupe is the vogue, everyone, from shop-girl to show-girl, must wear that color, with no thought of complexion, eyes and figure." The "Briscoe Bonnet" and the "Briscoe Blouse" are well-known original creations of this ingenious and ingenious leading lady.

The dressing for the silent drama is no easy task, but it is equally difficult and costly. But the ladies of the land demand it; and when Her Majesty, the American Woman, demands, what is left for the film companies but to comply?

(Be sure to read the "Film Favorites' Fashions" article in the next issue of Movie Pictorial.)

"A Fling of Fate." This complete story, by Mr. Charles E. Nixon, appears in December issue of Movie Pictorial. This is a story written at the close of the Spanish-American War—a story of a Spanish naval lieutenant—pulsating with the heart-burnings of this Spanish patriot as he fought in the turret of a doomed Spanish warship. Admiral Evans pronounced it the most stirring and true-to-fact stories of a sea battle he had ever read.

When Edison Was a Boy

(Continued from page 10)

glowing anticipations with which I turned to a Congressman who was present and asked his opinion of my invention. 'It is good, young man, but it is too good. The only trouble is that it would make the wheels of government move too fast. Where would our parliamentary politics and the chance for a convenient deadlock be with such an apparatus?' He was right. I found there is a difference between a successful invention and a practical one. Mine didn't happen to be practical."

There were three questions that were in my mind to ask Mr. Edison. I had already put the first one.

"If you were to put the rule for success into one sentence," I said, "what would it be?"

"I could put it into one word," was the swift response. "Enthusiasm! Without enthusiasm nothing is possible. With it everything is possible."

I rose to my feet as I put my last interrogation.

"If you were to sum up your life's work, what factor in it would give you the greatest satisfaction?"

"The fact that I have always been able to work; that I can still work; and that I can always see more work in the tomorrow. We say that the contented man is he who wants nothing, who has no ambition. The contented man, I think, is the man who finds work to do, who sees his ambition growing and expanding at the end of each day or year. The truly contented man isn't lazy. He isn't contented because he has no ambition, but because he is always able to find a new ambition. The truly contented man is a growing man, who knows he is growing, and never ceases to grow. The fact that I have always found work to do, and have been able to do that work, means more to me in my life, I think, than any other one thing."

"Thank you!" I said. "You have given me a new inspiration!"

And it was true!

Sheriff Mackley In 64,000,000,000 Pictures

With his appearance in his time-honored role of the sheriff in "Bad Man Mason," "Sheriff" Arthur Mackley has played this part 200 times. In twenty-five pictures he has assumed this character with the Reliance. More than 10,000,000 feet of film are carrying his picture in this western makeup.

The average life of a film is about 200 days, with an average of four runs a day, making 800 runs. Therefore, "Sheriff" Mackley has been ground through the projecting machines all over the world to the extent of 8,000,000,000 feet, enough to reach around the world seventy-five times.

Going still further, there are sixteen pictures to the foot. Deducting half of all these pictures to allow for scenes in which Mr. Mackley did not appear, we still have 64,000,000,000 times that his face has been flashed on the screen.

December issue of Movie Pictorial will contain an announcement of the most startling, enthralling and vivid serial story ever written around moving pictures—a story that one million movie patrons will read with absorbing interest.

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kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly, yet surely, sapping my vitality.

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SAM KATZ, Suite A55
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 8)

installments of this story, these errors should be wiped out by the climax and denouement. The solution must be reasonable—and unless you submit reasonable ideas, what chance can you have of winning the ten-thousand-dollar award? If you become too complex in your deductions, you will miss the mark—and if you think it is too simple and easy, you will miss likewise. The solution must FIT—it must dovetail with events, so that there is no open seam—no spot unaccounted for. Everything must be explained, and in a certain manner that will make its truth at once apparent to every person who views the solution on the screen.

Unless such events occur in the two next episodes as to wholly upset our theories, we may expect little to arouse our apprehensions.

Presumably the Black Hundred will be over-come—broken up—despoiled. If that is the case, nothing will be left but to answer a few questions, prominent among which will be the finding of the million dollars, what becomes of Florence and Jim, and what happens to Olga. Likely, Hargrave will reveal himself—and then we must decide what his relationships are with Jones. But until that time—until my chart is spread before you for your consideration—bear in mind that the first few episodes still remain much more important than those we have seen since. Be sure to get my chart in Movie Pictorial and study it carefully before sending in your solution to the Thanhouse Film Corporation. Then make up your own solution—keep it within one hundred words—and await the verdict!

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 17)

Mr. Lionel Barrymore, who has the gold stripes on his arm of a colonel. Under the present regulations, a second lieutenant's sleeve in full dress is devoid of gold braided stripes. A first lieutenant has one stripe, a captain two stripes, a major three stripes, a lieutenant-colonel four stripes, a colonel five stripes and a brigadier-general six stripes.

A. G.

Those Unreal Film Detectives.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

In the Eclair's "Adventures in Diplomacy," the secret service agent is shadowing an ambassador by dodging back and forth behind an automobile hood, in plain view of the house he is watching. Rosa, the spy, obtains a place at the banquet, pretends to faint and is carried from the room by the ambassador, who she thinks has a treaty that she is after. None of the ladies offer to look after her. Rosa, on entering the vault to secure the treaty, decides to make the job look like robbery, and throws bags of money out of the window. She throws them out as if they were bags of crackers, and yet these bags must have weighed anywhere from twenty to forty pounds.

H. A. W.

An Author's Protest

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 7, 1914.

Realism Editor.

My Dear Sir:

In your issue of October 15 is published a weird letter of supposed "criticism" of a picture of mine entitled "In the Nick of Time;" also a comment on your part. As the author of the picture, and to refute the idea that I am as careless a workman as the letter, etc., seem to make me out, will you allow me to say in all sincerity that in no way, shape, manner or form is the letter or your comment correct!

Mr. Julian Alexander apparently saw the picture but partially, or at least was not at all careful in his visioning, and you could not have seen it at all, else you would have probably seen that he is all wrong in his faultfinding.

He says that the crooks, disregarding the door by which they entered the station, broke the lock of a closet door and ran in there, where they remained until

the help arrived and they were dragged out.

Nothing could be more ridiculous. The title alone, if Mr. Alexander had seen it or noted it, would have explained. The fire in the station (set by the operator for that especial purpose after being tied up by the yeggs) cut the crooks off from the door and they ran for the other door, thinking naturally enough that it was an exit from the office. The flames and smoke suffocated them and they could not get out. Savvy?

As for the operator "calmly" awaiting help on the station platform, that, too, is wrong. Several scenes of him telegraphing, the crooks breaking into the closet, the train leaving for the rescue, the operator rolling across his table and falling out the window onto the platform, fully occupied the time needed for the train to arrive. The scene following the operator's hitting the platform from the window, the train arrived and the operator ran onto the scene and told the trainmen what the trouble was.

Unfortunately, perhaps, the entire set in the fire scene was not visible and the audience could not perhaps see that the flames stood between the crooks and the door to safety, but the title told them and the operator's careful purpose in upsetting the can of oil and the lamp was plain enough, and if Mr. Alexander could read, he has no possible excuse for posing as a critic of realism or anything else as far as this particular picture goes, at any rate. You should not print such letters without seeing the pictures yourself and not take the word of careless viewers of pictures such as Mr. A. apparently proves himself.

It is a rank injustice to the author of the picture, as well as the director. It makes it appear as though in this case I were a very careless scenario author and allowed such errors of plot, etc., to appear in one of my pictures. Every argument that Mr. Alexander puts up re this picture is false on the face of it, which you would readily see if you saw the picture, and as I have pointed out clearly where he is wrong, I trust you will allow as much space to it as you allowed him in which to show his ignorance of what he attacks.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) Russell H. Smith.

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CHICAGO

THE MUSIC STORY

(Continued from page 15)

years previous, in your college days. The necessity of putting these principles into practice has never presented itself to you before, and after wading around through a maze of relative chords and keys, in a desperate effort to connect with something you have in mind, which "would be just fine there if I could ever get into it," you're in a state of mind that you never supposed anything short of a fire, threatening your very life could ever place you!

The accompanist who is not in sympathy with the films is not giving the pictures that whole-souled co-operation that is so necessary. On the other hand, if the musical accompaniment idealizes beyond the films, then the frosting becomes more dominant than the cake, sound enslaves sight—and it is all wrong. An accompaniment must give ample support on dramatic climaxes always, but it must never occupy a place of supremacy over the thing accompanied.

You have often witnessed a theatrical performance, I dare say, where some player (and not infrequently in a minor role) was so overwhelmed with egotism he or she attempted to attract all the attention. I am reminded of the circus tumbler who jumped from the springboard over the backs of elephants just at the moment the clown elephant did something especially funny. The audience invariably cheered the slightful beast uproariously. The tumbler mistook the applause for his own—and ever afterward wondered why the circus did not go into bankruptcy after his resignation because his salary had not been raised. The picture accompanist can often help win applause for a scene, but should not mistake the success for appreciation of the music alone.

The truly good picture music is the kind that does not remind the audience of its presence. If it seems so easy to play, that is because it is "keeping up with" the message of the pictures. It is not traveling ahead, or lagging behind. It is as closely allied with the screen as a shadow is with the object that casts it.

But permit the "genius" idea to creep into the accompanist's mind, and we have a repetition of the circus incident.

In all basic arts, communities differ but slightly. Neighborhoods that are supposed to be populated with the downtrodden and indifferent admire very much the same kind of plays and the same kind of music that the better neighborhoods demand. People will usually respond if they have the opportunity of responding. An interpreter of broad experience once said to me, "We have much to learn from the Italians in musical matters. They do not refer to hearing music, but to feeling it."

Lack of space prevents us from going further in this issue into this vast subject, "The Music Story," but I want you to know more about it and we will leave further information as to requirements of the picture accompanist for subsequent articles, and hope they will be a benefit to our friends who aspire to become picture accompanists. Many a fiction writer believes that he can write scenarios for photoplays, only to find that he is mistaken. All of us witness the work of physicians, but we are not made doctors thereby; we hear the pleadings of attorneys, but that does not make us lawyers. Accompanying the pictures is simply a new use for a very old art—and because music is a fundamental art, it lends itself unstintingly to the photodrama.

"Cuby"

All would probably have gone well had it not been for "Cuby." "Cuby" is the raw-boned, ramshackle, nondescript "nag" which Jim Wiggs (in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," produced by the California Motion Picture Company) saved just as the executioner was leading it forth to be shot, and afterward hitched to the dilapidated cart that he used for peddling kindling wood.

"Cuby's" part was a hard one to fill. Finally a studio attache, schooled in the ways of horses, was sent out to find suitable talent. He went to a factory "up Petaluma way" where worn-out horses with a hoof in the grave were bought, slaughtered and, by a patented process, turned into chicken meal. The animal that wobbled back to the studio at the end of the halter-rope was the most dejected specimen that this improvised booking agent could find. That the camera might show all this woe-begoneness to its full advantage, the director commanded that make-up be added. A pall of whitewash was manufactured, together with a blackish liquid, to mark the animal's ribs.

It was just about at this juncture that "Cuby," but so recently come into the dignity of that name, lay down, with histrionic perverseness, and refused to get up.

"Not perverseness," declared the expert on horses. "He's too weak to stand. Get water and oats."

"Cuby" lipped the water and nosed the oats, but continued his repose. The expert scratched his head.

"If we only had some bran to mix with the oats," he said.

Wiggs passed the word to Stubbins, and Stubbins to Miss Hazy, and so on through a dozen or more mouths, until it reached the ears of Alex E. Beyfuss, who sat in a racy and recently purchased automobile. He touched the self-starter, pushed in the clutch, turned the steering wheel, and a moment after was flying toward the downtown of San Rafael like an M. D. on an emergency call.

Just where in its process of transmission the word underwent its metamorphosis no one knows. It is quite sure, however, that the manager returned, not with a sack of bran, but a quart bottle of brandy. Duties had called the expert to other quarters. With no one therefore to interfere, the brandy was added to the oats. Whether through heredity or acquired taste, "Cuby" fell in with the scheme greedily. The effects were almost instantaneous. The horse arose, on uncertain legs, allowed the harness to be buckled around his whitewashed sides and himself hooked to the cart.

The brandy, however, was working apace. The horse ogled his eyes, snorted, pranced a step and, quite without warning, lifted his heels against the dashboard. The cameraman, who claims a record from the African jungle, ran for his life. His camera fell before the charge of the horse and cart. The wheels bounced perilously across the field and turned to follow the rejuvenated "Cuby" down the road. A trail of dust, swirling and angry red, marked the progress, which continued until the erstwhile "Cuby" halted in front of the chicken food factory's gate.

Inasmuch as horse racing has gone out of vogue in California, it is possible that "Cuby" is, at this reading, being digested into a superb specimen of egg.

EASTERN STUDIO JOTTINGS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

JANE COWL has been signed by the All Star Feature Corporation to appear in the picturization of Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way," which will be released by the Alco Film Corporation.

King Baggot of the Imp company, at the peril of his life, recently drove a giant locomotive through nearly a mile of solid flame in a forest fire picture.

Florence LaBadie, who has just completed "The Million Dollar Mystery" heroine's part, has started work on a series of two-reel Thanhouser productions, with Arthur Ashley, formerly of the Vitagraph forces, playing opposite her.

Edgar Jones of the Lubin company secured some remarkable night photographic effects in his production, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," in which a battle is seen in progress after dark. The picture was taken last February and a heavy snowfall added to the difficulty of securing it.

Theodore Marston, the Vitagraph director, took a company to Newport, R. I., recently to secure some realistic settings for a sea-coast picture.

The Lubin company is filming "The College Widow," George Ade's success, with Ethel Clayton in the leading role.

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, who left the Universal to join Peerless, has been a busy man since he made the change. Besides working on an original seven-reel feature, he has adapted "Lola," "The Pit," "As Ye Sow" and "The Butterfly."

In making the screen adaptation of "Officer '666'" practically all of the original incidents were kept intact. The players who portray the leading roles are all having their first experience before the camera. George Kleine is making the film.

The Famous Players will again open its Los Angeles studio this winter. Marguerite Clark will be the first star to work in it, her vehicle being "The Pretty Sister of Jose."

Edwin August, late of Eaco, and Tom Terriss, formerly of the World, have joined the Kinetophote Corporation.

Practically the same cast that appeared in "The Perils of Pauline" will produce another Pathe serial within a few weeks.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

IN the Essanay drama, "Every Inch a King," a number of Illinois Naval reserves are used in several scenes which were taken aboard the cutter Dubuque.

"The Carpet from Bagdad," adapted from Harold MacGrath's novel, is nearing completion at the west coast studio of the Selig company.

Kathlyn Williams, the intrepid heroine of the famous "Adventures of Kathlyn," added to her laurels recently when she subdued an unruly Bengal tiger while armed only with a whip.

William D. Taylor has been engaged to direct Carlyle Blackwell of the Favorite Players company.

Otis Turner of Universal's west coast studio is affectionately called the "Guvnor" by his associates. Every day he can be seen giving advice to some young director. It is said the advice is always mixed with dry humor.

A new company has been organized at the west coast home of the big "U." Frank Lloyd will act as director and play the heavy leads and George Larkin will be the leading man. Helen Leslie will have the female lead. The

films will be released under the Rex trademark.

Frances Ford is beginning work on a tremendous six-reel production entitled "The Campbells Are Coming." It is a story of the Sepoy rebellion.

Jack (Francis) Dillon and Billie Rhodes have been added to Al E. Christie's comedy company, which appears under the Nestor banner.

Marguerite Marsh, who is known to many fans as Marguerite Loveridge, and who is a sister to Mae Marsh of the Mutual forces, is playing leads in a Thanhouser company under the direction of James Durkin.

Leona Hutton, of the New York Motion Picture Co., whose specialty is a character of the "crook" type, admits that she never had a chance to study first hand the style of woman she often impersonates.

The scenes showing the assassination of President Lincoln in Mutual's "The Clansman" was rehearsed thirty-six times by Raoul Walsh, who plays Booth, the slayer, before D. W. Griffith admitted he was satisfied with the result.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

VIOLA E. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—No other picture of Florence LaBadie has appeared as the cover of Photoplay Magazine except the one you refer to. Marguerite Snow has appeared as a nun in so many different films that we can't tell the one to which you particularly refer. We can't give you the information as

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it takes hours and hours of his time to reply to how many of the "Million Dollar Mystery" cast are Catholics and how many are not. Chats with the players you name will probably not appear, as they are no longer with the Thanhouse company. If they join some other film concern, it is possible, of course, that they will be "chatted." We don't know whether any of the cast in the "Million Dollar Mystery" will later appear on the vaudeville stage or not. "Reel Life" is the title of a publication issued by the Mutual Film Corporation. The rooms you speak of are all studio sets.

MISS L. P., AUGUSTA, GA.—Romaine Fielding, we understand, is unmarried. What made you think his wife an actress?

GLEN P., KELLOGG, IDAHO.—Umballah in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" was played by the player you name. Grace Cunard and Frances

Ford have appeared in many Universal films besides the series in which they were featured.

LOUISE F., ATHENS, GA.—We haven't a cast of that "Sapho" production, so don't know who appeared opposite Miss Roberts. Lillian Walker has no sister in the pictures that we know of. It took so long to answer your questions because there were so many received ahead of yours, and we try to take care of them all in the order in which they arrive.

CORINNE R., SANDUSKY, OHIO.—If you address Orini Hawley, care of Lubin Film Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pa., the letter will reach her all right.

W. E. V., EUNICE, LA.—We believe it was Charlotte Burton who appeared as Vivian Rich's sister in that American production. No; Miss Rich is not married.

J. F. DEL., HORNELL, N. Y.—The cast of Princess' "The One Who Cared" is: Eunice Hastings—Rene Farrington, John Bruce—Boyd Marshall. Billy Garwood appeared opposite Vivian Rich in American's "Jailbirds" and the adventurer and adventuress were Harry Von Meter and Louise Lester. No, Matty Roubert, the "Universal Boy," is no relative of James Cruze's.

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